MASTER NEGATIVE
NO. 93-81298-1

MICROFILMED 1993

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES/NEW YORK

as part of the
"Foundations of Western Civilization Preservation Project"

Funded by the
NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE HUMANITIES

Reproductions may not be made without permission from
Columbia University Library

COPYRIGHT STATEMENT

The copyright law of the United States - Title 17, United States Code - concerns the making of photocopies or other reproductions of copyrighted material.

Under certain conditions specified in the law, libraries and archives are authorized to furnish a photocopy or other reproduction. One of these specified conditions is that the photocopy or other reproduction is not to be "used for any purpose other than private study, scholarship, or research." If a user makes a request for, or later uses, a photocopy or reproduction for purposes in excess of "fair use," that user may be liable for copyright infringement.

This institution reserves the right to refuse to accept a copy order if, in its judgement, fulfillment of the order would involve violation of the copyright law.

AUTHOR:

WILLIAMS, HUGH WILLIAM

TITLE:

TRAVELS IN ITALY, GREECE, AND THE...

PLACE:

EDINBURGH

DATE:

1820

Master Negative #

93-8/298-1

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
PRESERVATION DEPARTMENT

BIBLIOGRAPHIC MICROFORM TARGET

Original Material as Filmed - Existing Bibliographic Record

945.01
W672 Williams, H[ugh] W[illiam] 1773-1829.
Travels in Italy, Greece and the Ionian islands, in a series of letters descriptive of manners, scenery and the fine arts. Edinburgh, Constable, 1820.
2 v. plates, ports. 21½ cm.

Copy in Avery library.

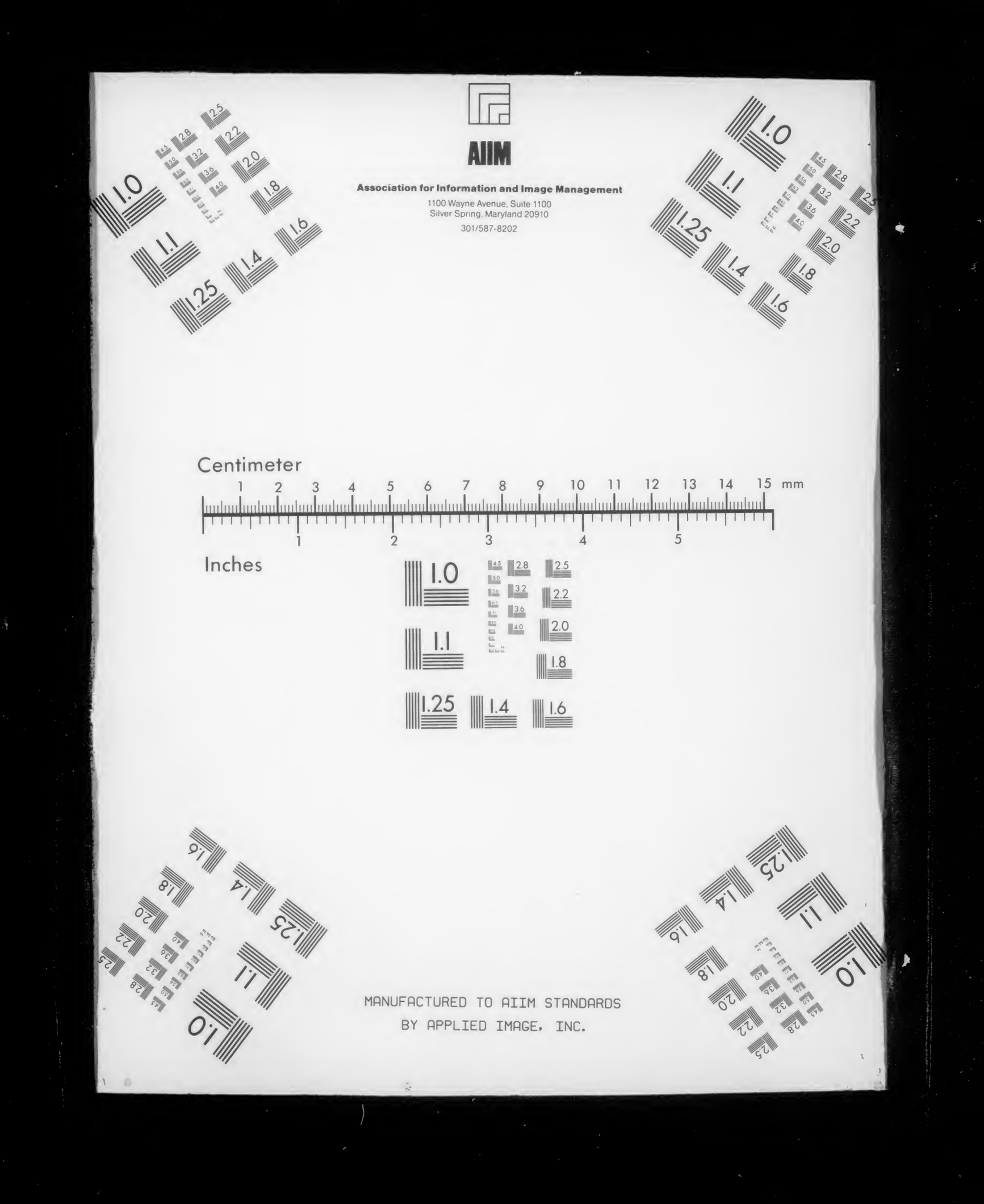
72776

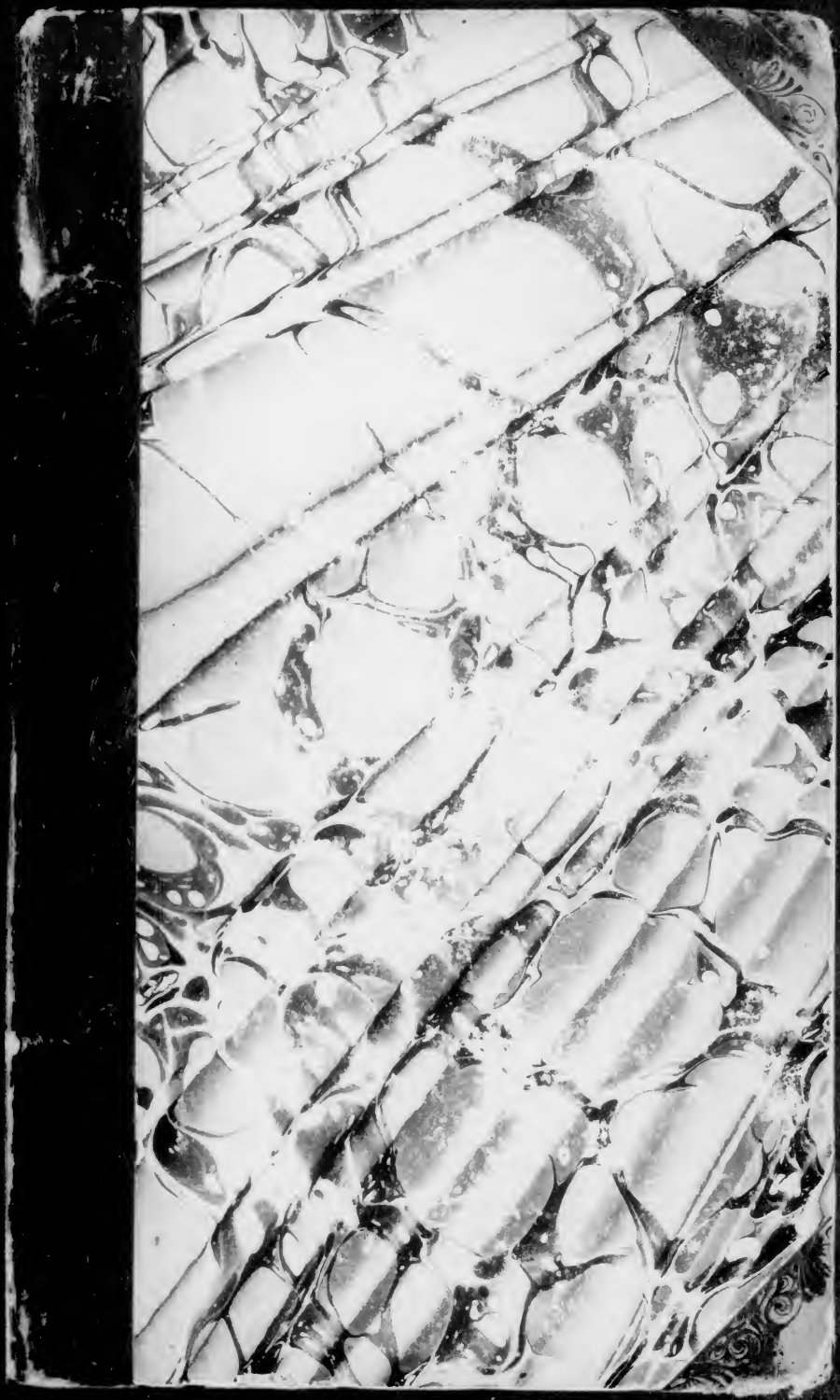
Restrictions on Use:

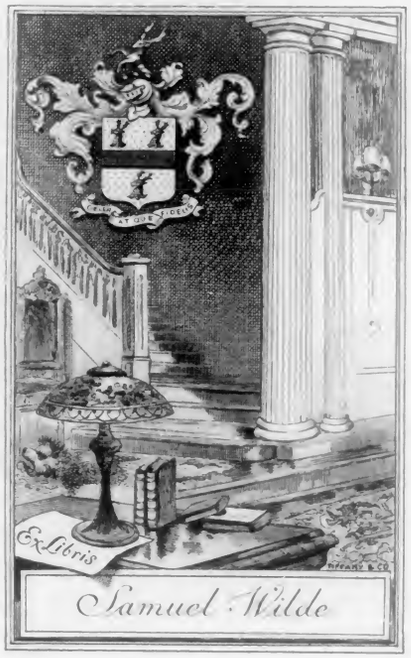
TECHNICAL MICROFORM DATA

FILM SIZE: 35mm REDUCTION RATIO: 11x
IMAGE PLACEMENT: IA (IIA) IB IIB
DATE FILMED: 4-19-93 INITIALS m.D.C.
FILMED BY: RESEARCH PUBLICATIONS, INC WOODBRIDGE, CT

VOLUME 1


AIIM
Association for Information and Image Management
1100 Wayne Avenue, Suite 1100
Silver Spring, Maryland 20910
301/587-8202
Centimeter
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 mm
Inches
1 2 3 4 5
MANUFACTURED TO AIIM STANDARDS
BY APPLIED IMAGE, INC.



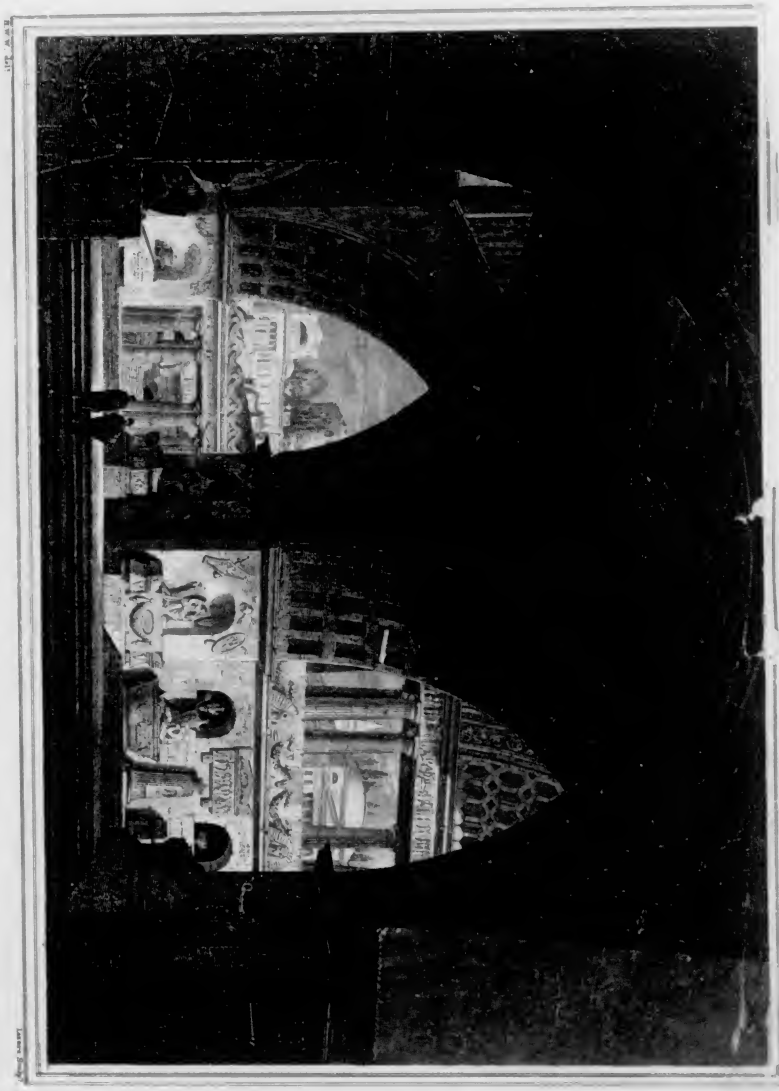


This book is due two weeks from the last date stamped below, and if not returned at or before that time a fine of five cents a day will be incurred.

TRAVELS

IN

ITALY, GREECE, AND THE IONIAN ISLANDS.



TRAVELS

IN

ITALY, GREECE, AND THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

IN A

SERIES OF LETTERS,

DESCRIPTIVE OF

MANNERS, SCENERY, AND THE FINE ARTS.

By H. W. WILLIAMS, Esq.

WITH ENGRAVINGS FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

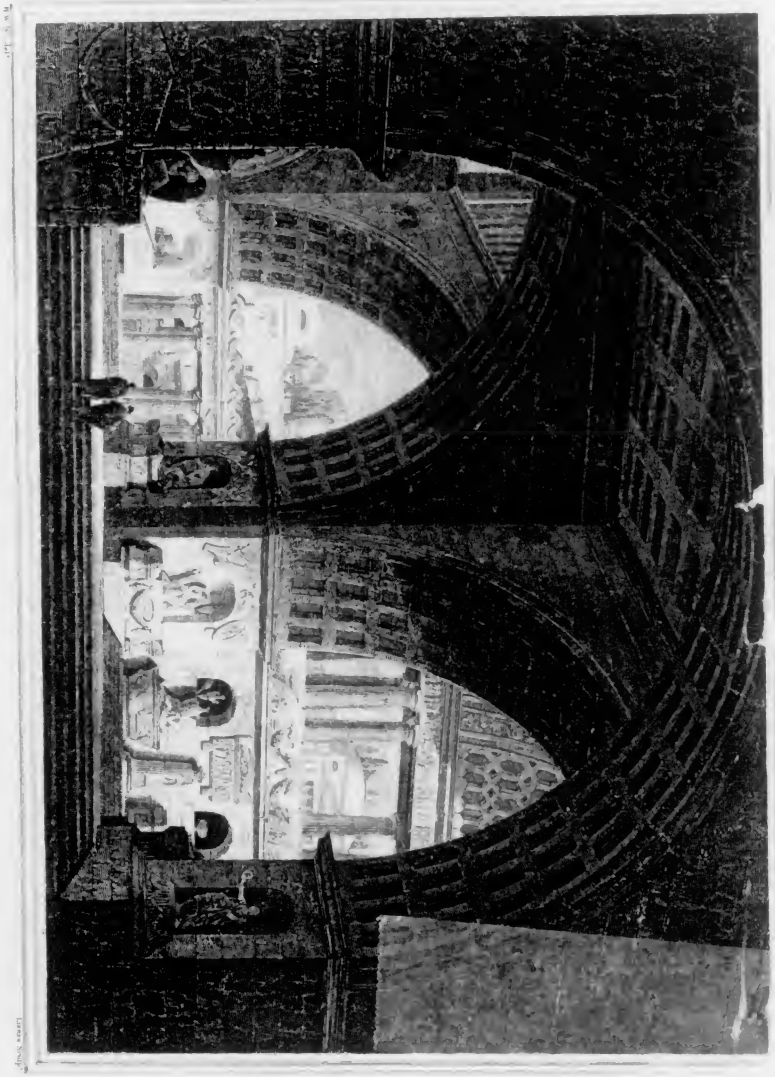
VOL. I.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO. EDINBURGH;

AND HURST, ROBINSON, AND CO. 90, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

1820.



TRAVELS

IN

ITALY, GREECE, AND THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

IN A

SERIES OF LETTERS,

DESCRIPTIVE OF

MANNERS, SCENERY, AND THE FINE ARTS.

By H. W. WILLIAMS, Esq.

WITH ENGRAVINGS FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO. EDINBURGH;

AND HURST, ROBINSON, AND CO. 90, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

1820.

945.01
W672
v.1

m.e.w. fe. 24-it

TO THE

REVEREND JOHN THOMSON, F.R.S.E.

THESE

LETTERS FROM ITALY

ARE INSCRIBED,

BY HIS SINCERE FRIEND,

H. W. WILLIAMS.

Gift of the Estate of
Mrs. Mary E. Wilde
MAY 12 1914

2 Vols

PREFACE.

In presenting these Letters to the public, it were equally idle to affect indifference to their reception, or overwhelming solicitude. Were I ambitious of literary fame, I might, indeed, sink under the consciousness of having engaged in an undertaking, so foreign to my previous habits and pursuits; while I could not fail to be still more discouraged by the learning and talents of those accomplished travellers, with whom I should thus be brought into immediate comparison. My aim has been different and less aspiring; and were it necessary to apologize for the apparent presumption, of obtruding on the public an account of my travels in countries, already so frequently and amply described as almost to satiate curiosity, I would derive

my apology from those very circumstances, which disqualify me from competing with my more learned predecessors. The disquisitions into which the antiquary and the classical scholar are perpetually and irresistibly led, in adverting to the scenes of historical or fabulous celebrity, and to the various monuments of ancient times, which in Greece and Italy meet us at every step, are apt to withdraw their attention from objects of more obvious, though not inferior, interest; and leave the general reader, but, above all, the future traveller in the same countries, cause to regret, that so disproportionate a share of their works is devoted to these disquisitions, to the exclusion of much valuable information.

Besides, our modes of observation are as various as our mental peculiarities. What one traveller may be inclined to disregard, another may consider as worthy of especial attention; and a corresponding variety of tastes may be expected in their readers. The writer, therefore, who contents himself with describing scenes and objects as they presented themselves to his own mind, and expressing his sentiments as they arose, can scarcely fail to excite some degree of interest, and to impart to his information the freshness of originality. To this end my ambition as an author is limited,—happy if I have succeeded in delineating faithfully the objects which were most attractive to myself, and in conveying to my readers some impression of the feelings, with which I contemplated the scenery and the precious monuments of the most interesting countries in the world.

My professional habits may have inclined me to indulge in more lengthened remarks on works of art, than may appear, to some of my readers, either necessary or proper. Of this propensity I was myself aware, and frequently endeavoured to restrain it. Yet who could resist dwelling with enthusiasm on those great masterpieces, which have commanded the admiration, and regulated

the taste of ages; and which, while they exist, will continue to impart their principal interest to the favoured countries in which they were produced? In Britain, where the Fine Arts now flourish with a vigour, that bids fair to rival the best productions of antiquity, these remarks may be considered as not altogether devoid of interest. They may furnish some useful hints to those who have no opportunity of contemplating the splendid originals to which they refer; they may be of some advantage to our ingenuous youth, whose chief object in visiting those countries, is, to improve their taste by the study of the inimitable monuments of genius with which they are enriched; and may tend to shew the causes which have contributed to the degeneracy of the modern Italian Schools, and the improvements of which their present modes of study appear to be susceptible.

From all that I have had an opportunity of observing abroad, my uniform aim has

been, to select what might be ornamental or useful at home; and most fortunate should I account myself, if the suggestions which I have occasionally presumed to offer, should lead to any practical advantage,—particularly in the embellishment of our northern capital.

To do justice to the merits of our British artists, who, in almost every department, leave their contemporaries on the Continent far behind, was another object which I had much at heart. Wherever an opportunity occurred of bringing the works of our eminent painters, particularly in Edinburgh, into comparison with those which I have seen in Italy, I embraced it with eagerness; and have only to regret, that these opportunities have been so rare as to oblige me to omit some names, well entitled to praise. To the compositions of Mr Gibson, the miniatures of Mr Douglas, the portraits of Mr Watson, Mr Sime, and of Mr John Watson, whose surprising progress in the art is the theme of general admira-

tion,—it would have given me much pleasure to advert; and, perhaps, an opportunity may hereafter be found. The Plates which accompany these Letters are engraved by Mr Lizars; and the style in which they are executed are, in every respect, worthy of his well-earned celebrity.

I have only to add, that, though I am chargeable with all the faults which may be detected in these Letters, there are some parts of them of which I cannot claim the praise. The accomplished and invaluable friend with whom it was my happiness to travel, allowed me to transcribe from his Journal the Letters from Elba, part of the Journey to Otranto, and the Description of the Ionian Islands.* To another friend I am indebted for a few observations on the Manners of the Romans; and a considerable portion of the information contained in the Twenty-ninth and

* Except the description of Ithaca, and part of Cephalonia, which I drew up from my own Notes.

Thirty-second Letters, as well as the document respecting the Mineralogy of Elba, was communicated to me by a gentleman of high literary eminence, whose long residence in Italy gave him the best opportunities of information, and whose intimacy I deem one of the greatest pleasures of my life.

In the progress of the Letters through the press, some inaccuracies have escaped, which the intelligent reader will easily correct, and which, I trust, his candour will forgive.

Edinburgh, 3d December 1819.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

LETTER I. Page

Ostend.—A fair or kirmes.—Popinjay.—Harbour.—Lighthouse.—Track-boat.—Bruges.—Scenery.—Cathedral.—Nunnery, - - - 1

LETTER II.

Ghent.—Church of Saint Brevon.—Scenery.—Alost.—Brussels.—Cathedral.—Peter the Great.—High Mass, - - - - 10

LETTER III.

Waterloo.—Field of battle.—Namur.—Huy.—Liege.—Aix la Chapelle.—Cologne, - - 15

LETTER IV.

Husbandry.—Bonn.—Flying Bridge.—Andernach.—Coblentz.—Neideringelheim.—Castles on the Rhine.—Mayence.—Manheim.—Heidelberg.—Inns.—Baden.—Assembly.—Anecdote of Napoleon.—Anecdote of the Prince of Baden, - - 24

LETTER V.

Geneva.—Black Forest.—Hercynian Forest.—Basle.—Holbein.—Swiss Painters.—Scenery between Basle and Soleure.—Alps.—Swiss Cottages.—Orbe.—Lau-

Page

sanne.—Lake of Geneva.—Geneva.—Arve and Rhone.—Landscape Painters, - - - 34

LETTER VI.

Milan.—Vales of Cleuse and Servos.—Vale of Chamouni.—Alpine Scenery.—Valossen and Tetenoire.—Trient.—Plain of the Valais.—Simplon.—Domo d' Ossola.—Lago Maggiore.—Milan.—Leonardo da Vinci.—Ambrosian Library.—Appearance of Milan, 43

LETTER VII.

Parma.—Lodi.—Piacenza.—Francisco Mochi.—Cathedral.—Church of St Augustine.—Church of St John.—Parma.—Correggio.—Parmigiano.—Paintings by Correggio.—Caraccis.—Schidone.—Guercino.—Procaccini.—Prize Pictures.—Library.—Museum of Antiquities at Valeia, - - - 51

LETTER VIII.

Modena and Bologna.—Modena.—The Palace and Pictures.—Academy, and ancient and modern Paintings.—Bologna.—Pictures returned from Paris.—Paintings from the suppressed Monasteries.—Mariscalchi Palace and Pictures.—Church of San Petronico.—Fountain in the Piazza del Giganti.—View from the Tower of Asinelli, - - 63

LETTER IX.

Florence.—Pietra Mala.—View from the Tower of Forabosche.—Statues in the Palazzo Vecchio.—Piazzo del Granduca and Loggia de Lanzi.—Hercules and Centaur, near the Ponti Vecchio, - 71

LETTER X. Page

Florence.—Remarks on the Series of Ancient Pictures in the Corridor, and Statues and Pictures in the Tribune, - - - - 86

LETTER XI.

Florence.—Pictures of the Venetian School.—Tuscan School.—Dutch School.—Flemish and German School.—Description of a Landscape by Claude.—French School.—Observations on the Origin of Landscape-Painting in the Grand Style.—French School continued.—Portraits.—Salle de Frate.—Some account of the various grounds which several of the Painters have used.—Copyists.—Statues of the Niobe Family.—Observations on Mr Cockerell's idea regarding the Niobe Marbles.—Rubens' Battles, and entry of Henry IV. into Paris, in the Salle de Niobe.—Statue of the Hermaphrodite.—Bronzes and Gems.—Marbles in the Corridor.—Observations on the measuring of Statues, - - - - 101

LETTER XII.

Florence.—The Cathedral.—Santa Croce.—Tomb of M. Angelo.—Santissima Annunziata.—Votive Offerings.—Organs.—Sopranos.—Pulpits.—Chapel de' Depositi.—M. Angelo's Statues.—Ghiberti's Gates.—Prison.—Madhouse.—Santa Maria Nuovella.—Society called the Buonuomini di San Martino.—And Society of Misericordia, - - - 130

LETTER XIII.

Florence.—Academy delle Belle Arte.—Its Pictures, Casts, Drawings, &c.—Character of the Prize Pictures.—A more extensive Study of Nature recom-

Page

mended.—Rules of the Academy in regard to admission of Students, Prizes, &c.—Porcelain Manufactory.—Artists.—Bartolini, Benvenuti, &c.—Morghen the Engraver.—Canova's Venus, compared with the Venus of Cleomenes, - - - 144

LETTER XIV.

FLORENCE. Description of the Pictures in the Palazzo Pitti, and likewise the Palaces Corsini, Gerini, Mozi, Ricardi.—Palace of Marquis Amelio Puci, and Pandolphini, - - - 154

LETTER XV.

FLORENCE.—Visit to the three Sanctuaries, Vallombrosa, Camaldoli, and La Verna.—Reflections on Monastic Institutions, - - - 180

LETTER XVI.

LEGHORN.—Road to Pisa.—Tower of San Miniato.—Pisa.—Road to Leghorn.—Remarks on Brilliancy of Colouring.—Leghorn.—Taste for Dancing.—Lazarettos.—Fate of Dr Smollet's Diploma.—Remarks on Cemeteries, - - - 192

LETTER XVII.

ELBA.—Coast of Italy from Leghorn to Populonea.—Fishing of Anchovies.—Elba.—Palace of Napoleon.—Napoleon.—His Improvements and Popularity.—Revenue of Elba.—Political importance.—Appearance of the Country.—Game.—Noxious Animals, 204

LETTER XVIII.

ELBA.—Agriculture.—Vineyards.—Terms of Tenure.

Page

—Want of Grain.—Fruit Trees.—Wines.—Malaria.—Count Strasoldo.—Fossi Family, - 216

LETTER XIX.

Quarry of White Marble.—Napoleon's Country House at San Martino.—Lucera.—Volterrajo.—Monte Cristo.—St Piero and Ilario.—Granite Pillars at Sacchetta.—Pianoso.—Poggio.—Water Spouts.—Napoleon's Departure.—Sketch by Napoleon.—Napoleon believed to be in England.—Tunny Fishery.—Variety of Fish.—Magnetic Mountain.—Elbese Sailors.—Populonia.—History of Elba, - - 227

LETTER XX.

FLORENCE.—Return to Florence by Lucca.—Baths of Pisa.—Lucca.—Baths of Lucca.—Observations on sketching rapidly.—Pistoia.—Prato, - 242

LETTER XXI.

PERUGIA.—Road to Rome.—Arezzo.—Pictures in the Cathedral.—Italian Sky.—Intrinsic beauty of Dew Drops.—Lake of Thrasimene.—Perugia.—Pictures, Academy, and Buildings.—Pictures by Raphael, Perugino, and Guido.—Observations on giving such pictures to youth to study from.—Casa della Penna.—Petrifying Spring of San Phillipo, applied to the formation of Casts, - - - 249

LETTER XXII.

ROME.—Journey to Rome.—Foligna.—Temple of Clitumnus.—Spoleto.—Terni.—Narni.—Otricoli.—Civita.—Castellana.—Nepi.—Arrival at Rome, - 267

LETTER XXIII. Page

Rome.—Panorama from the Top of the Capitol.—Sketch of the interior of St Peter's, - - 284

LETTER XXIV.

Rome.—Rome as it appears from elevated situations.—Gates.—Streets.—Palaces.—Varied Population.—Shops.—Inferior streets.—Destruction of ancient marble.—Squares.—Obelisks.—Churches.—External effect of St Peter's.—Pantheon.—Remains of antiquity preserved in the walls, - - - 292

LETTER XXV.

Rome.—The Ruins by Moonlight.—Column of Trajan.—Temples of Nerva, Pallas, and Peace.—Coliseum, and Ruins in the ancient Forum, - - - 299

LETTER XXVI.

Rome.—The Borghese Collection of Paintings, - 303

LETTER XXVII.

Rome.—Ruins of Rome.—Their interest to the Antiquary and Painter.—The use made of them by the old Masters.—The profusion of materials and facilities for composition, pointed out by Claude, Poussin, and Domenichino.—Conduct of the modern Artists.—State of the Arts in Rome.—The example of the British Painters may tend to the resuscitation of Italian Art.—Sculpture.—Remarks on Canova's and Thorwaldson's works, a comparison between them.—Appearance of their Studios.—Gem and Copperplate Engraving.—State of Architecture.—Hints to planting in Edinburgh, - - - 318

LETTER XXVIII. Page

Rome.—Pictures in the Gallery of the Vatican.—Michael Angelo's Fresco Painting of the Last Judgment, and his Creation of Man in the Sistine Chapel, 334

LETTER XXIX.

Rome.—Character of the Pope.—His Situation.—His Holiness's wish to establish a Catholic Bishop at Corfu.—Mode of Introduction to the Pope.—Exiled Literary Persons.—State of Papal Revenue 1817.—Cardinal Ruffo.—Cardinal Fesch.—Dissatisfaction in the creating of a number of Cardinals.—Vatican Library.—Propaganda Fide.—Restoration of Ancient MS. to Germany.—Libraries.—Dr Sebastiano's researches, - - - - - 348

LETTER XXX.

Rome.—Indolence of the Roman Nobility.—Its causes.—Malaria.—Education of the Noblemen.—Their want of dignity.—Morals of the Women.—Cavalieri Servienti.—Education of the Girls.—They go more to foreign society than formerly.—British Ladies do not associate much with the Italian Ladies.—Duke of B—'s Routes.—Dress of the Italian Ladies.—Their Manners contrasted with those of Women of other Nations.—Conversation Room.—Gaming Room.—Music Room.—English Parties, - - 359

LETTER XXXI.

Rome.—Ball at the Neapolitan Ambassador's.—Character of a Roman Masquerade.—Want of Hospitality.—Character of a Converzatione.—Improvvisatores.—Amusements of the Peasantry.—Love Epistles written by people who make a Livelihood by them.—Fighting with Knives and Stones.—Contrasts in Rome, 373

Page

APPENDIX, - - - - 385

No. I.—MINERALOGICAL REPORT, made by the Chief Engineer of the Grand Duke of Tuscany to his Serene Highness, respecting Elba, - 387

No. II.—Plants within the Coliseum, - - 389

TRAVELS

IN

ITALY, GREECE, AND THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

LETTER I.

Ostend.—A fair or kirmes.—Popinjay.—Harbour.—Light-house.—Track-boat.—Bruges.—Scenery.—Cathedral.—Nunnery.

My Dear Sir, *Bruges, July* 1816.

You know how reluctantly I yielded to your request, that I should transmit to you, with every opportunity, an account of all that we should hear or see worthy of notice, in the course of our travels: and I am now repenting, in good earnest, of my thoughtless facility. To myself, indeed, the field that lies before me is a field of the richest promise; and my fancy seems already to realize the glowing picture which you pourtrayed of the countries which we are to visit; countries which have long been celebrated for all that is lovely in nature, and exquisite in art. I anticipate, with the most ardent expectation, the pleasure which I shall enjoy in treading that soil which was consecrated by the first footsteps of Liberty,—in traver-

sing the chosen haunts of the Muses,—in becoming a temporary inhabitant of those lands, which are endeared by all our earliest and most refined associations, and where the human mind displayed its noblest energies,—and in contemplating the most wonderful monuments of genius, amidst the enchanting localities by which it was inspired.

All this promises, to be sure, to be very delightful; but since all this has been so often enjoyed, and so well described by former travellers, shall I not be in danger either of repeating to you what you already know, or of eking out for you a meagre entertainment from the gleanings which my predecessors have left? Be moderate, then, in your expectations. All that I propose is, to tell you, in my own way, what we see; and, if my information be not new, I promise you, at least, that it shall not be borrowed.

On the 6th of July, (1816,) we took our passage for Ostend at an agent's office in Exeter 'Change. Our carriage was taken to pieces and properly shipped. This was no sooner done, than we were informed that the vessel went no farther than to Ramsgate, where the carriage must be unshipped and put on board another packet. In short, we were deceived; and I hereby give warning to all future travellers, to be more particular in their previous inquiries. Fortunately, when we arrived at Ramsgate, a vessel was ready to sail, and we

were quickly transported to Ostend. We took up our quarters at the Hotel Wellington, in which, after a tolerable dinner, we were regaled with Champagne not much inferior to our Perry. In walking through the town, the first I had ever seen on the continent, our eyes, you may be sure, were not idle. A fair, or kirmes, had been held here for three days, and was to continue as many more. Nothing but rejoicing and merry-making prevailed. Of their various amusements, the most interesting to us was their archery, which carried back our recollection to the games of our ancestors, and seemed to place before our eyes the original mode of shooting at the popinjay. Prizes were given to the best marksmen, and certainly some of them were very expert. There was fixed in the ground a long pole, about sixty or seventy feet in height, at the top of which was fastened a horizontal bar of wood. On this were hung several pieces of tin, resembling small birds in size and shape; these they brought to the ground perhaps once in twenty shots. People from various parts of the country joined in this amusement, and high and low mixed together on the most familiar terms; indeed, all distinction of rank seemed to be for the time forgotten. In one of the processions, headed by a band of music, I perceived various orders of the people, including military men, artisans, peasants from the country, women, and even

children. Such a set of merry, happy faces—Heraclitus himself, had he been there, must have caught the contagion of their gaiety, and joined, as we did with our whole souls, in their light-hearted laugh. The women of the lower orders were somewhat like our Highland *shearers*, but with this exception, that they all wore monstrous ear-rings dangling to their shoulders—not one of them was handsome.

The piers of the harbour are composed of logs of wood driven into the ground, and apparently going to decay. To us, who had just left the bustle of the Thames, the stillness of Ostend harbour presented a most cheerless contrast. It resembles, indeed, one of the deserted havens of the coast of Fife, rather than the port of a populous town, for it displayed not the slightest appearance of business. It is said that the Prince of Orange was ill-received, and that the Belgians would prefer being under British protection. We were much pleased with the light-house built by Napoleon; it is in good taste, and not unlike the column of Trajan at Rome. The fortifications are already overgrown with grass and plants. We were not allowed to walk on them, however, but were rudely ordered off by a Belgian soldier. At the customhouse, the officers, all French, examined our trunks, and replaced every article with a nicety peculiar to themselves: they were very civil; indeed, they had no

reason to behave otherwise, for we were upon our *honour* with them in every respect. A small per centage was paid for the carriage, and we were free.

Matters being thus settled, we took our passage on board a track-boat for the town of Bruges. The boat was full of people, young and old, rich and poor. The evening smiled, and the effect of all was pleasing. It was impossible not to recognize here the land of Cuyp; and the scenes through which we glided, lighted up, as they were, with the beams of the setting sun, strongly recalled to our recollection the magical productions of his pencil. On board, we had a small band of music, consisting of three girls and two men. The girls played *the violin*, the men a bass and flute; and really their music was quite delightful!

After travelling fifteen miles in this agreeable manner, through a country extremely flat, but rich and highly cultivated, we arrived at Bruges. This beautiful town, in the days of its ancient importance, contained 150,000 inhabitants, but now it has not 30,000 at the utmost; and several of the splendid houses and palaces are tenantless. The opening of the Scheldt destroyed its commerce, and the inhabitants were obliged to go where trade was flourishing. We are living in the hotel called the Fleur de Bled, and every thing is comfortable, though not so clean as in our own good country.

We have formed acquaintance with a gentleman

who knows every nook and corner of the city. At our request he led us first to what is called the Tower, that, previous to any particular excursion, we might obtain some general idea of the situation and principal features of the surrounding scenery; nor is it possible, without going to an elevated station, to obtain a just or comprehensive notion of the country of the Netherlands, or to ascertain, without much unnecessary labour, the objects most worthy of notice, or the points of view from which they may be seen or drawn to advantage. The extensive scene was rich in wood and cultivation; few villages appeared, but every thing bespoke comfort, peace, and plenty. From the fields near the town, I was charmed with the variety and beauty of the public buildings, and the handsome spires and steeples. The tower on which we stood is singular and picturesque, and the churches of Jerusalem and Notre Dame are noble features.

On entering the cathedral, every thing was entirely new to me. No priest was present, but various descriptions of persons were on their knees; some were in lonely places, in order to be free from interruption; often their attitudes were beautiful and interesting; some with outspread arms, others with clasped hands, praying with the utmost fervour, and generally, as their fancy inclined them, before pictures, sculpture, or tapestry. At the high altar, there was a representation of the

Virgin and Child, in wax, both coloured and dressed like dolls, and not much larger than those which our little misses carry in their arms. A multitude of suppliants surrounded the altar, which was decorated with votive offerings in silver and gold, representing heads, legs, arms, and hearts, which had been cured by prayers before the Virgin. The hearts prevailed three to one, from which your philosophical head will probably infer that, in all countries, the heart-ach is the most prevalent malady; and as a grave divine might perhaps, with as much reason, conclude that religion is its most effectual cure. Innumerable small candles were burning, though it was then mid-day, and the sun was shining in the church;—a third light seemed yet awanting, and that was the light of reason.

The pictures in the cathedral were not much above mediocrity. One or two had just arrived from the Louvre; and I confess it excited my surprise, that the French should have thought of removing such indifferent productions of the pencil. We visited various other churches, and found their internal appearance much alike. From the churches we were taken to a nunnery. On presenting ourselves at the grate, in a small outer room which is approached through a court-yard, the Abbess appeared with gracious smiles. Our friend was known to her; and, after a little re-

spectful compliment and inquiry, he asked if we might be allowed to see the chapel. With great politeness she consented. Her manner, which was such as shewed she knew the world, corrected in some degree the dismal ideas that we had formed of the monastic life. Availing ourselves of the Abbess's permission, we went to the place of worship, on entering which we were struck with its general air of purity and elegance. The walls and seats were white; the altar, composed of various marbles and precious stones, graced the head of the church, at the opposite end to which was a gallery. Two pictures by Vandyke hung upon the walls, but they were by no means in the best style of that master. The Ascension was the subject of one, and a saint of the other. In the former, the figure of Christ was tolerably drawn, and possessed great brilliancy of effect; but the dark figure introduced for the purpose of aiding this appearance, is so injudiciously contrived and managed, that the artifice is offensively evident, and interferes with the general sentiment of the subject.

We had not been long in the chapel when a nun came forward in the gallery, in a slow and solemn manner, courtesying low. At first we thought the compliment was intended for us, but we soon perceived that her attention was directed to a cross placed in the middle of the gallery. A second and a third advanced in the same manner,

and at last several came together. When assembled, there might be from ten to twelve; some were old, some were young, and very pale; one seemed extremely beautiful. After they had been seated a short time, a novice rose and rung the convent bell, the rope of which hung from the roof in the middle of the gallery. We stopped no longer, fearing we might give offence; but who could resist remaining in the outer room while they chaunted service? It was affecting, and most sincerely did I wish that God might bless them. But what can I say of their voluntary retreat from the duties of the world? Their self-denial may be a virtue, but I fear of little value. Lately several romantic ladies, two of whom, indeed, were relations of the gentleman who accompanied us, had formed the resolution of becoming nuns, but they soon changed their minds, and only one of six remained. On taking the veil, they must advance L.600; and, at their demise, their fortunes become the property of the establishment. When monastic institutions were suppressed by Bonaparte, this nunnery was spared, in consideration of its educating some young females gratis, and being in other respects most exemplary.

To-morrow early we set off for Ghent and Brussels; from the latter place you may expect to hear from me.

LETTER II.

Ghent.—Church of Saint Brevon.—Scenery.—Alost.—Brussels.—Cathedral.—Peter the Great.—High Mass.

Brussels, July 1816.

THE country through which we travelled from Bruges to Ghent was rich in various crops, some of which were already cut down ; barley and rye seemed to prevail. The roads were excellent, paved in the middle, but by no means rough.

GHENT is a town of considerable extent, and of great beauty. The canals which intersect it, covered with boats and barges, afford the finest subjects for the pencil. Vangoen, or Vanderneer, could have been at no loss in choosing from such variety. The cathedral and churches are very fine, especially the church of Saint Brevon, which, it is said, is the oldest cathedral church in the world. The Crypt was the original place of worship, and is full of rotten pictures and mouldering saints. The present cathedral, which is very ancient, was built on the foundations of the old, and the crypt, which I have mentioned, is preserved in its primitive state. In the church, there are some specimens of the early school of sculpture, in very bad taste, frittered into small parts, and

devoid of all resemblance to nature. The pictures, in general, are by masters of no celebrity or talent, and excite disgust rather than pleasure. As for the wax dolls, I did not look at them a second time, lest I should be tempted to smile, when decorum required that I should be serious. Some of the public buildings are rather elegant, and there is a good display of steeples in the simple Gothic style. We mounted one of them to obtain a view of the country, which, in its general character, bears a remarkable resemblance to the rich and splendid scenery which we saw from the tower of Bruges. Waterloo and Hobbima might have lived a hundred years, and not have exhausted the pleasing local subjects. Here they had endless variety of willow stumps, rich plants, and sparkling water, and the most interesting groups of cattle and rustic figures, composing with the meadow fields and long horizons ; such, indeed, as Paul Potter, or Adrian Vanderveldt, needed only to copy faithfully, to have rendered their fame immortal.

Our stay at Ghent was very short, which I regretted much, as I knew that there were some private pictures of the Flemish masters, well deserving our attention.

ALOST, on the way to Brussels, is a pretty town. Trees mix with the buildings, which always have a good effect. We saw no beggars, but among the

children, who seem to be all beggars in this country, without exception, and whose importunity is extremely teasing. I pinched the ear of one, who was dressed like a little gentleman, and gave some money to a boy in rags, who was standing near, and was less clamorous. *My Dutch* was understood; the youth in fine clothes blushed and scampered off.—Between Alost and Brussels, the crops were very luxuriant; they consisted chiefly of hops and rye. Boys, from fifteen to seventeen years of age, were repairing the roads, and did their business well.

Brussels is certainly a noble town, and many of the buildings are in excellent taste. But why so many sky-lights? The roof of the Hotel de Ville, which is very high, has no less than five successive rows, rising one above another. The cathedral, with its two towers, like Westminster Abbey, is well placed to give effect to the city, which is spread below, but the disproportioned height of the roof diminishes the consequence of the other parts of the building. There is also a strange jumbling of parts, out of harmony even with the Gothic. In general, the houses are very handsome, but within they display no purity of taste; there is too much ornament,—too great an ambition of vulgar show. Of the *gallery* I can say but little. No doubt, there are a few good pictures, but certainly not of the first class. The

best are those by Rubens. They have all the mastery of pencilling and witchery of colour peculiar to that master; but they also have his defects; bustle and power of handling cannot conceal the want of drawing, and the mean conception of his female figures. I regret to say that they have been considerably injured, and cannot be repaired without being partially repainted.

You will be little gratified, I fear, by this imperfect account of a gallery so famous, and may naturally expect, that I should say something of the private collections in Brussels; but our stay here was necessarily so short, that we had leisure for no more than a passing glance;—a circumstance which we regretted the less, as we could more easily repeat our visit to this town, than to the more distant places, to which we are hastening. Do not fear, from this specimen, that I shall not endeavour to be particular in my description of the celebrated works of art, in which you feel so deep an interest, when we reach the cities which are the proper objects of our destination.

From these beauties of art, we were led to the public gardens, where there is a fountain, immortalized by the circumstance of Peter the Great having tumbled into it. He was drinking wine when he made this false step, and it is

but fair to suppose that his Majesty was a little tipsey.

We are just returned from seeing high mass performed. Why such parading, courtesying, bowing, muttering, crossing, and perfuming of the priests? And must the soldiers kneel, cross themselves, and pray by word of command? How like mummery is all this! But the congregation appeared devout, so let me not presume to censure. I have occasionally amused myself at a ball, by shutting my ears, which gave to my happy dancing friends the appearance of automata. So the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church, to one not accustomed to its mysteries, must ever appear fantastic and unnatural.

LETTER III.

Waterloo.—Field of battle.—Namur.—Huy.—Liege.—Aix-la-Chapelle.—Cologne.

Cologne, July 1816.

We left Brussels on the 11th, and arrived here on the 13th, after having visited the awful field of Waterloo. The forest of Soigne has nothing remarkable in its appearance. The road from Brussels, as you well know, passes through it. After the battle it became a burial place for upwards of two thousand horses. They were interred along the sides of the road, and partly in the wood. Their bones are now shooting through the earth, and the air is much infected. Waterloo is a pretty little village, and the church, which for a considerable time appeared a pleasing vista from the road, is very picturesque. Service was performing when we arrived, and it was pleasing and affecting to see the peasantry peacefully engaged in their religious duties, after the scourge of war and battle. The tablets to the memory of many of our countrymen caught our eye, and failed not to excite our deepest interest. From Waterloo we went to visit the field of battle. We saw the shattered tree near which our immortal hero stood, at the happy moment

when he saw the Prussians advancing, led on by Bulow. The barn, farm, and fields of La Haye Sainte, exhibited striking memorials of the horrors of that dreadful day; especially the barn, the walls of which are frightfully splashed with blood,—and well they might, for the floor, which is of great extent, was ancle deep! The field of burial would affect the hardest heart: although under crop, the graves are quite perceptible by the rank dark green corn which waves over them. The heroes were buried at various distances, according to the havoc and destruction on the spot. Some of the graves were six, eight, ten, and twelve feet asunder, but they thinned as they receded from the point where the battle raged in its greatest fury,—as the thunder of artillery, which bursts at first in one rending peal upon the ear, gradually dies away in faint and distant echoes. One poor Frenchman was yet unburied! we found him lying a prey for the hungry dogs! What could be more horrible than this mouldering body in its uniform! What a more emphatic satire on the ferocity and the weakness of man! I will not shock you with the various accounts which we have heard of the dead, the wounded, and the dying; even to think of them is distressing.

The track by which Napoleon slunk away, after crying "sauve qui peut," is just above the inn at Genappe, upon a rising ground. Bones of men

and horses are lying here and there, and the ravens may still find food upon them. At Quatre Bras, the natives were eloquent in praise of the gallant Highlandmen. The appearance of battle is every where: not a house but is completely riddled by bullets and by cannon shot. I looked at them till my fancy was so engaged in the tumult of battle, that I thought my head was hardly safe upon my shoulders.

Namur, on the confluence of the Sambre and the Meuse, was the next place of any consequence that we visited. On approaching it, we found it seated on a plain surrounded by swelling hills at no great distance. These hills, although not lofty, were a pleasing variety, from the monotonous country through which we have passed. The town itself has a most agreeable character for picture; the dome and cupola are here exchanged for Gothic towers and spires. Namur is celebrated for minerals, marble, and alum. It was not till we were near Namur that we perceived rocks of any kind, and this suggests to my recollection, that in Belgium we have remarked only sand, chalk, and gravel.

From Namur we proceeded to Huy upon the Meuse. Picturesque beauty is not wanting there. The town and cathedral stand at the bottom of lofty rocks, and afford the most agreeable subjects for the pencil. We arrived when a few golden streaks were seen behind the towers, which were

reflected in the expansive water. The solemn and tranquil effect of all was most grateful and impressive. The country from Huy to Liege is hilly, well wooded, and in good cultivation. There is every where an appearance of plenty, yet beggars are numerous. Choquiere, the seat of General Loisson, is one of the finest subjects that occur in this part of our journey. It stands high upon a noble bank, and overlooks the river; the rocks are picturesque; the wood, however, is but poor and scanty.

The entrance into Liege, as we advanced along the river, presents a favourable view of the cathedral and churches; indeed, water and trees, whenever they mix with buildings, impart to them a degree of interest, and never fail to please. The high roof still prevails. From the multiplicity of windows I was led to suppose, that the inhabitants pay no duty for window light: but I was mistaken; fifteenpence is paid for each, and for a carriage entry five and twenty shillings annually. There is something singular and agreeable in the architecture, though, perhaps, it is somewhat disfigured by too great a profusion of ornament.

We were told that the finest collection of paintings was in the cathedral. The picture by Lairesse, representing Moses with the Commandments, is perhaps the best: some of the heads are painted in a firm and masterly style, but the figures are crowded together in an awkward manner, and totally destitute of dignity. The picture by Carlier is deep-toned, but spotty and affected. Quilline is a master of some merit in the soft style of Murillo, but much inferior. The subjects are all scriptural, and very tiresome.

There is nothing very striking in the scenery between Liege and Aix la Chapelle. I would almost prefer the positive level of the Netherlands, which, from its unbroken line, is somewhat allied to beauty. The ancient city of Charlemagne looks well from the ramparts. The Hotel de Ville, the Cathedral, and other buildings, assemble well together, and I think may fairly claim the attention of the man of taste.

Cologne, the birth place of Rubens, received us next within its ancient walls. The church of St Peter contains the celebrated picture of the crucifixion of that saint. When I entered the church, I was on the tip-toe of expectation. The picture is considered one of the chef d'œuvres of Rubens' pencil, and was in high estimation in the Louvre. We were told it graced the high altar; but conceive my disappointment, when, on approaching it with an anxious eye, I found a very indifferent copy. I was turning from it in disgust, when the verger requested me to stop; and, without any ceremony, he removed silver candlesticks, flowers, and all the paraphernalia of Roman Ca-

tholic worship, which stood before the copy, and then went behind the altar, and turned round upon a swivel the painting by Rubens. It was like the sun rising in splendour, and appeared the finest picture I ever saw of that great master. The principal figure is generally well drawn, without the slightest approach to vulgarity or mannerism. In colour it is faultless, and the effect is striking and commanding, although seen under a window of stained glass, with all the bustle and arrogance of meretricious brilliancy. The principal light is in the middle of the picture on the breast of St Peter, of a warm yellowish fleshy tone. The opposing figures are swarthy and brown, one of them with a little drapery purely red; blue and cold colours appear at the top and sides of the picture. As a proof of the veneration which the people of Cologne have for this magnificent work of art, I may inform you that, when it returned from the Louvre, it was carried in procession through the streets, and in front of the house of Rubens, where Professor Hardie delivered an eloquent oration on its merit: when it was taken to the church of St Peter, it was received by all the clergy in full costume, and with as much ceremony as if it had been St Peter himself that was visiting them.

This picture was a present to the church in which Rubens was baptized, and had its day of adversity.

The priests, ignorant of its merit and its value, placed it in some obscure place without any regard to its preservation: this circumstance reaching the ear of Rubens, he offered 5000 crowns to have it returned to him, assuring them it was one of the best pictures he had ever painted. The priests began to stare; and, awakened at length to a sense of the value, if not the merit, of the treasure which they possessed, they determined to keep it to themselves. They have done so, but the gentle hint has been the means of preserving the picture from destruction.—The font in which Rubens was baptized is shewn with great pride.

From the church we went to the house in which that great painter lived, No. 10, Rue de Tival. At present it is occupied by a coachmaker, who very politely shewed us every room. It is an excellent house still, and there is a good deal of ancient carving in one of the rooms, in which Mary of Medicis, after being forced to quit Paris, lived and died. She subsisted on the charity of the monks, for whom she entertained the most bigoted devotion; the leaden roof remains on which she walked.

In the cathedral we were shewn a picture by Filp Kalf, date 406, a painter of whom I never heard. The drawing and colouring are excellent, and in design it is not inferior; the subject is the adoration of the Magi. Can you imagine a work of Guido founded in some degree on a

fine specimen of Albert Durer? This will enable you to form some idea of the picture. In colour it is fresh as day, and Rubens himself might have been proud to own it. The Prince Royal of Prussia is getting a copy of part of the picture executed by an artist of Cologne. As far as he has gone, he is much inferior; spare and meagre in his colouring, without surface or that transparency which appears in the texture of the original. When the French were ransacking every church for celebrated works of art, the bishop had this picture covered with wax to hide it from their sacrilegious eyes. During the revolution, however, when Cologne was French, the clergy had the wax taken of, and hung up the picture, which the French government allowed to remain. So much for Filp Kalf, who, had he lived in the golden age of art, might have been not inferior to Raphael or Correggio. In some of the private houses I have seen many pictures of very early date, surprising in richness and colour, but in general very ill drawn, and as ill conceived. The *beau ideal* excited a little risibility; grace and purity of taste was acquired by slow degrees. Notwithstanding their many faults, however, I could trace in them several plagiarisms of Rubens and Vandyke.

I should have mentioned, that, in the cathedral may be seen the sculls of three kings who were said to have worshipped at the birth

of our Saviour. They were brought from Milan at the sacking of that city, and presented to the church by the Duke of Haenstoffen. I saw them not, notwithstanding they have rubies stuck in the sockets of their eyes. The manner of exhibiting them is rather curious. First a huge key is taken to open a door that leads to a coffer, which requires a second key to open it; this coffer contains a third key, which, being presented to a door within, discloses another coffer with a fourth key; this must be inserted into a padlock, which contains the key of the mysterious door leading to three white sculls adorned with precious stones! The names of the three kings were Caspor, Melihior, and Balthasar.

LETTER IV.

Husbandry—Bonn—Flying Bridge—Andernach—Coblentz—Neideringelheim—Castles on the Rhine—Mayance—Manheim—Heidelberg—Inns—Baden—Assembly—Anecdote of Napoleon—Anecdote of the Prince of Baden.

Baden, July 1816.

From Cologne to Bonn the country is flat, and presents few pleasing or interesting features. The roads are good; and in travelling along the Rhine the eye is gratified with some variety. The vineyards, however, do not contribute to the beauty of the scenery, any more than as many currant bushes. The vine is low, and totally devoid of picturesque effect. Husbandry, in all its details, seems to be here in a very backward state. Oxen, and sometimes even cows, are used instead of horses, to drag the heavy and unwieldy carts of the country. I sincerely wish some kind Briton would send the Germans a plough and a good model of a cart. Not a thrashing-machine is here to be seen. In short, they are a hundred years behind; yet the country looks well, and the crops, thanks to the fertility of the soil, are good. Their hay-fork is made exactly after the model of Neptune's trident.

Bonn is a pretty town. Some of the buildings

are regular and good; but the views on the Rhine are overpowered by the size of the river; the distant banks, and hills, and castles, shrink into nothing, and require to be assisted by the aid of stormy skies. This is all I can say of Bonn, and of the surrounding scenery. The flying bridge, or float, is curious, and large enough to take over 700 or 800 people at a time. It does not go across the river with its prow foremost, but, being moored to anchors in the middle of the river, it swings from one side to another, according to the direction of the helm, the current of the water being the only impelling force. It, of course, invariably arrives at the precise point of its destination, and generally in the same space of time.

On our way from Bonn to Andernach, we met with some fine subjects for the painter. Of these, the most interesting was an island containing a convent. It had all the appearance of a happy island,—crowned with lofty trees, beneath the shade of which the nuns might walk unseen, and enjoy the scenery. Its reflection in the river was unbroken and serene, saving a line of silver light, produced by a pendent branch, which hung on the glassy surface of the water. Rhynic, too, which stands upon a lofty bank, will not be passed without regret, if time will not permit delineation.

Andernach, with its steeples and curious towers, affords a choice of picture seldom to be surpassed.

The towns which we have hitherto seen are mostly fortified, and the outworks are extremely beautiful, reminding one of the paintings of our favourite masters. We have only seen one intoxicated person since we came into this country. Indeed, the peasantry seem an honest, sober, and devout set of people. Yet we have been told, and by one that knows them well, that, after a hearty prayer or two, they think they have atoned for former sin, and are at liberty to proceed upon another score. If this charge is true, their appearance and external deportment are abundantly deceitful. I cannot soon forget a poor infirm old woman, whom I saw in a lonely sequestered church-yard, praying with much apparent fervour before a crucifix; her withered arms stretched out and opposed to the last golden streaks of the setting sun. She certainly was sincere, and who would not have wished that heaven might protect her?

On leaving Andernach, we found the banks of the Rhine studded with castles, some of them very picturesque, but generally much alike in situation and in form, and built upon a similar plan. The same high watch tower springs up in all of them.

Coblentz presents, to the man of taste, innumerable attractive subjects of study. The buildings, generally, are good, and associate well together. The Rhine flows beneath the walls, and brings up vessels of various descriptions, which take their part

with other objects, and form delightful compositions. The Castle of Ehrenbreitstein, in airy mantle, crowns the whole. This famous castle was destroyed by the French, along with every other building of note in the neighbourhood. Near the scene of ruin, there is a monument erected by the French, in commemoration of the Russian campaign under Napoleon the Great, in the year 1812. Underneath is written: "Seen and approved of by the Russian commandant at Coblentz, 1814." The towns are very unlike those of Scotland, singularly shaped and whimsical, both in their external and external appearance, with projecting roofs and narrow streets.

From Coblentz we proceeded to St Goar. The banks of the majestic Rhine are still covered with castles, villages, and towns; but what appears most remarkable to the traveller is the extent and luxuriance of the vineyards. Where can a market be found for all the wine which they must produce? The Rhenish wine from the butt is good. Hock is seldom met with by the traveller. The best is said to be made on the estate which now belongs to Marshal Blucher.

The village of Neideringelheim has little to recommend it, except the ruins of the Palace of Charlemagne. Of the marble pillars which once adorned it, none remain but a few paltry fragments in the church. Nevertheless, insignificant as they

appear, they will excite much interest, as associated with the memory of that illustrious prince.

I write to my friend as occasion will permit. On looking over my Journal, I find I have not noticed some of the villages, towns, and castles, which appeared to me to be admirable subjects for drawing. Capella, beyond Coblentz, Brawbach, Castle Mause, town of Wilmich, and Rheinfels, are all interesting; but they are eclipsed by the Castle of Rhinvald, whose varied towers and crumbling walls are irresistibly attractive to the painter. The castles of Rhinvald and Ehrenbreitstein, however, are the only two which can be compared to our magnificent castles in Wales. Though many of the others are very large, still they want that appearance of grandeur and strength, which so decidedly characterizes our noble buildings. At Bucharac are the remains of a Gothic chapel, situate above the town, upon a gently sloping hill, and well worthy of a little study.

MAYANCE we merely passed through, and crossed its bridge of boats. As a town, it is superior to Coblentz. The churches and the steeples are peculiar, but their red colour is not agreeable to the eye, especially as there is no green to harmonize with it. There was considerable bustle in the river; numerous boats and barges were plying in various directions, which gave it life and spirit. The white and fleecy clouds, when they appeared behind the buildings, neutralized them, and rendered their colour more agreeable.

MANHEIM might perhaps be denominated a handsome town, were not the streets so much alike, that it is scarcely possible to distinguish one from another. The palace of the Duke of Baden is very extensive, but in bad repair. Its gallery of pictures is indifferent; and I may truly say, that, with the exception of half a dozen, the rest are trash. A little picture by Waterloo pleased me much; the subject was, a few trees, with a winding road and figures; the whole was well expressed, and finished without apparent labour. Indeed, I was surprised to see such a mellow production from the hand of such a master. The picture of Christ before Pilate, by Rembrandt, is the finest in the gallery, and may be said to shine among the dark and dismal works around it. I was pleased to see, in one apartment, a fine collection of the best English prints. Woolett's engravings seemed to be the favourites; they were elegantly framed, and some were proofs, on Indian paper. Formerly there was an academy in the palace, but it is now neglected. The Prince prefers smoking and drinking to encouraging the arts, or even to other duties of high importance.

HEIDELBERG was the next place of any note that we visited. Its castle and palace are superb, and far surpass in grandeur any thing we have yet seen

in Germany. Their commanding situation, upon the hill which overlooks the town, is peculiarly striking; and perhaps there are few objects better adapted to gratify the admirer either of beautiful nature or superior art. From the garden of the palace,—the composition of the buildings, with the flat country below; the sweeping river, reflecting the morning sun; the town enveloped in the curling smoke; the bridge and wooded banks are quite complete, and defy the pencil to surpass their charms. Of course, we saw the famous tun, now without a drop of wine. The French must have drunk hard, to have emptied such a wooden tower.

Our stay at Heidelberg was very short. Hitherto we have found the inns extremely comfortable; yet I wish that they were furnished with bells; or at least that those which are put up, were rendered serviceable. We have seen none that could be rung; and, to our surprise, we found a swallow's nest upon the hinge of one at Carlsruhe, in the principal room for strangers. The dress of the peasantry, male and female, is very fantastical, and extremely unbecoming. The men wear large cocked hats, while working in the fields; and the women are bundled up in such a quantity of clothes as entirely disguises their shape, and makes them appear as if they wore hoops. Their hats, too, are of a monstrous size, flat, and like a sieve upon their heads. Poppies, generally bearing a pale pink flower, seem

to be the principal crop, poppy oil being an article in great request. Small chapels and crucifixes are very numerous along the roads, and seem to be regarded with great reverence. I remember only one instance of mud being thrown at them.

Baden, a celebrated watering-place, will engage us for a day. It is seated among lofty wooded banks, and is as gay and lively as one can well imagine. Balls, fairs, libraries, public walks, and fashionable amusements, occupy the fleeting hours. We attended a grand assembly in the palace, where there were several princes, princesses, and nobility of various ranks and fortunes; and, notwithstanding the decorations of stars and ribbons, they were a sorry-looking set. In general the German ladies were not superior in appearance to the hostesses of our public-houses. The men were rather better; but, really, an ancient German baron is not the most magnificent thing that we can see. The Duchess of Ragusa eclipsed every figure of female kind; and, consequently, the glances of envy were seen flying from the strangest forms! There were, however, some pretty girls, and we found the Prince Royal of Baden chose them for his partners in the waltzes. The ball was on a Sunday evening!

Among the principal characters was the Countess of L——, who, I am informed, was so great a favourite of Murat's, that his queen thought proper to be a little jealous, and complained of her to

Napoleon, who gallantly threatened to insult the countess on the first opportunity that occurred. One evening, in his palace, he accidentally spilt some coffee on a lady's dress, and, turning to make his apology, he was suddenly smitten with her beauty. A pretty little flirtation commenced, in consequence of which he lost his heart. His fair conqueror was no other than the Countess L——, and his imperial majesty became the humble slave of the lady whom he had rashly threatened to affront. In return for her *sweet and condescending manners*, he married her to the Count of L. The Countess is now a widow, and, if I am not mistaken, is still employed by the God of Love to subdue the unwary heart.

Since I am in the way of gossiping, let me tell you that the Princess of Baden, daughter of Josephine, was forced upon the prince by Bonaparte, though his dislike for her was very great. Indeed, his highness would not live with her when Napoleon was in power, but no sooner was he forsaken by fortune, than he drew her to his bosom, and now imagines there is no such woman in the world. What think you of the magnanimity of this smoking prince?

The number of petty princes in Germany is much deplored by enlightened people. All of them are poor, which enables rich offenders to escape from justice. The other day a wealthy Jew committed murder; he confessed the deed and was condemned; but his wealth afterwards purchased his acquittal. Now he is quite at large, following his pursuits as usual. Thank heaven! there are no such doings in good Old England!

The ancient castle of Baden stands on a romantic hill clothed with wood, forming part of the Black Forest. It is now a solitary ruin, and prodigious trees wave against its time-worn sides. On entering the subterraneous passages and dismal vaults, I heard the most tender strains of music; it was like enchantment for a time, and greatly excited my surprise; at last I discovered that it was the harp of Æolus—seeming to mourn for ancient times. The instrument had been placed among the crumbling walls by an Englishman of taste and feeling. Adieu; you shall hear from me when I reach Geneva.

LETTER V.

GENEVA.

Black Forest.—Hyrcanian Forest.—Basle.—Holbein.—Swiss Painters.—Scenery between Basle and Soleure.—Alps.—Swiss Cottages.—Orbe.—Lausanne.—Lake of Geneva.—Geneva.—Arve and Rhone.—Landscape-Painters.

We left Baden on the 29th of July, and passed along the verge of the Black Forest, through many small and pretty towns. It was a market-day at Offenburg, and never certainly did I behold a more singular and strange looking peasantry. The women resembled bales of cloth, without form or shape, and the girls seemed bundles of the same material; not a pretty face was to be seen among them, old or young.

The character of the Black Forest, as seen from our road at the distance of four miles, was very picturesque. Castles appear on the tops of the hills, relieved by mountains covered with pines; behind them, the clouds frisked about, and offered, to our hearts content, incidental effects of the most delightful and varied character. I was as busy sketching in my mind, as if I had seriously set to work with my paper and my pencil. The steeple of Fribourg is singularly beautiful; the spire, perforated in various ornaments, gives it a surprising elegance and lightness. From Fribourg the Vosges on the right edge the rich and lovely plain of Alsace. All the mountains of the Hyrcanian Forest, on the left, except a few cultivated patches, are covered to the very tops with brushwood. The wild boar's haunts would be the painter's, were he safe from that ferocious animal.

No separation of property appears; and, indeed, the traveller might suppose himself in a nobleman's domains. There are no detached cottages, for the peasantry live in villages. The better sort of houses have a grand appearance, yet they are without comfort. Many of them are picturesque, but the woodwork in all is very clumsy and heavy, probably because timber is so abundant, that it may be had even for the cutting. When wood is scarce and dear, the smallest piece is turned to good account; and lightness and elegance are often suggested by necessity. Till wood becomes less plentiful, I am afraid we must not look for taste in German habitations.

The approach to Basle in Switzerland is delightful to the eye; the Rhine flows among rich meadows and fields of golden grain. As a town, Basle is by no means handsome. The streets are narrow, the houses white, with roofs of dark brown tiles: even from the river, including the ten arched bridge, it forms no picture.

In the principal library we saw some curious manuscripts, the proceedings of the Council of Basle, the Epistles of Erasmus, and other learned men, the four Evangelists in Greek of the tenth century, &c.

Holbein was a native of Basle, and it contains many of his works. In the library, in particular, several of them are to be seen: the cabinet, on which is painted Christ's passion, is extremely beautiful, without hardness. I was surprised to find a work of so much ease and splendour from the hand of this master, whose works, in general, are rather deficient in ease. His pictures of Erasmus and Sir Thomas More are full of nature.

A panorama of the Lac de Thun is on exhibition here, and, like the works of all the Swiss artists, is full of minute and trifling detail, without point or story; an insipid catalogue of objects, in which no one takes the lead. Why do they neglect the machinery of nature in such a country? Can they not seize the stormy skies, and fling them among the lofty pinnacles, and oppose the dark and solemn pines to virgin snows? Is the train of grandeur to be despised? Have the awful mountains, and stupendous precipices, no claims to those ghastly lights which, struggling in their progress from the sun through the clouds and storms of such sublime regions, reflect, as it were, upon the soul of man, and impress it with horror? Shame on the narrow mind that can see only a vapid outline, and paltry littleness!

From Basle we travelled to Soleure, meeting with castles, and ever-varying scenery. Some of the deep vales were clothed with black pine, and bounded by mountains of the deepest blue, with

mists and clouds clinging to their sides, and sometimes flying off with their feathery edges, tinged with the setting sun;—exciting in our minds the most romantic reveries. Imagine among these quiet and solitary scenes of grandeur, when, but one line of golden light was left to contend with purple darkness, the effect of the solemn toll of a cathedral bell, heard from afar. Ah! why, I know not; but it drew forth our tears.

The marble church of Soleure is very beautiful, and in good proportion; but marble does not please the eye so well as stone: it always interferes with other objects, and, as far as relates to landscape scenery, is too white and overpowering. On lofty mountains, however, and in dashing cataracts, white will always be agreeable, because it is natural.

Our first view of the Alps of the Grisons, with the young Frow piercing the horizontal clouds, was from the Lac de Bienne. Pictures give no idea of them, and I fear never can. The mind is struck with the wonderful work of God. Awe, solemn awe, fills the soul, in looking at these sublime productions of his hand. When the sun was set to the world below, and the blue smoke of the peaceful cottage was ascending through gloomy shade, the Alps were glowing in the heavens! The cottages of Switzerland are so well known to you, that I need not attempt to describe them; be it sufficient to say, that, as subjects for picture, they

are quite inimitable; but I must confess, I should in general prefer a part of one, with its interesting details, instead of a whole. The roof is often too high and unmeaning for painting.

In travelling through the Canton of Berne, I was surprised at first to see no chapels on the road; but recollecting that it is a Protestant canton, my wonder ceased. Shall I tell you, too, that the people had a more independent air, and were better dressed, than in the Catholic countries through which we have passed? Every canton has its own costume, but I found none sufficiently simple, except the purple vest, white sleeves, and straw hat. The good people here are all too fond of show.

The country, from the Lac de Bienne to Neufchatel, is quite a country for a painter; water, wood, and mountain in fine combination, continually solicit attention. Orbe, partly built by the Romans, stands prettily on a rising ground, and I think is fully as picturesque as any town we have yet seen in Switzerland. But Lausanne, which we afterwards met with on the Lake of Geneva, eclipses all; nor can one well conceive a more romantic town. And certainly, if ever there was an effect perfectly suitable to it, it was that which we were so fortunate as to see. The town, with its castle and various ornamented towers and spires, was finely opposed to the distant mountains, which were in delightful obscurity, and so reflected in the lake, that it was impossible to perceive the horizontal line: some white sails

were seen, as it were, suspended in the vapour; and the tops of the hills, which were above the silver mist, were smiling in the rosy gleam of the parting day. The spires upon the towers, however, are certainly too small, and too sharp for the size of the buildings.

The Lake of Geneva is finest at Lausanne. There are, however, innumerable noble scenes as we advance to Geneva, especially at Secheron, looking towards Mount Blanc, which, though at the distance of sixty miles as the crow flies, appears an enormous mountain, towering over a succession of stupendous hills!

You will naturally expect me to say a word or two about Geneva. No doubt, it is an interesting town in appearance, but it wants feature, and surely is not to be compared to Lausanne, either in regard to situation or picturesque beauty. Perhaps I may be speaking treason; but such is my own feeling, and it is that, I know, which you wish me to communicate. The houses of the former are better, more uniform and comfortable; but there is a certain charm in the irregularity of the latter, which addresses itself to the mind, and I should think would always command the preference.

The water from the Lake of Geneva is of a deep blue colour, and as it appears passing the washing boats on the Rhone, near the bridge, one would imagine it was impregnated with dye. In a glass it is quite clear, without the slightest tinge.

The contrast of the Arve and the Rhone surprised me much, the latter being of the hue of whitish clay; the line between them was distinctly drawn, as they flowed along, and it is not till some time that the Rhone allows the muddy Arve to mingle with its pellucid water. The waves, too, of each are different, those of the Rhone are large and sweeping, while those of the Arve are more disturbed and broken. Both rivers seem a little unnatural in colour, and would not be preferred in painting; yet, as they are full of character, they must be represented as they are, and the eye will accommodate itself to their appearance. But the judicious artist will choose the season which will permit him to adopt such opposing tints, as will render them not unpleasing in picture, without departing from truth.

Some landscape painters live in the house which Voltaire fitted up as a theatre. Those gentlemen say, that they paint their pictures chiefly in the field: if so, it is surprising that there should be so little truth in any of their works. Such as are wedded to systems, and can see nature through them only, had better stay at home; they will never be able to discover and appreciate her varied charms. In speaking of nature, I do not wish to be understood as meaning a few individual scenes; but as referring to the nature of a country in general, the collective perfections, and points of character, which satisfy the eye. Much may be gained, no doubt,

by studying single views or objects; but comprehensive and distinguishing qualities are only obtained and felt by extensive investigation. Our celebrated Turner is remarkable for this; he does nothing at random; every colour has a meaning, every contrast has a purpose, and all tending to give that full and perfect impression which alone can gratify the mind. *

---

* Among some of the finest arrangements of colour in Swiss scenery, which I have selected from nature, I will venture to mention the three following: first, a splendid luminous effect with the sun upon the various objects; secondly, a simple effect of light and shadow; and lastly, a stormy effect. These arrangements will always produce a characteristic and pleasing harmony.

First Effect.

The sky is of a pure and delicate blue, with horizontal streaks of pale grey inclining to purple. If clouds are introduced, they should be light, yet chaste and subdued. Pure snowy Alps with little shadow; to these were opposed clay-coloured rocks sprinkled with snow; next to these faint reds and sulphur-coloured vegetation. In the middle division of the scene appeared greens of a decided colour, and brownish grey rocks; approaching nearer the eye, dark and solemn pines, reddish and fawn coloured rocks. On the fore-ground crimson brown and pure greens with rich and powerful yellow, mingling with a variety of grey coloured earths. The great light was on the snowy mountains, and the deepest colour of the scene appeared below the most luminous part not immediately opposed to it, but in such a situation that the eye could take in at one glance the extremes of light and depth of colour, without the one intruding on the other.

Second Effect.— Simple Light and Shade.

White mountains opposed to a pearly coloured cloudy sky, with streaks of pure blue, the shadows of the snow cold and of a silvery grey; different mountains in shade of various tones of grey, reddish or warmer as they advanced, with snow thinly scattered on their summits, and in the deep ravines, combining the distant Alps with the subordinate mountains which advanced towards the eye. Clay and fawn coloured rocks, dark neutral green, a succession of faint green, olive, orange, yellow, reddish fawn, and a kind of *satin wood* hue of grey.

The drapery of the figures white, red, and dark brown.

Storm.

In the sky dark and mysterious hues of grey; some approaching to blue; brassy-coloured hues mingled with solemn purple. Pure snow partly seen through clouds, and upon pinnacles above the storm. The snow in the shadow of a bluish cast, sometimes opposed against faint uncertain tones of yellow, or compound obscurity of strange and seemingly inharmonious colours of portentous aspect; whitish, copper-coloured dusky falling showers, grey rocks, but solemn in tone, and illuminated at top, and springing from misty vales: next, brown rocks and heathy mountains. Black pines, with red and grey stems, crumbling earths of various colours, drab, yellow, and pearly greys. The vegetation quite upon the eye, *brown*, subdued orange, and warm greens.

LETTER VI.

MILAN.

Vales of Cleuse and Servos.—Vale of Chamouni.—Alpine Scenery.—Valossen and Tetenoire.—Trient.—Plain of the Valais.—Simplon.—Domo d'Ossola.—Lago Maggiore.—Milan.—Leonardo da Vinci.—Ambrosian Library.—Appearance of Milan.

From Geneva to Chamouni we passed through the vales of Cleuse and Servos; and surely if there is any mountain scenery deserving the admiration of the painter or the poet, it will be found in those tremendous valleys; encompassed by hills, seven, eight, and nine thousand feet in height; whose summits, arresting the fleecy clouds, as they would sweep along the skies, throw them into a thousand fantastic shapes. Beyond the Lac de Shad, how awefully do the gigantic mountains rear their majestic heads! Mount Blanc, and its grand aiguille the Dome de Goutie, covered with eternal snows!

In the vale of Chamouni, people of all nations meet to see its bordering wonders: the Aiguille de Medi, and de Dreux pinnacles, on Mount Blanc, and the glaciers, with their green spears of ice pointing up to heaven. The summit, too, of Mount Blanc itself, towering far above the region of clouds and tempests, and smiling in perpetual serenity, seems to court affinity with another world, and for-

cibly reminds us of the beautiful simile suggested to Goldsmith by the sublime scenery of the Alps :

> As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
> Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
> Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
> Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
>
> DESERTED VILLAGE.

Placed amidst these tremendous solitudes, while the dreary silence that reigns around is broken only by the occasional thunder of the avalanches, the proudest of mankind must be overpowered with a sense of human weakness, and in silent adoration do homage to Almighty power.

Such were our feelings; but they were rendered inconceivably more intense when we cast our eyes on those miserable beings in human form, the Cretans and those deformed by goitres, who dwell among these scenes of grandeur. It seemed as if the Creator intended to impress on our minds, that, sublime as these manifestations of his power might appear to us, they were in his own sight as nothing compared with the nobler works of creation, since he allowed them to be inhabited by beings incapable of even perceiving their magnificence.

On leaving Chamouni we travelled through the valley of Valossen and the Tetenoire, crossed the Fourcloy, and left the Col de Balme upon our right. Nature seems to have indulged herself in

every fancy in those extraordinary regions. The black banners of the lofty pine, 150 and 180 feet in height, waved upon the mountains, as if death and destruction had here fixed their abode! and soon we found acres of fallen trunks, mixed with ice and snow, some with their roots uppermost, howling in the storm, and seeming to complain of avalanches and ruin! Here, while we stood upon the torn sides of a precipice, and heard the waters roaring, though unseen below, we felt an emotion of awe, of which all the ravines and cataracts in your own country can impart no idea.

We slept at Trient, a small village about 4000 feet high among the mountains ; a wild and singular scene! Every cottage is supported on posts, to prevent the rats and the other vermin from entering them. In the morning we departed for Martigny, crossing various mountains, which, though sublime, were not to be compared to those which we left the preceding evening. The pine was exchanged for ancient larches of prodigious size. Most of them, near the path, were burnt half way up by the almost frozen shepherds of these inclement regions. As we descended towards Martigny, the rich and fertile plain of the Valais appeared below bounded by lofty mountains,—and never did I behold a sight more beautiful. The clouds were playing among the hills, and the sun seemed to enjoy their sport; he gilded their fair sides with gold, and the mists threw their grey mantle over

wood and vale, while the pinnacles and the aspiring rocks alone caught the yellow radiance of heaven. The noble chesnut trees, just above Martigny, were such as would have been admired and pourtrayed by Salvator Rosa, or Nicolas Poussin. The scenery, as we approached Sion, and around Sion itself, surpasses all that painter's fancy ever conceived. Nature, when she pleases, far surpasses art!

I would be particular in my descriptions, were I not afraid of being tiresome. Switzerland, too, its government, manners, peasantry, and almost every patch of ground, are so well known, that I feel myself at liberty to omit details. Let me then shortly tell you, that from Sion we journeyed on to Brigg, and from thence began to ascend the Simplon, (6000 feet in height,) the most romantic way of entering into Italy. Much could be said of ice, and snow, and pine, and "the noble frenzy in which nature wantons." All is grand, but not so well adapted for the canvas as the other mighty scenes which we have passed. The Italian side perhaps is best. Nothing can be more extravagantly wild than the close ravines, and naked rocks without a tree; the road winding among innumerable projections and threatening precipices, and sometimes passing through galleries in the solid rock, while a wicked noisy stream accompanied us all the way.

Domo d'Ossola was the first Italian town which we entered; and a beautiful little town it is, seated in a plain, and surrounded by hills and wooded banks,

which are studded with buildings, different in character from those of Switzerland. The roofs of the houses are not so high, nor are they broken by so many chimneys. Every traveller in Piedmont is in love with Domo d'Ossola. As we proceeded thence to Milan, the Lago di Maggiore gleamed before us a considerable part of our way, and a more delightfully embellished lake you can hardly conceive. Its islands are covered with buildings, and the mountains which bound the views are of the finest forms, not overpowering the expansive mirror which reflects the Italian skies. This celebrated lake may be said to have two characters; when we look towards Milan it is beautiful, but when we cast our eye back towards the Alps it appears extremely grand, as, indeed, you may well suppose, when I tell you, that it reflects Mount Rosa, and the great St Bernard. On the road to Milan, we did not meet with much to interest us in the way of picture; the country is flat, and richly covered with vines and Indian corn.

Milan, the second city in Italy, may be said to be invisible, till we are close upon its gates. When we entered at mid-day, we found the streets deserted, except by a few brown Italians, without shoes or stockings. In the cool of the evening, however, there was a great display of well dressed people, and innumerable carriages. The streets, paved with flag stones, are narrow and uncomfortable, and not to be compared to those of London.

As we could afford to spend only a short time in this interesting place, we hastened to see the painting of the Last Supper by Leonardo da Vinci, on the wall of what was formerly the Dominican Convent, and lately a barrack for soldiers! This picture was said to be the greatest work of that celebrated master. Leonardo, fond of experiment, had made use of some improper mixture in his process, which, added to the various vicissitudes of its fate, hastened its destruction. It is truly distressing to see its sad condition;—the whole of the left end being covered with grey stains, which involve the figures in general obscurity. The head of Christ, St John, and the two heads near our Saviour on the right, are the only ones entire. Judas is greatly damaged, and the drapery of the third figure is quite destroyed. The whole is covered with dust, any attempt to remove which could hardly be advised, the blisters on the picture are so numerous, and so easily displaced by the slightest touch. Notwithstanding its being partly repainted by Pietro Mazzi, and the other disadvantages under which this work appears, it has a good general and soft effect, not unlike the print by Morghen. The colouring is chaste and silvery, and the finishing uncommonly careful and delicate.

In the Ambrosian library there is a huge volume of scraps in mechanics, mathematics, and painting, by Leonardo da Vinci. It is shown with great pride, and perhaps contains some valuable information; the drawings were indifferent, and I must confess

I was surprised to see a number of caricatures of monsters, unworthy of the pencil of such a painter. Besides this book, there is the famous Virgil written by Petrarch. It is beautiful no doubt, and must have required an amazing time to finish it: but was Petrarch well employed in this mechanical and school-boy drudgery? The Academy contains some Cartoons, and sketches by various masters. The Cartoon of the war of Constantine against Maxentius, said to be by Raphael, is spirited and free; the horses, in particular, are admirable, and full of fire. Some slight sketches by Michael Angelo, and drawings by Leonardo da Vinci, likewise grace the walls, and incapacitate us for doing justice to inferior pictures of Bassan and Brueghel. There is likewise a considerable collection of casts from the antique, and from the Adam and Eve of Michael Angelo. Adam is by much too old, and Eve too masculine.

The plain on which Milan stands is level as the sea: we were obliged, therefore, to mount a steeple in order to obtain a view of the buildings, several of which are very beautiful. The cupola or dome prevails, but is in general diminutive. As the houses are built chiefly of brick, their appearance is not pleasing to the eye; and, indeed, it is some time before we look for elegance or regularity of form in structures of such material. The Cathedral, which is of white marble, does not seem to be in good company: its pinnacles and spire seek

the sky for harmony. Considering the enormous sum which this building must have cost, it has a certain air of flimsiness, blended with its character of elegance and lightness, and exciting regret for so useless a waste of money. This we feel the more, when we cast our eyes upon the wretched looking peasantry.

LETTER VII.

PARMA.

Lodi.—Piacenza.—Francisco Mochi.—Cathedral.—Church of St Augustine.—Church of St John.—Parma.—Correggio.—Parmigiano.—Paintings by Correggio.—Caraccis.—Schidone.—Guercino.—Procaccini.—Prize Pictures.—Library.—Museum of Antiquities at Valeia.

The bridge of Lodi is a long wooden structure, supported on stakes driven into the bed of the Adda. In length it may be about 250 yards; in breadth not more than 20 feet; and I should think nearly 14 feet in height. The river flows close under the walls of the town of Lodi, which is situated on a slight eminence, and is of considerable extent. In the month of May, when the snow begins to melt in the Apennines, the Adda is very rapid; communicating with the Po, it enables Lodi to carry on a considerable commerce with Venice, and various towns to which that great river opens an access. The principal export is the well known Parmasan cheese. The cattle are black, small, and short horned, about the size of the Lowland breed in Scotland. Water is in great abundance, and the country, in its general aspect, is not unlike the counties of Huntingdon and Cambridge. The husbandry is neat and clean; the fields are divided with rows of willow and pop-

lar; and water is often conveyed through the grounds for the purpose of irrigation. The Austrian government, we learned, is by no means popular in Lodi. The taxes are high, and the revenue is expended in Vienna. Every where Napoleon's coins are current; and, what is curious, they are struck at Milan, which belongs to Austria, as if the Austrian government still retained a feeling of partiality and of expectation towards the exiled Napoleon.

On entering Piacenza, we met with several carriages, as yet a rare sight in Italy. We were pleased with the general appearance of business and active employment amongst the inhabitants, and equally pleased, that we were less tormented by the clamorous importunities of idle mendicants. From the scarcity of stone, of which there is no supply nearer than the quarries at the Lago Maggiore, the houses and public buildings are mostly constructed of brick; and (so excellent a teacher is necessity) the ornaments and enrichments are in many instances made of the same material, and have a good effect. The town house, with its Saxon arches and reticulated brick work, is in its effect broad and grand. I can say little, however, in commendation of the colossal equestrian figures of Alexander and Ranutius Farnese which appear in front, further than that they are done in a clever manner. Francisco Mochi was not an artist of transcendent merit; yet the basso relievos on the

pedestal are good, though the style of executing them is faulty, and gives them the appearance of plates of bronze placed above each other, rather than of fair and manly workmanship, and is certainly much inferior to flat relief.

In the Cathedral there are many paintings of great celebrity: those especially by Ludovico, and Annibal Caracci, are characterized by a happy union of simplicity and dignity. The dome, too, painted by Guercino and Marozzone, representing the apostles, is a rich feast of colouring; and Procaccini's works on the roof of the quire abound in admirable design. His picture likewise of the Assumption, which was taken by the French and almost destroyed, is the ruin of a superior work of art; the angel is excellent, and the buildings in good taste. Francescini's frescoes are light and free; and perhaps that style is better adapted to a gloomy situation, where there is a deficiency of light, than works of a deeper tone of colour. Some other pictures of considerable merit are hung upon the walls: that of Landi's of the Death of the Virgin will claim a passing glance, though the virgin is much too large, and the angels exhibit an unnecessary display of legs and arms. The Marquis Cerati's painting is likewise good in colour and design.

The Façade of the church of St Augustine, by Bagarotti, is beautiful in its proportions; but we were much inclined to think, that, to clear away the

angels, bishops, and festoons of flowers, would be a great improvement, as the Ionic order does not admit such obtrusive ornament. Napoleon suppressed the monastery belonging to this church, and now it is a manufactory of the liquor called Rosolio : the church itself, when we saw it, was used as a place for painting scenes for the theatre ! On the wall of the refectory there is a fresco painted by Lamazzo of the Vision of St John, bearing date 1567. A traveller, who had a moment to command, might see it, and perhaps he would not be altogether disappointed.

We were tempted to visit the church of St John, from an account which we had heard of two pictures painted by Camuccini and Landi, rival artists of great name now in Italy. The former is a native of Florence, the latter of Piacenza : Camuccini's picture is the Presentation in the Temple, and Landi's, Christ Bearing the Cross: both are extremely good. Taste, drawing, and composition, characterize the work of Camuccini ; but, for want of glazing, his colouring is poor and vapid ; his draperies, too, are occasionally somewhat heavy, and his figures hard and liney ; the whole, however, shews an elegant mind and a ready pencil. Landi excels in colouring and effect, with perhaps a greater degree of nature and expression than his rival. Landi would be preferred in England, and Camuccini on the Continent.

The country between Piacenza and Parma is a

uniform level : the landscape presents no prominent features, and no object is to be seen till you approach very near it. This, indeed, is the character of the whole plain of Lombardy. The fields are clothed in the richest pasture, but not a horse, a cow, or a sheep, is to be seen. I do not remember to have observed a hay-stack except one. Oxen are used in the plough, and are occasionally decorated with fringed cloth and tassels. At San' Donino, the Jesuits' college is turned into a workhouse ;—one of Napoleon's *wicked* deeds.

Parma is a most delightful town, possessing a thousand charms for the man of taste, literature, or science. The paintings, libraries, and anatomical preparations, have great attractions.

In the cupola of the church of Saint John there is an admirable painting in fresco by Correggio, representing Christ among his Apostles in Heaven : the figures are remarkable for grandeur of design, breadth, and simple colouring. The Chace of Diana, too, in the chamber of Saint Paul, in the Benedictine Convent, said to be by the same masterly hand, but of deeper tone of colour, highly finished, and altogether expressive of a noble mind, entertaining splendid views of art. Adjoining to the chamber of Saint Paul is an apartment painted by Parmigiano ; but the multiplicity of ornament and little figures distracts the eye. The design of Parmigiano, however, though deficient in the simplicity which characterizes the paintings in the chamber of

St Paul, abounds in exquisite details ; and the small pictures which are surrounded with ornament are full of taste. Many plagiarisms have been made from them by modern masters; and, if I am not mistaken, Titian himself has borrowed from the Murder of the Innocents for his celebrated picture of Bacchus and Ariadne.

The painting in fresco, by Correggio, which adorned the dome or cupola of the cathedral, is hastening to decay ; yet it exhibits many figures quite entire, surprising us, by tasteful contrivance, by the natural appearance of the foreshortening, and the intimate knowledge of the human figure in every attitude. Both in this picture, which represents the Assumption, and his picture of the Apostles in Heaven, there is little variety of colour. Red and brown seem to take the lead, and blue and cool colours are used but sparingly. The limbs of the figures are strong and muscular, which gives a robust and powerful expression to his figures, perhaps a little out of character. In the gallery of the academy, the fresco picture of the Virgin and Child, known by the name of the Madona della Scalla, is a most exquisite specimen of ideal beauty and affection. Perhaps Correggio, more than any other painter, possessed the power of embodying the sentiments of the mind, and of sustaining that idea of character which he intended to express. Yet, without speaking treason, I may venture to say, that, in the fresco picture, in the library, of Christ crowning the Virgin, the Virgin wants that retiring modesty, which is expressive of her character; and that our Saviour appears too old, his arms meagre, and very poorly drawn: the picture, however, has been greatly injured, and peinte mentos (or corrections) are seen in the defective parts.

To the expeditious manner in which the fresco pictures have been executed, I am persuaded we owe much of the broad and noble style in painting. The process admits of no delay, excludes all trifling details, and, as it were, forces the painter to keep to general expression alone. The peculiar process and manner of its drying also gave an opportunity of introducing firm and decided pencilling. Oil painting, however, having the advantage of refined delicacy of finishing and colour, and that fascinating transparency of shadow which gives such an appearance of reality, while it is not prejudicial to dignity of style, has been preferred by the great masters for their choicest works. But Correggio has concentrated the perfections of oil and fresco, in a higher degree than any other master ; and may be said to stand alone in all the power of colour, light, and shade, united with grace and beauty. He who beholds the picture of the Virgin Mary with the Infant Jesus, Mary Magdalene and Saint Jerome, (now in Parma in Correggio's room,) must confess it has no equal. Where is there such delicacy as in Mary Magdalene? where such a prostrate soul in adoration ? The Ma-

dona della Scudella, or the Repose in Egypt, (in the same room,) is also by Correggio ; and, next to the last mentioned picture, is perhaps the finest work of this master in Parma. The harmony of lines, producing the most agreeable effect, exhibits a profound knowledge of art, and the eye is not distracted by any unpleasing interruption. The glory of the angels flows with the forms of the clouds, the clouds with the palm leaves, and those are taken up by the figures. Nor was it uninstructing to observe the general form of the light in those celebrated pictures. In the latter, beginning at the top of the picture, and finishing at the feet of the Virgin, it had something of the shape of an S reversed, with about a third part taken off the bottom of the letter. The construction of the light, in the picture of the Virgin and Mary Magdalene, is, on the other hand, like the figure of a small h: these lights were surrounded by various cool and harmonizing hues of dusky red and blue, joined to the principal colours of the pictures, which were chiefly purple, white, yellow, flesh, crimson tones, and blue. In pencilling, the pictures exhibit no markings or touches of the brush, except in the draperies, which are freely painted and richly glazed, and at the same time carefully and exquisitely finished. In these remarks I allude principally to the two celebrated pictures which I have just described. The paintings by Correggio in the same apartment, are in his second manner, and not so pleasing in their composition, colouring, or expression.

The gallery contains many paintings of great merit, but none of the highest class. Ludovico Caracci's pictures of the ASSUMPTION and DEATH OF THE VIRGIN are by no means pleasing. They are certainly too heavy, and the Virgin is by much too short. These pictures are badly hung : paintings, in which the figures are of a colossal scale, should never be placed with others, in which they are less than the size of nature ; the one is always injurious to the other. The Virgin and Child, with Saint Catherine and Saint John, by Ludovico Caracci, is an exquisite picture, and almost without a fault. Annibal Caracci's Deposition of Christ is likewise greatly admired ; but it has a defect, and a very great one ;—the figures are looking out of the picture, and not attending to the subject. This, indeed, is often the case with pictures in every other respect of transcendent merit, and may perhaps arise from the studies for the painting being taken from living models, whose eyes, turned towards the painter, instead of assuming the proper direction, are inadvertently represented by him, according to their actual appearance.

Schidone is a favourite master here. To my eye, his execution intrudes upon his subject, his shadows are much too black, and his lights too strong, without middle tint to blend them with each other. His picture of the Last Supper has both *taste* and

repose. Before our Saviour is placed a *lamb roasted whole ;* and a figure is seen sleeping by his side. But these extravagancies excepted, the figures are full of character, well painted, and free of spots. Guercino has a little of Schidone's error;—his shadows are opaque and too strong. Michael Angelo Caravaggio's bold opposition has misled many masters of superior mind ; even Guido has imitated him. Procaccini produces more effect with fewer materials than almost any other master ; his gradations of brown with little colour are very pleasing. Simple unity of colour, indeed, will always charm, even should it not be perfect ; on the contrary, when the eye is assailed by injudicious force and spotty nothings, the mind revolts, and perhaps may be unjust to other parts deserving praise.

In the room containing the prize pictures by modern artists, we saw little to admire, except the mere drawing of the figures, in a sort of cold semi-accurate style. In colouring, they are gaudy, without splendour or richness, and the whole collection seems as if painted by the same hand. In short, they have no originality. The ancient statues seem to be their guide, but they never seize the spirit of them, nor look into the source from which all their perfection is derived. Nature is held as nothing, or unworthy of being consulted ; and, consequently, a mawkish insipidity prevails in all, and we leave the collection with the impres-

sion that the artists can never improve. In portrait painting they are even worse ; I refer all men of taste to the picture of Maria Louisa, painted by the professor of the academy, to make their comparison between that and British art.

The casts from the antique statues are numerous and good ; but, on seeing the use which is made of them, I secretly wished they had rather had some natural objects, and costumes of various ages, with other necessary materials for picture. *

We have merely walked through the principal library. The catalogues are contained in 384 boxes, 100 cards in each box. The few individuals that were sitting at the solitary tables, impressed me with the idea that Parma would not be much the wiser with its 80,000 volumes. The anatomical preparations in *wax* are accounted extremely fine ; but from a conversation I have had with one of the first anatomists of the present time, I conclude that they are of little use. In the museum forming of the antiquities lately discover-

* A young artist, on commencing his profession, has not often the means of procuring the various and essential *material* for his subject. A museum containing every possible variety, *always at command*, would certainly be desirable. He may see much in various collections, but, to derive due benefit from them, he ought to have the power of placing them as he might choose, either with regard to light and shade, or grouping. Our excellent artist, Mr William Allan of Edinburgh, I have no doubt, has found his museum of the greatest service.

ed at Valeia in the Apennines, near Vicenza, are some very curious remains of ancient art in bronze and marble; domestic utensils and ornaments of various kinds; ancient *window glass, very thick*, cut crystal, and specimens of porcelain.

To-morrow we depart for Bologna, from whence I shall send you some account of the galleries there, as well as that of Modena, which we shall take in our way.

Vol.I.Page 63

SKETCHES FROM ITALIAN COTTAGES

Near Florence

Ancient

H.W.M. del.

Near Lecce

Isaacs Sculp.

LETTER VIII.

MODENA AND BOLOGNA.

Modena.—The Palace and Pictures.—Academy, and ancient and modern Paintings.—Bologna.—Pictures returned from Paris.—Paintings from the Suppressed Monasteries.—Mariscalchi Palace and Pictures.—Church of San Petronico.—Fountain in the Piazza del Giganti.—View from the Tower of Asinelli.

On our journey from Parma to Modena, we frequently saw ploughs drawn by six or eight oxen on light soil. The mendicants increased in number as we advanced; and what may appear surprising, these people, though given to the despicable practice of begging, live in handsome houses: indeed, we have met with none of the poorest class of cottages since we entered Italy. The country is quite enchanting, and no one could suppose there was here any want of wealth or comfort:—one glance, however, at the peasantry, and the spell is broken.

Modena is a beautiful town; the streets are regular, with some display of architecture, and the houses on arcades, though not in taste, are light and airy. Agreeably to etiquette, we saw the palace first. It is a splendid structure, far surpassing the palaces of England's King; but, thank

Near Florence

Ancient

Near Lecce

LETTER VIII.

MODENA AND BOLOGNA.

Modena.—The Palace and Pictures.—Academy, and ancient and modern Paintings.—Bologna.—Pictures returned from Paris.—Paintings from the Suppressed Monasteries.—Mariscalchi Palace and Pictures.—Church of San Petronico.—Fountain in the Piazza del Giganti.—View from the Tower of Asinelli.

On our journey from Parma to Modena, we frequently saw ploughs drawn by six or eight oxen on light soil. The mendicants increased in number as we advanced; and what may appear surprising, these people, though given to the despicable practice of begging, live in handsome houses: indeed, we have met with none of the poorest class of cottages since we entered Italy. The country is quite enchanting, and no one could suppose there was here any want of wealth or comfort:—one glance, however, at the peasantry, and the spell is broken.

Modena is a beautiful town; the streets are regular, with some display of architecture, and the houses on arcades, though not in taste, are light and airy. Agreeably to etiquette, we saw the palace first. It is a splendid structure, far surpassing the palaces of England's King; but, thank

heaven! in our country we have not the distressing contrast of a starving population around.

In the Grand Saloon, Venchensi and Mengelli, two Bolognese artists of great promise, were employed in imitating some of the basso relievos. In this department, the Italian artists certainly excel, even to deception. Twenty of the choicest pictures, carried off by Buonaparte from this palace, are retained in Paris, yet there still remains here a good display of art. Nogaro's copy of the Notte, or night-piece, representing the Nativity of Christ, proves the grandeur of the original by Correggio, which adorned the palace of Parma. The infant Jesus is clothed in light, expressive of divinity, and the radiant effect illuminates the surrounding figures: how sublime the thought,—that we might not look upon the Son of God as on a child of man,—or approach him without brightening in the radiance of divinity.

Titian's heads are full of truth and dignity. Guido's Christ upon the Cross is chaste and delicate, and the expression of the countenance most affecting. The martyrdom of St Peter by Guercino is likewise well conceived, and certainly less revolting to our feelings, than the horrid work of nailing to the cross. The saint, about to be crucified, looks to heaven; an angel gives him confidence, and he submits with resignation. The works of Dossi Dossot are something in the style of Titian, displaying genius and an elevated mind. Of Carlo Dolci's

works there are but few in Modena: a pretty simple head is all that we have seen, but it is a lovely gem of finishing and taste, even with its *gilded glory*. The pictures of Garofolo abound in beauty, though the drawing is rather hard and dry. I hope to see more splendid pictures by Tintoretto and Salvator Rosa: those of the latter in this collection are full of mannerism and bad material. Perhaps the finest picture in the palace is the ANGEL AT THE TOMB by Agostino Caracci: its simplicity and sentiment address the mind through expressive colouring.

In the room of drawings there is much to study. Nothing can be more instructing than designs by the ancient masters. In them we may perceive the various changes of thought, and, tracing the reason why one line is chosen in preference to another, may discover a rule that may guide us to improvement.

When we arrived at Bologna, the columns of the Arcades were clothed in silk, and rich webs were hung from every window, in honour of the Madonna of Succor. Well-dressed people were collected in innumerable groupes, and joy and gaiety seemed the order of the day.

The Academy is open, and many of the works of the modern artists and amateurs are on exhibition. The display is poor, and the pictures are so much like those of Parma, that it might be sup-

posed they were painted by the same hands. The only thing that looks like nature is a copy, in chalk, of *Wilkie's Jews' Harper*. There are likewise some pretty good imitations of Wollett's prints in Indian ink. The landscapes are generally bad, vapid in colouring, and seemingly made up of scraps from Claude and Gaspar Poussin, exhibiting no originality, *not one glance at nature*.

The gallery of the academy contains a regular series of ancient pictures from Giotto up to Domenichino: they are not the best specimens of the various masters, yet the series is extremely curious, and distinctly shows the slow but regular progress towards perfection. From these pictures, it is very evident, that *individual* nature had not been adopted for their study, as in the Dutch and Flemish schools. Even from its commencement, and in their earliest attempts, the Bolognese school, and, indeed, all the Italian painters, have had a notion of *general* nature, and abstract ideas of dignity and beauty. The ray was feeble, but it has guided these celebrated masters to all their greatness. Would it not be instructing to trace the progress of that school, which is founded on simple nature only, and to contrast it with the higher mode of study? Such an investigation might conduct to discovery and to important results.

Bologna's pictures, now restored from Paris, are certainly the finest we have seen in Italy,—always, however, excepting Correggio's incomparable works at Parma. They are twelve in number, painted by the following masters: Perugino, Raphael, Domenichino, Agostino Caracci, Annibal Caracci, Guido, Cavedone, and Guercino.

Perugino's painting of the ANGEL AND ST CATHERINE is well composed, and free from that hardness which is characteristic of his style. The colouring too is clear, and pleasing, and, generally speaking, it has no peculiarity or stiffness. In this picture, it is not difficult to recognize the master of the immortal Raphael.

His painting of ST CECILIA, Raphael has happily succeeded in animating with the heavenly expression which he had conceived, and may be said to have embodied the lightening of the mind! The unalloyed purity, undisturbed by useless and meretricious details, captivates the soul; and no one can leave this noble picture of Raphael, without an elevating sense of the genius and dignity of man.

Domenichino's MARTYRDOM OF ST AGNES is splendid in colour and effect. The MYSTERIES OF THE ROSARY, by the same master, is quite superb, but the drawing is not so chaste as that of Raphael's; neither is the composition perfect. Both pictures seem divided in the middle, exciting the idea, that, if cut in two, they might form separate and entire pictures. It is to be wished, too, they had been less spotty in the lights.

Agostino Caracci's picture of the ASCENSION OF

St Peter is painted in a low tone, with a mysterious and sublime effect; but, unfortunately, it was hung near Domenichino's, and looked a little heavy.

The Angel and Virgin, by Annibal Caracci, is chaste in design and delicate in colour, with a supernatural appearance, which leads the mind to another world.

Guido's Massacre of the Innocents is remarkable for expression. Such looks of innocence would have stayed a murderer's arm.

The painting of St Alo and St Patronica, by Cavedone, is broad in style, and full of nature.

The pictures collected from the suppresed monasteries are exhibited in an extensive gallery. Most of them are by early masters, and not very captivating to the eye; the best is a Crucifixion by Guido, which may rank, indeed, with any of his finest paintings. Domenichino has not scrupled to take the figure of Peter the martyr, in Titian's celebrated picture at Venice, and introduce it in the Murder of a Dominican Monk. It is generous in one great man to take from another; there cannot be a more unequivocal way of expressing approbation.—We heard much of a famous painting of Christ by Correggio, in the Mariscalchi Palace. We found it overrated, yet certainly it is a splendid picture. The Saviour of the World is seated in glory; but the face, though mild and full of compassion, wants divine expression. The figure, too,

has a diminutive appearance, which certainly is not in character. Many other paintings in the Mariscalchi Palace are very fine; and it was a happy relief to meet with pictures of the Flemish school, after seeing such tiresome repetitions of scriptural subjects. It would be endless to describe them. Let it then be sufficient to say, that the collection is miscellaneous, and not unworthy of the attention of the traveller.

Many of the churches have admirable pictures. In those of St Catherine and St Paul, and La Madonna, will be found paintings by Schidone, Cignani, Guercino, Lodovico Caracci, Andrea del Sarto, &c. Under the arcades of the monasteries, there are innumerable frescoes representing miracles performed by the monks; and many of them are in good taste, though the painters' names are not upon the roll of fame.

The interior of the church of San Petronio is striking and grand; every insignificant circumstance is kept out of sight, and its general character preserved entire. Near this church, in the Piazza del Giganti, is the celebrated Statue of Neptune, by John of Bologna. Yet, notwithstanding all the praise which has been bestowed on it, it appeared to me *theatrical* from every point of view, except the front. The design of the fountain is undoubtedly good; but, to a British eye, the accompanying mermaids, pressing their breasts, do not appear in taste.

From the top of the tower of Asinelli, a tall unstable-looking building, 476 feet in height, the fertile plain of Lombardy appears like a map beautifully illuminated, with gilded towers and buildings of various character from east to west. The Apennines exhibit a semicircle of pleasing forms, robed in snow. The long straight road to Loretto fades away in the horizon, even from so great an elevation. Bologna itself, with its towers, places, churches and monasteries, forms innumerable pictures; and it may be truly said, that the charms of Italy encompass its venerable walls.

LETTER IX.

FLORENCE.

Pietra Mala.—View from the Tower of Forabosche.—Statues in the Palazzo Vecchio.—Piazzo del Granduca and Loggia de Lanzi.—Hercules and Centaur, near the Ponti Vecchio.

Even with a Tarif, * it is almost impossible to escape imposition while travelling in Italy; and the constant battling and grumbling of the postilions rob one of half the pleasure which would be enjoyed in passing through this delightful country.

Our journey among the Alps was extremely romantic. The singular and remote gullies, glens, and valleys, seized the imagination, which would sometimes stray upon the sunny banks, and trace the winding streams that lost themselves in misty air, or take its flight to the mountain summits, clothed in the purest snow.

It was night before we reached Covigliaio. The glow of evening was on the mountains, and all below was robed in purple grandeur. One rosy bed of snow, shining in pre-eminent beauty, seemed to mark to the eye the palace of the aërial being that presided over those enchanting scenes! Robbers

* The Tarif is a bill containing the regulations and rates of posting to prevent the imposition of postilions.

and murderers we never thought of, though we were on the very spot where "travellers are said to have daily disappeared."*

What surprised us most among the lofty Apennines was the fire perpetually issuing through the ground near Pietra Mala, at the foot of Mount Candida. It rose in lambent flames among loose earth and stones, depositing a carbonaceous matter volatilized and lying like soot, without peculiar smell. When the wind blew, the flames were noisy, like a bonfire, but in a calm they were silent. In extent, the flame might be eleven feet, and in height, as many inches. When Eustace visited Pietra Mala, the flame, according to his account, covered a space of 140 feet. He must be mistaken in supposing that the *stony soil* nourishes the flame. A learned friend, who accompanied us, supposed it to be ignited gas having no connection with the upper surface; certainly giving a powerful heat, and not leaving the ground round about it cold, when it was extinguished for a time, as that elegant author has alleged. We put out the flame in many parts, but in a second or two it commenced, seemingly with greater vigour. The Prince Baschocky, five years since, caused an excavation to be made among the flames, and the workmen got as low as six or seven feet, but the fire increased and rose to such a height, that they were forced to give up proceeding any farther. Now it appears like the fire

* See Forsyth, p. 884.

and murderers we never thought of, though we were on the very spot where "travellers are said to have daily disappeared."*

What surprised us most among the lofty Apennines was the fire perpetually issuing through the ground near Pietra Mala, at the foot of Mount Candida. It rose in lambent flames among loose earth and stones, depositing a carbonaceous matter volatilized and lying like soot, without peculiar smell. When the wind blew, the flames were noisy, like a bonfire, but in a calm they were silent. In extent, the flame might be eleven feet, and in height, as many inches. When Eustace visited Pietra Mala, the flame, according to his account, covered a space of 110 feet. He must be mistaken in supposing that the *stony soil* nourishes the flame. A learned friend, who accompanied us, supposed it to be ignited gas having no connection with the upper surface; certainly giving a powerful heat, and not leaving the ground round about it cold, when it was extinguished for a time, as that elegant author has alleged. We put out the flame in many parts, but in a second or two it commenced, seemingly with greater vigour. The Prince Baschocky, five years since, caused an excavation to be made among the flames, and the workmen got as low as six or seven feet, but the fire increased and rose to such a height, that they were forced to give up proceeding any farther. Now it appears like the fire

* See Forsyth, p. 884.

from the refuse of a coal-mine. The surface of the adjoining hill is composed of slate clay and earth resting upon limestone.

After continuing our romantic journey nearly forty miles, Florence at last appeared, seated in the lovely vale of the Arno. Innumerable buildings presented themselves to our astonished sight, "like a thousand flocks upon a thousand hills." To give you any idea of this beautiful classic city, and the adjacent scenery, I must describe it from one of its lofty towers; but first allow me to say a word or two on the character of the architecture.

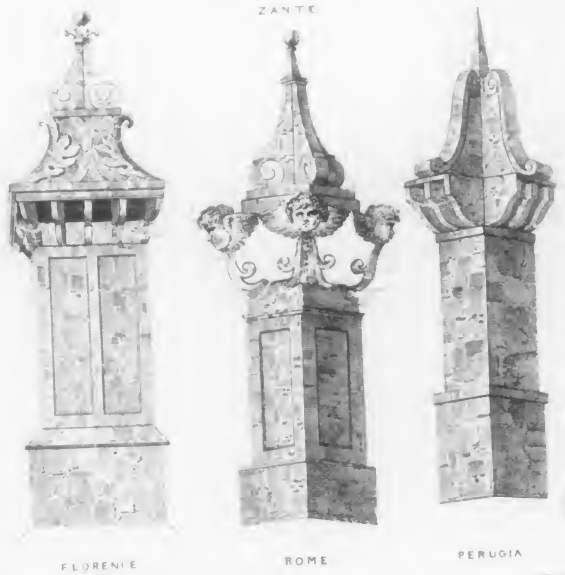
The palaces, especially the Palazzo Vecchio, Strozzi, Medici or Riccardi, and Pitti, are very massive structures, and seem as if they were built to stand for ever. In former times, the continual struggles of the noble families for pre-eminence, and their frequent and tumultuous attacks upon each other, obliged them to erect their dwellings for defence; and even in more recent days, the anticipation of similar violence has, perhaps, induced them to preserve, in some degree, the massive style. Their palaces, therefore, though certainly grand, are heavy, strong, and gloomy, appear like so many prisons; and the resemblance is considerably increased by the iron bars of the lower windows, and the iron rings fastened in the walls.

The architects of some of the principal pa-

laces and other edifices were principally De Lapo, Orcagna, Brunelleschi, Michael Angelo, &c. and the style of each may be easily traced in their works. De Lapo is gloomy and severe ; Orcagna's Gothic is elegant and chaste ; Brunelleschi is original and peculiar ; Michael Angelo is striking and grand. * In former times, architecture was not so

* The noble cornices projected from the roof, supported on ornamented brackets, are adopted by all these great architects, and give an air of great dignity to the buildings. Comparing them in my mind with the tame and clipped appearance of the roofs of the houses and public edifices in Britain, I could not help wishing that the cornice had been adopted, in our own country ;—especially in houses, the basement of which are *rusticated*, like those of Heriot Row, in Edinburgh. A reduction of the height of the roof, too, and some attention to a *better form of chimney*, would be most desirable. In approaching buildings so situated, that the lower part of them is concealed, we find that their character depends wholly or chiefly on the form of the roof and the chimney. This is particularly the case in Italy, where more variety and taste is occasionally displayed in the chimneys, than in the buildings to which they belong. These chimneys are as peculiar and characteristic as palm trees in a tropical climate, and impress us as strongly with the idea of distance from home, where forms of a very different kind exclusively prevail. The homely and inelegant appearance of our chimneys, contrasted with the beauty of the buildings which they surmount, is extremely offensive to the eye of taste ; nor does it appear easy to account for the neglect of British architects to so important a part of our edifices, when we consider the laudable attention which is now universally paid to external elegance, as well as to internal accommodation. The chimneys on some of our old buildings are very tastefully decorated, and contribute es-

CHIMNEYS



much a distinct profession. Every painter was an architect, and hence that variety, originality, and

---

sentially to the beauty of the general effect. With such models before their eyes, why should our architects persist in disfiguring their finest structures, by the shapeless masses of stone and mortar, which necessarily occupy the most conspicuous part? Convenience cannot well be pleaded for the present form of our chimneys, since it is a fact too well known to us all, that they by no means secure us against the evil of smoky houses; and it is equally well known, that the cans contrived for the cure of smoky vents force the smoke to pass out laterally, exactly on the principle of the Italian chimneys. But whether chimneys have lateral or vertical apertures, they are equally susceptible of ornament; and surely the paltry consideration of economy will not be urged as a sufficient reason for depriving us of the beauty, which, if built with some taste, they might add to our town and country dwellings. We are much mistaken, indeed, if chimneys formed after the Italian models, would not vent much better than those which are at present universal in this country, even with all their apparatus of horizontal cans, revolving tin plates, or *auld* wives groaning as if in a fit of *lumbago;* to say nothing of the advantage of being able to walk in the streets during the most violent winds, without the danger of being felled to the ground by some of these equally frail and homely appendages of our roofs. These appendages, indeed, both in their purpose and appearance, our architects ought to consider as a reproach at once to their skill and their taste. In Calabria, and other parts of Italy, and the Ionian islands, we were very forcibly struck with the consequence which the beauty of the chimneys imparted to the character of the whole building. In the annexed plate, I have given the form of a number, taken at random, which will supersede the necessity of farther description. Though not exactly adapted to our style of building, they may,

much a distinct profession. Every painter was an architect, and hence that variety, originality, and

---

sentially to the beauty of the general effect. With such models before their eyes, why should our architects persist in disfiguring their finest structures, by the shapeless masses of stone and mortar, which necessarily occupy the most conspicuous part? Convenience cannot well be pleaded for the present form of our chimneys, since it is a fact too well known to us all, that they by no means secure us against the evil of smoky houses; and it is equally well known, that the cans contrived for the cure of smoky vents force the smoke to pass out laterally, exactly on the principle of the Italian chimneys. But whether chimneys have lateral or vertical apertures, they are equally susceptible of ornament; and surely the paltry consideration of economy will not be urged as a sufficient reason for depriving us of the beauty, which, if built with some taste, they might add to our town and country dwellings. We are much mistaken, indeed, if chimneys formed after the Italian models, would not vent much better than those which are at present universal in this country, even with all their apparatus of horizontal cans, revolving tin plates, or *auld* wives groaning as if in a fit of *lumbago;* to say nothing of the advantage of being able to walk in the streets during the most violent winds, without the danger of being felled to the ground by some of these equally frail and homely appendages of our roofs. These appendages, indeed, both in their purpose and appearance, our architects ought to consider as a reproach at once to their skill and their taste. In Calabria, and other parts of Italy, and the Ionian islands, we were very forcibly struck with the consequence which the beauty of the chimneys imparted to the character of the whole building. In the annexed plate, I have given the form of a number, taken at random, which will supersede the necessity of farther description. Though not exactly adapted to our style of building, they may,

richness of fancy, so conspicuous in the buildings in Florence. The modern architects, though they display great ability in their general design, have indulged too much in meretricious ornament. The liberal and discerning mind, however, will not dwell on faults, but will endeavour to discover, through the superabundance of detail, those leading features which give a superior air to the Italian edifices. The taste for ornament is extended even to gateways; and I have observed some which lead to gardens characterized by flowers prettily disposed, while such as belong to vineyards, carved in an elegant manner, represent the leaves of the vine tastefully arranged. The Cascine, or public drive, exhibits several examples of these. But not to weary you with these minute details, I shall now describe the general appearance of the city, and its surrounding scenery.

From the Tower of Ferabosche, the west presents the extensive vale of the Arno, decorated with innumerable buildings and distant towns, rising among the richest possible cultivation of the olive and the vine:—it is a paradise to the eye. From the clearness of the Italian air, the smallest objects are distinctly seen, even to the horizon. The Arno flows in beauty, stealing from the sun his silver light, and waving it among the golden fields. As this lovely river approaches the eye, it assumes

at least, serve to suggest improvements in that department of architecture, hitherto so unaccountably neglected in our own country.

a broad and noble character, gliding under the Ponte Carrajo, and the Porte San Trinita. The baptistry of St John, and St Michael's Tower, with various palaces and structures, take their station in the glorious view. Below the Piazza del Granduca arrests the eye. The Loggia di Lanzi, too, with its statues by Benvenuto Cellini, John of Bologna, and Donatello, join the colossal figures by Michael Angelo, Bandinelli, and Ammannati; while human creatures appear like mere spots, as they move among their splendid works.

Turning to the north, the Duomo or Cathedral, with its lofty dome, and other striking features of the town, group together, and command our admiration.

The Cathedral, though built with alternate layers of marble, black and white, is still very grand; the great and perceptible lines of the edifice bind the smaller parts together, making them harmonize with each other. The Chapel Lorenzo excites our veneration for the house of Medici, yet it leaves a feeling of regret that such amazing wealth should have been lavished on enrichment which can add nothing to their name. Much of the interior is covered with precious stones, lapis lazuli, jasper, agate, opal, and, indeed, it appears more like a cabinet for the mineralogist than a mausoleum. Behind the varied buildings, beautiful mountains, enriched with vine and olive, relieve the picturesque assemblages of palaces, noble gates, and castellated walls. The east brings Fesole,

and the classic scenes of Milton bound the view:—Fesole, renowned in Etruscan story even before a single stone was laid in Florence, boasting too of remains of antiquity that lead back the mind to the days of Roman grandeur. On the right of Fesole, we trace the hills of Valambrosa, Milton's type of Paradise.

Directing the eye to the town itself, we may peep into the dwellings of the Florentines, and for a moment sympathize in their vain pleasures and employments. The Ponte Vecchio, loaded with shops of jewellery and splendid trifles, catches the passing glance, and leads us to monasteries and hills clothed with luxuriant wood. The gardens of Boboli and the Palazzo Pitti appear in the south, and here tall cypress trees happily unite with the varied buildings. The Ducal palace, distinguished by its amplitude and magnificence, seems at once to command the homage of the adjoining edifices, and to offer them protection. The boats on the river, the carriages, and an innumerable multitude, moving in all directions, enliven the admirable scene. When the eye is brought to the royal gallery, containing some of the finest antiquities in the world, pictures too by the greatest of the ancient masters, the mind feels restless to enjoy the splendid sight; and who can descend from such a scene of natural and artificial grandeur without sentiments of adoration to the great Creator, and of respect and good will towards his fellow men?

In the great hall of the Palazzo Vecchio there are many statues by celebrated masters—Michael Angelo, John of Bologna, Rosi, &c. The roof, divided into compartments, is filled with paintings by Vasari, representing the principal events in the lives of the Medici family. In general they are well coloured, full of variety, and not without some good taste, though they rank in only the second scale of art. THE BATTLES OF SIENNA AND OF PISA have considerable merit, but compared with the pictures on the roof, are chalky and somewhat vapid. Michael Angelo's sculptured VICTORY, though fine in many parts, and strikingly characteristic of his genius, appeared to me a little faulty. The subject is a youth standing with his left knee bent on the shoulder of an aged man. In his right hand he holds up a piece of drapery, as if stripping himself to bathe! How such an attitude can represent Victory, I do not know. Michael Angelo's fame must rest on his more splendid works in the chapel de Depositi. There is also a Victory by John of Bologna, in which Virtue is seen putting down Vice; but this also is a failure. The figure of Vice is so greatly bent, that the head appears exactly in the centre of the body, from which the limbs branch out like the rays of a star-fish. The hands and arms, too, of the figure of Virtue, are strangely twisted into a kind of affected grace, which in such a bulky personage is neither in harmony nor good taste.

The HERCULES AND CENTAUR by Rosi, like the other marbles in the hall, has its merits and its defects. The Centaur is represented kicking violently, and although the posture is extremely difficult to execute, the management is true to nature. Hercules seems to take matters very coolly, and is almost in the attitude of repose with a satyr-like grin on his countenance, which, perhaps, is not quite becoming in the son of Jupiter. In the hall are some other statues of Hercules, referable, I presume, to the labours of the Medici family; but none of them are much above mediocrity.

The public colossal statues in the Piazza del Granduca, and those of the Loggia de' Lazi, are works of celebrated masters, and give to Florence an air of peculiar magnificence. I shall begin with the STATUE OF DAVID, by Michael Angelo. It is a simple upright figure ; the left arm bent, holds a sling, and nearly touches his face ; the right arm hangs down by his side. In attitude the easy sway is pleasing to the eye, but the head and hands appear too large ; and although the anatomy of the breast and limbs does honour even to Michael Angelo, yet there is an unmeaning vacant expression, which reduces the statue to the level of an academy figure.

HERCULES TAMING CACUS, by Baccio Bandinelli, is an enormous colossal group. Hercules stands upright looking straight before him, with a great bronze club in his hand ; Cacus is between his legs,

and the left hand of Hercules grasps his hair. This work of Bandinelli has a great name. Stupendous! Magnificent! such sounding epithets have been lavished on it, all which must be allowed to be just so far as size is concerned; but, as to taste and perfection of art, I have my doubts. The expression of muscular strength is certainly well represented, but the awkward straddle of Hercules to admit the grinning monster Cacus is rather disgusting.

NEPTUNE, the work of Ammannati, stands in the middle of a noble fountain of various coloured marble, surrounded with satyrs in bronze executed with great spirit and character. Among the satyrs is the figure of a youth in a reclining attitude, with a cornucopiæ in his right hand : for beauty and symmetry the arm and hand can hardly be surpassed. The sea monsters, which seem to support the figure of Neptune, are represented blowing their shells, from which streams of water fall. The God of the Ocean, viewed from the front, has a constrained appearance ; both arms hanging down, and parallel to each other, as if they were pinioned. The top of the head, too, is flat and deformed, and this appearance is much increased by the metal wreath upon his head. In general character the statue is unwieldy, bulky, and unpleasing ; and its effect is rendered more disagreeable by the diminutive appearance of the car, which seems, besides, to rest in a very awkward manner on the backs of the horses. Some latitude may certainly be allowed in reducing the

size of inferior attributes, for the purpose of heightening the interest of the principal objects; as in the instance of the miraculous draught of fishes, by Raphael, or in the pedestals which support these statues in the Piazza del Granduca. When this licence, however, is carried too far, as in the work before us, the inconsistency is so glaring as to fix the attention on the meaner objects, and thus to frustrate the effect intended. The back view of this statue, however, is very fine; the muscles are well placed, and there is a general ease in the figure, which forms a very unexpected contrast with its character in front.

From the figure of Neptune we naturally turn to the EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF COSMO THE FIRST, in bronze. Cosmo is not so pleasing as his horse: he appears heavy, without energy. His horse, however, is animated, in good proportion, and noble character, robbing his master of a portion of his dignity.

In the Loggia di Lanzi, an open Gothic building, consisting of a roof supported on arches, (and seemingly used as an exchange,) the sculpture of John of Bologna appears to eclipse all the works of art in the Piazza del Granduca. The group consists of three figures, a handsome and powerful youth, dispossessing age of a lovely virgin. Originally it was intended merely to represent age, manhood, and female beauty; but as it had no appropriate name, Borghini persuaded John of Bologna to call it the RAPE

OF THE SABINES. The delicacy and symmetry of the female form is admirably contrasted with the characteristic strength and activity of a courageous youth and the comparative feebleness of age: The group is easy and masterly, and the whole charms the eye from every point of view; so much so indeed, that we cannot dwell on any trifling faults, though some might be discovered in the insertion of the muscles. Under a corresponding arch a statue of PERSEUS, in bronze, by Benvenuto Cellini, of which much has been said in the life of that eccentric character, next claims our observation. This undoubtedly is a meritorious work of art, yet its peculiarities are unpleasing. The figure on a pedestal rests firmly on its right leg, the left knee being a little bent, his right hand is drawn back in a line with his hip, and grasps a sword of rusty iron; the left arm is considerably raised, and the hand grasps Medusa's head. The attitude of Perseus, immediately in front, is characteristic of strength and youth, without being too slender; the anatomy, too, is well expressed, and free from affectation or extravagance. But, turn to the left side, or examine the figure from behind, and disappointment will certainly follow. The back especially is too long, with an unpleasing bend and unnatural hollow, and the bat-wing appearance of the arms must limit your approbation. Medusa is folded up on a cushion to suit the pedestal! and a more unaccountable gathering of limbs I hope never to see again. The pedestal is like-

wise by Cellini. MARS, JUPITER, MERCURY, and VENUS, well executed, are placed in notches; and although exposed to the public without any protection, they have stood uninjured for more than two centuries and a half. In general, the pedestals of all the statues are very small, on purpose, no doubt, that they might not intrude upon the subject which they support.

Besides their great works in sculpture, bronze, and painting, many of the ancient masters did not consider it any degradation to exercise their art on inferior objects; and I believe it would not be impossible to find the head of a pair of tongs, or the knocker of a door, by Cellini, or John of Bologna; and mirrors, clock-cases, and china jars, by Annibal Caracci and Domenichino. What would our first-rate artists now say, if they were asked to employ their genius on objects so minute, and apparently so degrading? Would not they think themselves greatly insulted, and be disposed to clap their door in the face of the person who should offer them such an indignity?

It is going a little out of the way to mention the HERCULES AND CENTAUR by John of Bologna, near the end of the Porte Vecchio; but as it is one of the public ornaments, and was considered by himself among his best works, I shall venture to offer a remark or two regarding it. Like most of the statues in Florence, this group appears best in front; the action of both figures is full of energy and expression, and the composition in general judicious;

but John of Bologna seems to have given his mind principally to the front view. As we make the circle round the group, the body of Hercules seems to be wanting in anatomical expression; and when we advance behind the Centaur, it has a miserable appearance, like a mixture of a mule and a cow, lank and ill formed, exciting no agreeable idea even of the brute creation; the legs and hoofs, however, are admirable, and seem to be in motion. Viewing the statues from the right, the display of arms, forming a collection of angles, does not appear in good taste. Comparing the whole, generally, with the group of the Rape of the Sabines, it is certainly much inferior. *

---

* The appearance of public statues in Florence is considerably injured by the quantity of black dust that is allowed to remain on them, which, contrasted with the pure parts of the marble, occasionally excites a false idea of light and shade. Certainly it is much against their general effect, and the delicate finishing of the details.

LETTER X.

FLORENCE.

Remarks on the Series of Ancient Pictures in the Corridor, and Statues and Pictures in the Tribune.

The collection of pictures and statues in Florence ranks among the first in the world. In the Royal Gallery, the Tribune is enriched with the Venus de Medicis, and many precious marbles and paintings by Raphael, Correggio, and other celebrated masters. Various works of the different schools adorn some other apartments. The vestibule and corridors contain statues, busts of Roman emperors and empresses, portraits of great characters, together with a collection of the early works of the Tuscan school. To have even a superficial glance of this superb collection would require several days, and to give a just idea of it as many volumes.

The Palazzo Pitti likewise boasts of some of the finest productions of the pencil. from Raphael to Salvator Rosa, and all in the best state of preservation. Many other palaces, too, abound in pictures, though not of the highest class. The Corsini, Gerini, Mozzi, &c. the Academy della Bella Arte, and many of the churches, have admirable works in painting, &c. In short, Florence

is well entitled to be called one of the principal seats of art, and those who have feeling and taste to enjoy its treasures, may be gratified to the utmost of their wishes.

With the series of pictures by the early masters, to be seen in the corridors of the national collection, I have occasionally amused myself in endeavouring to trace the progress of *taste* and *colour*, but as they are not of the best specimens, and as the collection is by no means complete, I did not advance farther than Gio. Belverti. The series, or history of art, begins with the stiff and gilded manner of the Greek artists of the ninth and tenth centuries, and from them advances through many hands, without any perceptible improvement, except in drawing. The gilding gives way to a kind of Chinese style, without the slightest knowledge of perspective. With Pollajuolo, the style became better in colour, and the attributes of the subject are more characteristic. Angelico da Fiesole improved drawing and natural colouring. Lorenzo di Credi has a better taste for composition, and has departed from the monotonous upright attitude; some of his figures he makes to kneel and others to recline, shewing a determination to go out of the beaten track. Ghirlandajo was not afraid of introducing a multiplicity of figures, in which there is often strong impression and natural character. Botticelli shews taste in the drawing of the hands. In the works of Filippo Lippi, the appearance of strong judgment

is very perceptible, and certainly the composition of his figures and his subject is more agreeable to rule, than in the works of his predecessors, exhibiting combinations both pleasing to the eye and consistent with truth. In this manner, design, colouring, and taste, travel in this series through the works of many painters, chiefly of the Tuscan school, till some indication of grace, founded on ideal beauty, appears in the works of Francisco Cossa. His paintings, no doubt, betray a little departure from nature; but still they have grace, and present another view of art. Decided improvement in *colour* begins with Girolamo Macchietti, whose pencil is not so meagre as any of the preceding painters. Then follow Andrea del Minga, Niccolo Betti, Gio. Maria Butteri, &c. Naldini indulges in ideal colouring, with uncommon effect. Lodovico Cardi, like Naldini, adopts ideal colouring; Lorenzo Lippi advances higher in the same department; and Roselli loses himself in mystery.

This is a short sketch of part of the series, according to its present arrangement; but finding, that, although progressive improvement appeared in some particulars, it was lost in others, and that, from the indifferent specimens, no decided advancement appeared in the *general* view of art, I gave up proceeding any further till I should meet with a more satisfactory collection.

In the Tribune the first object that caught our

admiring eyes was the Venus de Medicis! The female delicacy of this statue cannot be surpassed, nor can the proportions of graceful form! Casts give no idea of its divine perfections: why, I know not, but, compared with it, they are heavy, and even masculine. The finishing is exquisite, and the beauty of the hands and feet excite an inclination to touch them. It is well that the Venus represents no favourite saint, otherwise her pretty feet would be kissed away. "Does she want expression?" I am afraid to speak. The Venus must be faultless,—else how could she have reigned over every heart for so many centuries?

The Young Apollo has much of the expression of a beautiful female,—especially the head. The attitude is sweet and easy, and from the gentle yielding of the body, the most bewitching grace captivates the soul! The feet are exquisite.

The head of the Dancing Fawn is a restoration by Michael Angelo, and it appeared to me that the expression of the face has too much of age. The general air of the favourite statue is extremely pleasing, though it has a little cast of inebriety.

The group of the Wrestlers, like the other celebrated marbles, is much admired. The subject being extremely difficult, required the hand and eye of a great and skilful artist. As far as relates to the general character of youthful forms, they are very pleasing, but it cannot be denied that they want expression in the countenances, and

that energy and activity of body, which certainly would be strongly indicated in violent action. Would it not be natural for the fallen wrestler to exert himself to get the better of his antagonist, who is above him? But no! he is merely in an attitude, slightly knitting his brow, which may be said to have no meaning. The way, too, in which the conquering wrestler holds his adversary's hand, may be elegant, but it is not the grasp of power. The parallel stringy character of the legs is barely nature. In short, they are but statues, and we naturally go coldly up to criticise, instead of feeling the emotion of starting back, as we should do at such an exhibition in reality.

The KNIFE GRINDER is represented looking upwards, an attitude which, I suppose, the artist judged necessary, owing to the short and contracted appearance of the figure. Had the sculptor intended his subject to be in the act of listening to the Cataline conspiracy, it might have been as well, had he introduced some subordinate circumstance to illustrate his meaning; from the expression of the countenance, it would be difficult to know to what it should be referred. The calf of the left leg, joined to the opposing thigh, and the right thigh and leg, are not of the most pleasing or natural forms; but this, I fear, is speaking treason. The Knife Grinder has great admirers, and, I have no doubt, will always have, notwithstanding any observations that may be made against it. Many parts are good, and referable

to nature, though the vulgarity of the slave seems the paramount expression.

The pictures in the Tribune, which is a small room, lighted from above, are all of a superior class. They consist of the works of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Correggio, Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, Bartolommeo, Paul Veronese, Annibal Caracci, Parmigiano, Guercino, Domenichino, Guido, Rubens, Vandyke, &c. the whole exhibiting a pretty fair display of the comparative merits of the different painters.

The favourite pictures seem to be those of Raphael, Correggio, Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, and Andrea del Sarto.

To attempt to give an idea of the individual pictures, would indeed be a vain undertaking; I shall therefore confine myself to a few of the most remarkable, touching slightly on others.

Raphael excelled in portrait, as well as scriptural and historical subjects. His POPE JULIUS II. is perhaps one of the finest portraits in the world. The tranquil dignity of an aged man, thinking more of heaven than of earth, is expressed with wonderful felicity.* In style, the painting is marked

* If this picture was intended as a faithful portrait of Julius, his physiognomy certainly gave no indication of his ambitious, enterprising, and overbearing disposition. May not Raphael, by a happy and delicate mixture of flattery and reproof, have softened the peculiarities of the countenance of Julius into that general expression of mildness and urbanity by which the Holy Father ought to be characterized?

by simplicity and breadth, and the colouring, though rich and deep, is not dark or unintelligible.

His FAURNERINA is likewise an astonishing picture, entirely free of manner, exhibiting a fair and faithful representation of nature, under the most agreeable and bewitching effect. Not a single mark of the pencil is discernible, all is soft and tender, shewing the most perfect knowledge of the mechanism of painting. In expression, however, the Faurnerina is somewhat pert or insolent; but it is the portrait of a baker's wife, a lady, who, I believe, was of questionable virtue. In colouring, the picture is in a low tone, but not dark; the only unpleasing line is that of the dress, which cuts upon the neck.

The VIRGIN MARY, with the Infant Jesus upon her neck, and holding out her hand to John, has a most divine expression, and ranks among the finest pictures of this master. The finishing is exquisite, without any unnecessary hardness of line; and the mellow landscape and light grey sky, harmonize agreeably with the colouring of the figures. In this picture, Raphael has contrived to convey the idea of daylight, notwithstanding the depth and richness of his glazings. Near this picture hangs another HOLY FAMILY, corresponding in size, and an undoubted production of Raphael's. The maternal tenderness in the countenance of Mary is quite peculiar to this master, who seems to have studied more successfully than any other painter the amiable affections of the heart. Perhaps the

drawing of the Infant Christ and John is not so perfect as might have been expected from the immortal Raphael's hand. The right leg of both appears defective; and the foot of St John, with its toes spread out, is not in perfect taste.

In his picture of JOHN THE BAPTIST, Raphael has completely sustained the beau ideal in his mind throughout the figure, though it seems to have been studied from nature. As a picture of light and shade, it has not many equals. The colouring, however, is rather tawny or foxy, owing to the shadows obscuring the delicate tones and colouring of the flesh; but this defect is amply made up by exquisite expression and anatomical accuracy.

It has been said, that Michael Angelo pronounced painting in oil to be an employment fit only for women and children. Certainly he has not painted many pictures,—three, I believe, at most. That of the HOLY FAMILY in the Tribune is considered his best performance; yet it has many defects, and proves that great artist to have been a little rash in speaking slightingly of an art, which he himself has not been able to conquer. It must be understood, however, that I allude chiefly to dexterity of execution, aërial keeping, or a proper subordination of colour, together with that expression of *texture*, which best conveys the characters of truth. The colouring of his flesh cannot be said to be natural. Its hard, liney, metallic, and meagre ap-

pearance, is most unpleasing to the eye; and why the flesh of the figures on the back-ground should be of the same colour and strength with that of the nearer objects, I am at a loss to know. The form of the subject is pyramidal. Joseph stands behind the Virgin Mary, but is too evidently placed there for the purpose of composition. He holds the Infant Jesus upon the right shoulder of the Virgin, who is sitting in a squat unpleasing attitude, looking up towards the child; and a more ungainly foreshortening of face I have seldom seen. Her arms, too, are poorly drawn, and the profusion of blue drapery divides the figure, while there is no contrivance to relieve it from that defect. The foot of Joseph is too small; and, for a time, I was much at a loss to know to whom it belonged. Upon the whole, this Holy Family, by Michael Angelo, cannot be said to be a pleasing picture in colouring, handling, or design. Why a number of naked academy-looking figures should appear in the back-ground, seems a little puzzling; they have no reference whatever to the subject, nor do they, in any degree, assist its defects. The head of Joseph is the finest part of the painting, and the folds to the draperies are well cast.

Much ingenious mechanism and patience is necessary to paint in oil. It likewise requires particular pains and care, and does not generally admit of the hasty impressions of thought. Fresco painting, on the other hand, may be said to be always

ready to assist the pencil, in giving that energetic mastery so suitable to the genius of Michael Angelo. In the former, he might have felt himself in trammels; but the latter, presenting no obstacles to immediate and daring execution, gave ample liberty to his splendid mind. Yet greater praise is due to Raphael and Correggio, who have been able to control the intemperance of feeling, and give to the world the brightest examples which we may ever hope to see, of that mode of painting which can best express the delicacy of Truth, in her attire of grace and beauty.

Herodias by Leonardo da Vinci, with the head of St John in a charger, held by a disgusting looking ruffian, is the next picture on which I shall offer a few remarks. The countenance of Herodias is extremely beautiful, with that peculiar character which distinguishes all da Vinci's female heads. In the present instance, however, it does not appear to me to be in unison with the nature of the subject. Herodias, in the presence of a murderer, who carries a head bathed in blood, should have had a different expression than mere placid self-possession. Surely no female could be so destitute of feeling, as not to shew a single ray of sensibility on such an occasion. But, even if Herodias was so callous and cold, Leonardo da Vinci would have been forgiven, had he, for the honour of the sex, thought it impossible that she could be quite so hardened. The ruffian, with the head in a char-

ger, has been much admired; but, in truth, he is neither more nor less than one of these unmeaning caricatures, which Leonardo da Vinci occasionally amused himself in designing. The mere want of a tooth, added to deformity, can never express the ferocious and black-hearted look of a murderer.

In execution, this picture is absolutely marvellous. Nothing can exceed the delicacy of finishing; not the slightest touch of a brush is visible in any part; the figures seem to appear through a succession of transparent colours. Whether Leonardo da Vinci's mode of finishing is produced by careful labour, or whether the colours are floated in some mechanical manner, is uncertain. Wouvermans, Carlo Dolci, Vanderheyden, and some other painters, are supposed to have had some expeditious method of procedure in addition to their accurate finishing. The number of pictures, indeed, attributed to them, would give countenance to such a supposition. I believe, the polishing brush is perfectly adequate to all the softness which has hitherto been produced. But although softness and delicacy are extremely fascinating and applicable to many subjects, the ancient masters have generally preferred a vigorous style. Even Correggio, who is supposed to have carried to perfection the finishing of pencilling, only adopts it in occasional parts, and is by no means free from a strong empasted manner.

The picture of the Repose in the Tribune, by Correggio, is firmly painted with a bold decided

pencil, and in effect and colouring is almost perfect. On the other hand, what a pretty specimen of finishing is the adjoining picture of the VIRGIN AND CHRIST, though certainly not carried to the extreme, as in the paintings of Vanderworf, or even to the notion generally entertained of Correggio's finishing.

In other respects, both of the pictures are somewhat faulty. In the former, the sentiment is indifferently sustained. Joseph behind the Virgin, who is sitting with the infant Jesus standing on her knee, appears to be pulling down the branch of a tree on the right of the picture; a monk appears in orders grey, in a kneeling position, and apparently advancing towards our Saviour, who seems to be afraid of him. The Virgin Mary, not attending either to the one or the other, looks stupidly proud and unamiable. Why this inconsistency of expression? The space between the monk and the principal group appears too great, and is in some degree injurious to the general effect.

The arrangement of the colours is as follows: Joseph is in a light pink drapery, with an orange plaid and a piece of white cloth round his waist. Mary is dressed in whitish yellow, with a blue robe passing round her. The light on all the figures, except the monk, is of the same brightness; which tempted me to wish that breadth had been obtained by means more natural.

In the small painting, the Virgin Mary is repre-

sented on her knees in an inclined position, looking over the infant Christ, who is lying on his back upon the ground, on a scanty piece of white drapery laid on straw. The feminine expression of Mary is delicate, though it seems to border on insipidity; her left hand is feebly drawn, and she puts up both in a manner somewhat childish. I may also add, that the infant is much too small; yet the picture altogether is most attractive, and proclaims the grace and delicate taste of the divine Correggio.

The celebrated VENUS BY TITIAN, with the kneeling figure in the back ground, ranks among the finest paintings in the Tribune. From its present appearance, however, I suspect that the restorers have been at work upon it. The characteristic richness and tone of Titian's pencil has given way to chalky whiteness; besides, the effect is flat, without rotundity, which surely was not a fault of Titian's.

PAUL VERONESE always paints with firmness, and thinks decidedly for himself; though sometimes his lights on various colours are too much of one whitish tone. This, no doubt, produces breadth; but is it nature? His finest pictures, however, are without this peculiarity, or at least it is not so perceptible.

THE VIRGIN AND CHILD with ANGELS, ST JOHN THE EVANGELIST, and ST FRANCIS, by ANDREA DEL SARTO, is an extremely popular picture.

This celebrated master never offends in colouring, because he never attempts any thing violent. In character, it is richness subdued, highly pleasing to the eye, yet quite compatible with his subject. His introduction of a warm grey, instead of brown, as a general leading and harmonizing colour throughout the shadows of his picture, has a fine effect; and, although the picture is hung among others, in which crimsons, the purest blues, and oranges prevail, with all their glazings, it keeps its ground, and even indicates that his style is better adapted to sentiment than when powerful colouring is discernible. This picture by Andrea del Sarto is so extremely pleasing, that it is with reluctance we look upon it with the eye of criticism; yet the placing of Mary upon a pedestal makes the composition appear so mechanical, that we can hardly give it approbation, notwithstanding that she is well supported by saints and angels.

The HOLY FAMILY, by PARMIGIANO, near the picture of Andrea del Sarto, is a singular example of mannerism and beauty. From its appearance, one would think that snow had fallen on the figures, and was trickling down the draperies and hair; evidently indicating that his system of ideal beauty was erroneous, or, at least, that he carried it too far;—making all the lights to run parallel to each other from the top to the bottom of the figures. Parmigiano has likewise had some strange fancy

about the effect of hair, which is displayed in such profusion, as to be tiresome to the eye. The head and shoulders of St John, stuck in the corner of the picture, has such an expression of wildness, that it makes one almost imagine that such an appearance might frighten the rest of the Holy Family, or disturb their repose. But abstracting the mannerism and strange conceit in which the picture is involved, lovely nature will appear in the infants, and dignity and grace in the Virgin. I have mentioned this picture particularly, because it distinctly shows, that, although a certain arrangement of form may display taste, if it be carried to excess, it becomes deformity.

In offering my general opinion of the paintings in the Tribune, I would presume to say, that, with the exception of the portraits, the failure in almost all the masters is the want of appropriate *mental* expression.

LETTER XI.

FLORENCE.

Pictures of the Venetian School.—Tuscan School.—Dutch School.—Flemish and German School.—Description of a Landscape by Claude.—French School.—Observations on the Origin of Landscape-Painting in the Grand Style.—French School continued.—Portraits.—Salle de Frate.—Some account of the various grounds which several of the Painters have used.—Copyists.—Statues of the Niobe Family.—Observations on Mr Cockerell's idea regarding the Niobe Marbles.—Rubens' Battles, and entry of Henry IV. into Paris, in the Salle de Niobe.—Statue of the Hermaphrodite.—Bronzes and Gems.—Marbles in the Corridor.—Observations on the measuring of Statues.

The pictures of the Venetian school in the gallery of Florence are not numerous, but many of them are of high celebrity; especially the portraits by Titian, Giorgione, Sebastian del Piombo, Paris Bordone, Morone, and Tintoretto. The works of these great men seem not only to exalt the dignity of portrait-painting, but of the persons whom they represent.

At the head of all stands the immortal Titian. The grave, quiet grandeur of his style, makes an immediate impression on the mind, and we are naturally led to inquire whether it be from an ideal

dignity which he infuses into his pictures, or that they are just representations of individual character. Such they certainly are. The internal evidence of truth in every feature cannot be resisted, but it is the happiest choice of expression which he seizes, that expression which escapes the feeble or the careless observer. The ancient dresses, too, assist in giving grandeur, not only from their form, but their colour and variety. His broad commanding style, without flimsy trickery, and even the texture and surface of his pictures, contribute essentially to dignity. His finest portraits are those of the DUC D'URBINO, HIS OWN MISTRESS, and the HEAD OF A WARRIOR. There are some, however, even better than these in the Palazzo Pitti; and here I may observe, that it is from his portraits in general that I have formed my opinion of the splendour of his style, and not particularly from his works in the Royal Gallery.

SEBASTIAN DEL PIOMBO'S HEAD OF A WARRIOR is well conceived, and ranks among the finest pictures. The representation of the eyes, glancing in gloom, and portentous of death and destruction, is highly poetical and appalling.

PARIS BORDONE is in the school of Titian and Giorgione: his portraits have a noble air, and are painted with wonderful mastery. MORONE is not so lofty; yet there is a placid repose and senatorial gravity in his pictures, which is extremely pleasing. The portraits by Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, and

Bassan, have a different character; nature expressed with a clever pencil, clear colouring, and effect, are their characteristic qualities.

The finest subjects are by Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, and Titian; and (strange to say) there is a musical party by Bassan, *without mannerism* or vulgarity. TINTORETTO'S MARRIAGE OF CANA in Galilee may fairly claim the most distinguished praise. Numerous figures, sitting at the feast in perspective, display a surprising variety of attitude, and some female figures on the fore-ground cannot fail to captivate the admirers of graceful form. The subject, though difficult, is treated with great ingenuity and apparent ease, and the colouring and effect seem faultless.

THE DEATH OF ST JUSTINA, and another small picture of ST CATHERINE KNEELING, are perhaps the best paintings by PAUL VERONESE; indeed, they are both excellent. In the former the back ground is painted round the figures, which gives a decision to the heads perhaps a little too harsh. In the latter I found little to censure; but some *ladies* have been heard to say, that they could not discover what *stuff* the dress was intended to represent, owing to the lights being so different from the colour of the drapery. The observation certainly had point, and was referable to the mannerism of the master.

The principal painters of the Tuscan school are Cigoli, Carlo Dolci, Cristofani Allori, Alessandro

Allori, Leonardo da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, Fra. Bartolommeo, Mariotto Albertinelli, Lucchere, Ghirlandajo, Philippo Lippi, Santi di Tito, Vasari, and Pontormo. Of these masters there are many excellent specimens in the Royal Gallery.

THE INFANT CHRIST SLEEPING ON A CROSS, by CHRISTOFANO ALLORI, is one of the most exquisite cabinet pictures of the school. Perfect repose dwells on the sweetest countenance; serene and quiet tones of colouring are perceptible throughout the picture, and call forth the strongest feelings of admiration. Next to this beautiful painting, THE SALUTATION, by MARIOTTO ALBERTI, seems to be the most deservedly popular. The subject consists of two female figures representing the Virgin Mary and Saint Elizabeth shaking hands. Delicacy and divine modesty never were more happily expressed than in the figure of the Virgin; so gentle! so meek! she recals the numerous associations of respect and tenderness with which we regard the sex. In the paintings of Fra. Bartolommeo, and in the works of several other masters, I have found the same figure of the Virgin Mary apparently copied from Albertinelli. In a conversation, however, which I had with the professor of painting, I was informed that it is really the property of Fra. Bartolommeo, and not of Albertinelli. As a corroboration of this, I was shewn a similar figure by Bartolommeo, in different points of view. The system of plagiarism is so common in Italy,

even among contemporary masters, that it needed not have excited my surprise; this figure, however, of the Virgin being so extremely beautiful, I was curious to know its history.

THE MEDUSA'S HEAD, by LEONARDO DA VINCI, is painted in his highly finished manner; and, if it was his intention to excite disgust and horror, he certainly has succeeded. Nothing can be more revolting than the glazed eye, between life and death, and the blood flowing among snakes that almost appear alive, the pestiferous breath of Medusa mingling with their writhings.

In the second apartment of the Tuscan school may also be seen the famous sketch of the ADORATION OF THE MAGI, by Leonardo da Vinci. To the practical artist it is interesting, as helping to disclose the nature of his process; to all appearance it is the commencement of a picture which he had intended to finish. The general effect of light and shade is produced with asphaltum, in many places extremely *deep* in colour, especially behind the figures, and upon trees. The figures are light, of the colour of the pannel, which is of a warm leather tone, and their shadows are of a rich opaque grey.

There are many other beautiful pictures of the Tuscan school. The ST FRANCIS by CIGOLI, and the small picture of the same subject by Allessandro Allori; some pictures, too, by Carlo Dolci, Zuc-

chere, Vasari, Andrea del Sarto, Ghirlandajo, &c. are worthy of minute and careful observation.

The room containing pictures of the DUTCH SCHOOL boasts of many of the most delightful specimens of the various painters, and although they do not address the mind, like the works of the Italian masters, they have peculiar charms of their own, which will ever gratify the admirers of familiar nature. The execution of many of them in delicacy of pencilling, and fine discrimination of colour and effect, would not disgrace the higher branches of art. The pictures of Metzu, Mieris, Gerard Dow, Netscher, Terburg, Rembrandt, Van Balen, Schalken, Brower, Adrian Vanderveldt, De Lair, Slingland, Ruysdael, and many others, are extremely fine; and I have found, that they are more generally popular than the works of the other schools. Like pastoral poetry, they are understood and felt by all, while the works of Michael Angelo, Sebastian del Piombo, Cigoli, and other great masters, like the poems of Homer, Milton, and Dante, are enjoyed by only the inspired or initiated few. For a similar reason, Raphael, Correggio, Guido, Parmigiano, and other painters of the Italian school, whose works are characterized by beauty, have a fairer chance for general admiration than those who have studied to embody conceptions of severe and abstract grandeur.

Among the paintings of FLEMISH AND GERMAN SCHOOLS, there are several excellent pictures, but

none that rank extremely high. The Tenniers, Albert Durer, Elzheimers, Denner and Brills, are the best. The GRACES was a subject above Rubens' conception of beauty, but it is pleasing to see, that this great master has condescended to copy a Bacchanalian subject from Titian, with all the sport and character of the original. The finest pictures by Rubens are in the same room with the statues of Niobe, and I shall not fail to give you some account of them. In the mean time, let me attempt to describe a splendid picture by Claude Loraine, which is unaccountably hung among the paintings of the Flemish school.

This exquisite and perfect picture represents the SUN RISING among buildings, shipping, and figures; and, in point of composition, is equal to any of the finest of Claude's paintings to be seen in England. Indeed, it is impossible to conceive any work of art, in which more consummate skill, or a more intimate knowledge of nature, can be displayed. The sun absolutely appears to shine and sparkle upon the various objects, which are so judiciously arranged, as to give effect and sentiment combined. No *positive* outline appears among the buildings; the objects are so sweetly blended into each other, that nothing individually intrudes itself through the illuminated misty air, though, when curiously examined, innumerable interesting details develope themselves in the most captivating manner. On the fore-ground, the connecting

figures, colours, shadows, and touches of brilliancy on silver vases and musical instruments, unite with the whole subject, exciting altogether the happy feelings connected with a lovely morning. It is in such effects that the inimitable Claude, like the glorious sun which he represents, appears to shine. He does not aim at mere effect, nor combinations of objects for trifling purposes, but to excite sentiment and feeling, to remind us of past joys, and impart new delight.

In the same room with this beautiful picture there is another picture of Claude's, representing A RURAL SCENE WITH DANCING FIGURES, but, though very fine, it cannot be compared with the former. The repeated glazings have given it a dark and sombre cast, not in unison with the merry villagers, or the light and air which should be expressed in such a scene. Yet, when the picture is brought into a powerful light, it appears transparent, exhibiting the richest colouring in perfect harmony. On the subject of the composition of Claude, I shall offer a few remarks, when I have seen his pictures in the Doria Palace in Rome.

In the apartment of the French school there are few names of great note. The Dutch, Venetians, Italians, and the modern English, have looked at nature for themselves, and discovered her various characters. But the French, with the exception of a distinguished few, have comparatively done but little. We look in vain for well selected

nature on those lofty principles of combination, which result from purity of thought. Vain-glorious frippery and mannerism, and trifling, mark their works. There is a difference surely between studying nature and looking at her works with levity and self-conceit. Their glancing over surfaces, their musings on ancient statues, and measurements of their proportions, have not shewn them where the great sculptors of old have found perfection; their works can barely please the eye, and seldom reach the mind. As nature allows no sinning against her with impunity, the French school, if so it may be called, stands comparatively degraded in the world's discerning eye. But from their numerous list of painters names may be taken, which fame and nature must acknowledge, and these are Claude Loraine, Nicolo, and Gasper Poussin, Bourdon, Le Brun, Le Sieur, Watteau, Borgognone, and some others; men who, though not in the very highest rank of art, are entitled to gratitude and admiration.

Landscape-painting has been ennobled by the pencils of the Poussins; and in this department, as far as it relates to original character, and a fine general view of nature, combined with a certain lofty expression, they stand unrivalled. The gallery of Florence, however, contains no good specimens of their works in this department.

Landscape-painting, in the grand style, appears to me to have been wholly indebted for its elevated

character to the scriptural and historical painters, and may have been suggested to them by their introducing into many of their pictures back-grounds of landscape, which would not admit of much detail, and regard only general and simple forms. Improving upon the hint thus suggested to them, it may be said, by accident, they have produced a higher style and a broader view of nature. But it is worthy of remark, that the grand style is, generally speaking, exclusively in their hands;—some, who devote themselves to landscape-painting solely, are more attached to beauty or the picturesque.

But to return to the room of the French school in the Royal Gallery. The portraits of PHILLIPE CHAMPAGNE, and PIERRE MEYNARD, are carefully finished, yet free and natural, though not in an elevated style. A HOLY FAMILY, by Nicholas Loir, is chaste, but a little vapid. Parrocel's and Courtois's battles are animated and clever in pencilling. Gagnerous of Dijon's pictures, in the style of Woverman's, are spirited, but far behind the master whom he seems to imitate. Le Naire has taste; his ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS is by no means despicable, especially in colouring. Bouher, Vanloo, and Javenet, are completely French. Vouet is full of vapouring and flurry. Vermet's landscapes are masterly and firm, but somewhat flimsy; he has neither texture nor surface, nor does he often express the pure tones of nature. Clarisseau's ruins display mannerism, and are sel-

dom composed with taste; he gives too much when we want but little. As there are none of Le Brun's, Sebastian Bourdon's, or Fresnoy's works of any consequence in the gallery, I forbear to speak of them. A small upright Gaspar Poussin is well composed, but too dark. Niccolo Poussin's VENUS AND ADONIS is beautifully drawn and well designed; his Theseus, too, is a pleasing picture, but neither, comparing him with himself, has claims to extraordinary admiration. The best landscape is by Boguet, a modern painter, but it wants a middle ground; the transition from great objects to small ones is unpleasing to the eye; in other respects, however, the picture is well composed, the pencilling remarkably free and firm, and the aërial perspective well sustained. I could wish, however, that his pencilling or touches were less perceptible and proportioned to the various distances.

The apartment of PORTRAITS OF PAINTERS contains about 400 in number, executed generally by themselves. Rembrandt's, Rubens', and Sir Joshua Reynolds' pictures have the most luminous and striking effect, and appear like diamonds among the rest; many of the others are admirable works of art, and as cabinet pictures, might perhaps be preferred for their exquisite finishing;—those especially by Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Titian, Parmigiano, Tintoretto, Gerhard Douw, Carlo Dolci, Vandyke, &c.

The portrait of LEONARDO DA VINCI is a fine old head, with a mild expression and flowing beard, painted in his usual smooth transparent manner. The glazings are very thick, and in many parts of the picture are cracked and honey-combed in a strange and singular manner, yet not so much as to injure the drawing or beauty of the picture. In Rembrandt's portraits we can trace his magic pencil in every part, his fine eye for colour never fails to place the most delightful tones in harmony with each other.

MASACCIO DA GIOVANNI's portrait is in fresco, an admirable sketch, but fresco does not seem well adapted for portrait-painting.

VANDERWERF carries his finishing to an excess, which is unsuitable to portrait-painting; his picture wants spirit, and looks like a coloured mezzotinto engraving:—even CARLO DOLCI loses character in his finishing. SCHALKEN's portrait, too, (a candle-light effect,) is in the same predicament. Gerhard Douw, on the other hand, though he finishes very highly, contrives to give more spirit and animation: Denner is tiresome; when looking at his works, we can think of nothing but weary toil and months of painful drudgery.

A collection of portraits is a spotty and fatiguing exhibition. Those, however, who are fond of the study of physiognomy, may find much to amuse them. As noble liberal-looking men of

talent, I would class Reynolds with Rubens, Leonardo da Vinci, N. Poussin, Titian, &c. as hard featured men of genius, Michael Angelo with Rembrandt, Tintoretto, Andrea del Sarto; Raphael with Vandyke, as gentle and amiable. The Caraccis have nothing peculiar in their countenances, and surely would not be taken for men of genius; indeed, in glancing over the whole collection, few heads seem to bear that character, and, least of all, the celebrated Jacob More, who might be classed with the Princess of Saxony, (a paintress,) with all due deference to Dr Spurzheim's doctrines, as a silly looking person.

There is nothing very remarkable in the Salle de Frate, except Cigoli's STONING OF ST STEPHEN, which is by much the best picture, and really a noble work in composition, colouring, and effect. There is also a picture by A. Caracci, and one by M. Angelo Caracaggio; a large design, too, of the Virgin Mary in Heaven, by Fra. Bartolommeo, in which it appears that this great artist began his picture on the most careful outline, shaded with a brown or bistre colour.

On examining the various grounds on which these celebrated men have painted, I am enabled to give the following list.

Raphael and Fra. Bartolommeo often used a tanned leather colour; Sebastian del Piombo, generally a dark leaden colour or black; Guido

and the Teniers, occasionally white; Titian, Claude, and the Poussins, a lakey brown; Peter de Lair and Salvator Rosa, sometimes black; Angelica Fiesole, a gold ground.

The hue or tone of the grounds have generally had an influence on the colouring of the pictures. Those that have been painted on a black ground have been sombre and dark; white grounds, have produced silvery, clear, and light pictures; such as have used mahogany coloured grounds, and allowed them to appear through their painting, have produced the most pleasing shades of grey, (I speak of landscape,) and these have often given a leading tone and guide in finishing. Yellow grounds have produced warm and tawny pictures, red grounds, pearly and clear ones, especially if the colouring be thin.

The gallery is filled with copyists, male and female, young and old, who are permitted to have any picture taken down. From what I have seen of this system of copying, I can have no hesitation in saying that it is a bad one. Those stupid people cannot be called artists; they are incapable of producing any thing of their own, and go to the gallery not for improvement, but to make a pitiful livelihood by their wretched imitations; their easils, tables, and desks, with their paltry miniatures and drawings after Raphael, Carlo Dolci, Guido, &c. are constantly in the gallery where they

carry on their trade. To me it appeared disgraceful, not only that the arts should thus be prostituted, but that such beautiful pictures should be degraded to such a purpose. Besides, the rage for copies may eventually lead the eye from nature, and all her charms, and prevent the real genius of the country from rising into notice, while money is thus squandered on objects so undeserving.

Such a gallery as this of Florence is calculated to be of the first advantage to the arts, when studied properly for improvement; but, as I have said, it may have the reverse effect, if prostituted to an ignoble purpose.

Beside the apartments of the various schools of art which I have mentioned, there is a room filled with the statues of Niobe and her family; a room with the famous Hermaphrodite, and many other exquisite statues, busts, and other marbles; rooms, too, of ancient and modern bronzes, and precious gems and coins, and ancient inscriptions.

The statues of the Family of Niobe are well arranged, and have a grand and most imposing effect in number. Including the Il Pedagogo, and a figure like Narcissus, they amount to fifteen, and are supposed to be the work of Scopas or Praxiteles. The general appearance of some of the statues is theatrical, and not without considerable faults; yet the beau ideal in them all will

amply compensate their defects, and excite universal admiration.

Niobe, perhaps, appears too large or bulky; and in height, she cannot be less than eight and a half or nine heads; her right leg looks a little out of proportion, and the turning in of some folds above the inside of the right knee, which interrupts the flow of the drapery, is unpleasing to the eye: the child which she protects, is without a fault in form and character. The first daughter on the left of Niobe has quite the general air and appearance of the mother, and is in every respect a most beautiful and interesting figure: but while the shafts of Apollo and Diana are supposed to be dealing death and destruction around, a stronger expression of terror might have been expected: it is, however, a sweet and engaging countenance, exciting indignation against the gods, who, more vindictive than human beings, could destroy a form so beautiful for the harmless and natural vanity of a mother. The statue of her brother, which stands next in succession, is much inferior, and does not call forth the same tender sympathy: his right thigh is much too short, and the drapery which hangs over the leg, does not exhibit a good form beneath. Indeed, both thigh, and leg, and drapery, are defective, and the statue altogether has no pretensions above the middling rank of art. The second or following son is in an unnatural and theatrical attitude:

the point of the toe of the left foot, and the tip of the finger of the right hand, are in a straight line with the left hand; he grasps his drapery, which is twisted round his arm, and tightened on his shoulder; the right knee seems *fixed, not placed,* upon a piece of rock or stem of a tree; the head looks upwards, but with little or no expression. His sister on the opposite side, and next the mother, stands in a petitioning attitude, with her left foot raised upon a stone: the sway of the person is natural, easy, and graceful, and the drapery remarkably well cast. Upon the whole, this statue is finely conceived, though hardly referable in character to any disastrous circumstance. The third daughter, who is the second from Niobe on the left side, is in a crouching attitude, looking upwards, with her right arm extended, but a little bent, her left arm appears above her knee, but does not touch it; she rests chiefly on her left foot, her knee being considerably bent; the right leg appearing through the drapery is somewhat stiff, and indifferently formed: from some points of view, however, no defect arrests the eye, and it may be pronounced to be an admirable statue.

Two of the sons (the third and fourth) are in the same attitude: in my description, therefore, I shall chuse the fourth. He kneels on his left knee, his body being somewhat turned back; his right arm rests upon his right knee, the left on drapery,

which is placed upon a stone; the right limb projected appears in a straight line, and the foot is disagreeably turned up, so that the sole is perceptible. The left knee appears as if it were sunk considerably into the stone on which it rests, and in other respects is far from being pleasing or correct. The whole figure indeed seems constrained, and excites in the spectator a feeling of uneasiness, when he attempts to conceive himself in such a posture; yet there is certainly much to admire in both the statues. In the fifth son (in order round the room) there is a similar stiffness, but the head, and the anatomy of the breast, are incomparably fine; indeed, the whole figure has a superior air, and an elevated expression of ideal beauty.

The statue of the fourth daughter is extremely pleasing, but without any pretensions to refined or classical character; the right thigh is very short. The right arm of the sixth son is raised somewhat above his head, beyond which it projects about six inches. The hand is muffled up in drapery, which comes sweeping down in a circular form opposite to the left knee; a button fastens the drapery near the left groin, from which it depends in beautiful folds in a straight line down to the foot. From the inclination of the body and the projection of the right arm, the figure with its drapery resembles the shape of a half moon. The right leg may be a little too stiff, and the right arm too short; but the

statue altogether has more original character and more of that kind of beau ideal which should belong to the son of Niobe, than any other of the male figures. The head and breast are inimitably and carefully studied.

Next to this beautiful statue stands the one called Il Pedagogo, but what pretension he has to be placed among the Niobes, with his half boots laced in front, I am at a loss to know. He has nothing of their character, and appears of an order so much less noble, that they completely disown him.

The fifth daughter is perhaps the most graceful of all the sisters. Her drapery comes sweeping round, and winds with the form of the limbs in the most agreeable manner; she appears about to take a step, and the lightness and elegance of the figure can hardly be surpassed. I know not what to say of the figure resembling Narcissus, unless that it appears to have no connection whatever with the rest. I could wish the statue in the Corridor, which is supposed to be one of the Niobes, were put in its place; it would certainly be more like the set, and fully as good a statue as either the third or fourth son. Of all the statues in the Salle de Niobe, the Dead Son appears the best. He is represented lying on his back, his legs just crossing each other, the left hand reclining on his breast, and his right arm so much

raised as from some points of view to hide his face. As a just representation of nature and finishing, this statue has no rival. The learned and celebrated Mr John Bell has often visited this inimitable work, and pronounced it to be a most extraordinary display of anatomical accuracy.

It has been conjectured, I understand, by the ingenious Mr Cockerell, that this collection of marbles has been originally intended for the tympanum of a temple. I hope, however, that Il Pedagogo is not admitted in Mr Cockerell's arrangement. The representation, too, of the dead figure, with the marks of stabs or cuts upon his right and left breast, appears to have no connection with the family of Niobe. He is more like an unsuccessful gladiator; and compared with the gashes in his breast, the wounds made by the shafts of Apollo would have been comparatively small. This statue is likewise very highly finished in every part, even to the finest gloss, which seemed unnecessary if it had been intended to form one of this ill-fated family, as Mr Cockerell supposes that they were represented in the tympanum. None of the other figures are executed with nearly the same care, though, according to this hypothesis, they must have been more distinctly seen. It is true, that the Greeks were accustomed to give as high finishing even to the unseen parts of the statues, as to those which were most exposed to view. In this particular instance, however, when the other statues are less carefully finished, there seems to be no conceivable reason for the very high polish of the figure in question. One of the sons, indeed, is not sculptured behind; yet this is the only figure, which appears to have been a fixture, from the mark of an iron cramp, which is visible in the marble. But supposing them placed within a pediment, they would appear detached and single figures without any grouping, and would look various ways; one, indeed, with his back towards the spectator. Would this be consistent with Grecian taste?

Nor can I think that the figures would suit the acute angle of the tympanum. The heads would rise too high; or, if placed under it, Niobe would appear too small, leaving a vacant space above the figure. The third or crouching daughter, I understand, has been left out of this supposed arrangement. Now, if she is one of the Niobes, to whom she certainly appears as nearly allied as the Pedagogo, or the statue of the Dead Son, why was she denied a place among the other figures?

Besides the statues of Niobe and her family, there are in the same room (which is nearly thirty feet in length) several paintings by Rubens, Vandyke, Subtermane, &c. THE BATTLE OF YPRES, (a very large picture,) behind the figure of Niobe, is a performance of wonderful spirit, and fully conveys to the mind the awful confusion of such a scene.

The very horses, (admirably painted,) with their struggling exertions and eyes of fire, seem to revel in the horrible affray. The power of Rubens' pencil is irresistible; his fearless mind, like the hero of the battle, surmounts difficulties from which any other painter would have shrunk in dismay. He aims not merely at groupes of horses and warriors skilfully combined, as may be seen in the battles of Borgonone, Salvator Rosa, and others; but at one mighty field of human exertions, where all are determined to conquer or to fall! He even rouses the passions of the spectator, forces him to dash into the hurricane of battle, and for a time scarcely allows him to reflect, that he is contemplating a work of art. This extraordinary picture is painted in a very free manner, abounding in peintementos or corrections, and exhibiting such a display of varied feeling, as no other picture ever perhaps expressed.

HENRY THE FOURTH'S TRIUMPHAL ENTRANCE INTO PARIS, after the battle of Ypres, a companion to this picture, likewise abounds in all the excellence of the master: the colouring, spirit, and character, all obey the inspiration of his mind; even the skies seem to rejoice in Henry's glory.

He who would sit down to point out the faults in these extraordinary pictures, would surely misspend his time. They are all perceptible, and left so by the master, who well knew that the paramount *feeling* and *sentiment* which they exhibit, would leave the liberal and enlightened mind no inclination to observe such trifling defects. I question whether, if such subjects were highly finished and every fault removed, they would strike so much as this powerful and energetic pencilling, with all its train of alterations and dauntless freedom.

The portrait of HELEN FOREMAN, by the same master, is almost a speaking picture;—fresh as the morning! every tone as pure as the light from Heaven! What an example of his power of finishing, *when finishing is necessary!* and what a picture for modern portrait-painters to study! Vandyke's exquisite picture hangs near that of Rubens', and is in every respect as fine; the pencilling is delicate, yet free as air; and the character and natural expression, like fine poetry, finds an assent in every breast.

In the room of the HERMAPHRODITE is the celebrated statue of that name. The figure is represented lying in a beautiful flowing or eel-like form, upon a lion's skin. The head, which is turned towards the spectator, with the most innocent and captivating expression, is quite divine. Indeed, every part is perfect. It appears, perhaps, to most advantage when viewed from behind; and the whole statue suggests the idea, that the sculptor's model has been a lovely female.

Next in perfection to this exquisite piece of sculp-

ture is the colossal HEAD OF ALEXANDER; the countenance, apparently exhibiting great mental suffering; and the head of Jove, expressive of serene and quiet majesty. Then follows ANTINOUS in pensive sadness. This head, which is also colossal, was discovered at Rome so late as 1671.

The INFANT HERCULES STRANGLING SERPENTS is much admired; but the belly appears tumid and flaccid, indicative of weakness, an appearance very inconsistent with the nature of the subject.

JUNIUS BRUTUS, and two busts of CICERO, at different periods of his life, are full of character, as, indeed, are many others, which it would be tedious even to name.

The room of MODERN BRONZES contains innumerable works of beauty. The MERCURY, by John of Bologna, is not inferior to any thing of the antique. His foot rests upon a zephyr, and the figure is so light as to be quite aërial. There is a head too of one of the Medici Family, finely executed, and also a helmet by Benvenuto Cellini, on which are impressed figures of Charity and Fame, and several cameos in silver, of faultless workmanship. Ghiberti's SACRIFICE is likewise beautiful. There are some frames too of exquisite cameos.

Among the ANCIENT BRONZES, the most remarkable are a HORSE'S HEAD; the figure of a young man five feet in height, called the IDOL, and not unlike Antinous; a MINERVA, very ancient, but

imperfect in the beau ideal; a PHILOSOPHER, in a noble simple attitude, holding a scroll in his hand. All these ancient bronze statues have hollow eyes without eye-balls. Among the smaller bronzes, CUPID is represented dressed with *breeches*, a belt about his loins, and wings upon his feet: there are also innumerable Venuses, for love and beauty were the predominant divinities in ancient days.

The ROOM OF GEMS boasts of exquisite and highly finished works in precious stones. Those by Benvenuto Cellini are of the finest workmanship. I shall not attempt to describe these inestimable curiosities, not daring to trust my eyes among so many diamonds, emeralds, rubies, pearls, topazes, lapides lazuli, &c. The apartment was always full of ladies, who perhaps regretted that one part of the Spartan discipline might not be practised by the fair in Florence.

In the ROOM OF INSCRIPTIONS are many Egyptian monuments, urns, ornaments, sarcophagi, &c.

The BUST OF BACCHUS is a specimen of the disagreeable effect of the mixture of marble and alabaster of different colours. From this mixture probably originated the Pietra dura, or the art of imitating various objects by inlaying with different coloured stones, the effect of which is not much more pleasing than that of the motley busts. The only workmanship of the kind which is at all tolerable is Mosaic, and it is astonishing to what

perfection it may be brought. I refer chiefly to large pictures in various towns in Italy, and not to the small specimens which are brought to England. In the room of inscriptions will be found the MASK, an early performance by Michael Angelo. It is by no means like the work of a young man, but is full of spirit and character that indicates mastery. The BUST OF BRUTUS in the same room, and by the same hand, is unfinished, yet full of noble and manly expression.

Among the principal statues in the Corridors, the ROMAN MATRON, supposed to be the Empress Agrippina, will not fail to draw the attention of the man of taste. She is represented sitting in a simple graceful attitude. The drapery in small folds, beautifully yields to the turning of the body; altogether, there is something extremely lady-like and interesting in this statue; the hands and feet are delicacy itself! The head, however, is a restoration, with an expression of countenance by far too young for the figure. The Roman Matron is quite a model for ease, and it were well if the awkward females of this age had the opportunity of learning from it to sit properly upon their chairs.

The Corridors abound in Athletæ or Wrestlers, but they are all too like academy figures placed in attitudes. They have nothing of the beau ideal, and perhaps require none. In the statues of PAN and OLENTO, the latter listens to Pan, who is instructing him to play upon his reed; the groupe is pleasing, but the arms of both, placed above each other, are not in taste. The statues of some of the muses are good, but not remarkable for beauty. That of CALLIOPE is the best. The VENUS COUCHANT is exquisite in beauty and form; but it is to be regretted that her head, like the locks of some of our British Venuses, is not her own, the original being lost. The statue of MERCURY is a noble figure, but he should throw off his wings, and be reduced to a gladiator; he is much too heavy for the skies.

The BACCHUS by Michael Angelo is one of the finest statues in the gallery. A youthful figure stands with a fine easy sway of body, having a cup in one hand, and grapes in the other; a little satyr at his foot holding grapes up to his mouth. The anatomy and character are excellent, and do honour to the noble genius of the master. The mouth is a little open, and it is not difficult to perceive that the god has got quite enough of the juice of the grape, but this is delicately and prettily expressed.

On the opposite side is the famous Bacchus called the BACCO DEL SANSOVINO. It is also a youthful figure. He holds up a cup, and looks towards it with a smiling countenance; perhaps this expression is better than Michael Angelo's; it shews the enlivening and inspiring quality of wine, while the former seems only to exhibit its intoxicating effect. The copy of the LAOCOON by Bacchus

Bandinelli is said to be little inferior to the original; the latter I have not seen, but if it is finer than Bandinelli's, it must certainly be divine. Donatelli's STATUE OF ST JOHN should not be among these admirable marbles; for, however true to nature, a miserable starved-looking creature is extremely disagreeable. In nature, misery excites compassion, but I question whether we should wish it to be much before our eyes in art. There can be no doubt, if this statue had the power of loco-motion, and could see the disgust which it excites, it would march off without delay.

From the number of empresses and other female busts among the various marbles, many of them admirable specimens of sculpture, we can form an accurate idea in what manner the ladies in ancient times wore their hair, and it is curious to perceive the endless variety of curls, plaitings, frizzlings, and braidings. But I should suspect, from the profusion of hair and high tupees, which many of them exhibit, that wigs and false hair are of great antiquity. In the vestibule there are many admirable marbles and bronzes, and likewise the busts of the Medici Family, from Lorenzo downwards, all of them with singular, and by no means pleasing physiognomy.

The BOAR is an admirable piece of art; a DOG, too, is extremely well executed, but the HORSE appears heavy and unnatural. The HERCULES in

bronze, and the grand and warlike figure on the opposite side, together with some basso relievos, may comprehend the finest of the works in the Vestibule.

In walking through the gallery, I have found that the general mode of criticising the statues adopted by the visitors, was to measure them according to the height of the Apollo or the Venus de Medicis, than which method nothing can be more erroneous. Apollo may be a certain number of heads in height, and so may the Venus; but surely it does not follow, that a statue of Minerva or of Juno should have the same proportions as a Venus, nor would it be expected that a Bacchus or a Hercules should count heads with Apollo. They are all different in character, and must be so in form and dimensions. In short, the proportions of statues must not only be characteristic of what they are intended to represent, but must likewise be made to please the eye, and answer the conception of the sculptor: the proportions of a Bacchus by Michael Angelo might not suit those of a Bacchus by Bandinelli, although the figures might be the same in size, and equal in beauty. So much depends on feeling. Is not *Nature* a great authority, who produces endless variety of proportions and dimensions in the human form, which might be selected by the painter according to his peculiar taste, and rendered in the highest degree pleasing?

LETTER XII.

FLORENCE.

The Cathedral.—Santa Croce.—Tomb of M. Angelo.—Santissima Annunziata.—Votive Offerings.—Organs.—Sopranos.—Pulpits.—Chapel de' Depositi.— M. Angelo's Statues.—Ghiberti's Gates.—Prison.—Madhouse.—Santa Maria Nuovella.—Society called the Buonuomini di San Martino.—And Society of Misericordia.

Few exhibitions are more fatiguing than a gallery of pictures and statues. The mind, constantly upon the alert, soon becomes exhausted. What, then, must a long account of them be? My conscience tells me that I have put your patience in this way to a severe trial, and that I must now relieve you with a little variety. Yet as there are few situations in Florence, where we do not meet with either statues or paintings, I cannot refrain from adverting to those which may come in our way, though I promise you it shall be but slightly. You cannot boast of that want of curiosity, which distinguished a certain noble Lord, who lately took a bet, and gained it, that he would not see the Vatican a second time; or another Englishman, who, for the sake of a little notoriety, spent many weeks in Rome, without seeing either St Peter's or the Coliseum.

The Duomo, or Cathedral of Florence, a mixture of Gothic and ancient Roman architecture, is a noble edifice. In its dimensions, it is not much inferior to Saint Paul's, but without its simple dignity; some projection seems to be wanting at the bottom of the dome, which, springing from its support, even without a cornice, looks bare and meagre. The alternate layers of black and white marble of which the edifice is composed give little repose to the wandering eye. The inlaying and pannelling are finished with the utmost neatness, and the building, in general, embraces a great variety of the richest ornament; though it must be said, with singular incongruity. The twisted columns, supported on the backs of various animals, and even carried round the Gothic arches, are entirely at variance with taste and propriety.

On the Tower, which is separate from the Cathedral, are sculptured, in basso relievo, representations of the progress of man, from his creation, in the natural order of his wants and inventions, towards refinement; such as spinning, weaving, building, pottery, brewing, smith work, astronomy, religion, the arts, &c. These, though not executed in the purest taste, are sufficiently characteristic for their situation. Besides these basso relievos, the niches in the higher part of the tower are filled with statues of the Apostles, the whole presenting a fine display of richness and effect. On entering the Cathedral, it appears extremely gloo-

my, the various objects being barely visible by the feeble light, which faintly gleams through the painted glass. This effect seems to be suitable to devotion, and calculated to keep in subordination the vain tendencies of the soul.

The eye soon becomes accustomed to the sombre shade, and traces out the beauties of Bandinelli's admirable basso relievos. On the screen of the high altar, constructed by Michael Angelo, the affecting group of JESUS CHRIST AND THE VIRGIN MARY, sculptured by that great master, seen in "the dim religious light," addresses our humbled tone of mind, and calls forth innumerable reveries on what we are, and what we may be. At one time, on visiting this magnificent Temple, we witnessed a scene of grandeur, which was extremely impressive. The lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, and the torrents poured upon the streaming glass. The sudden and vivid lights, like the rays of hope, that dart occasionally upon the heart through the gloom of sorrow, glanced upon the dripping creatures that were rushing in at every quarter, as if to implore the protection of Heaven, in this moment of terror.

Santa Croce contains the ashes of Michael Angelo, Alfieri, Galileo, Machiaveli, and other illustrious dead. At all times we respect the memory of such great men, but, on visiting their tombs, we could almost bend the knee. Alfieri's monument

is by Canova, but, with all its beauty, is not successful. The female figure leaning over the sarcophagus, with the portrait of Alfieri, is by much too bulky; the head, however, is extremely fine, and would do honour to ancient sculpture.

The sarcophagus, on which is placed the bust of Michael Angelo, is raised above the eye; and at each end, and opposite the middle, is seen a female figure, representing Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture. Below the centre figure is the following inscription:

MICHAELI ANGELO BONAROTIO
E VETVSTA SIMONIORVM FAMILIA
SCVLPTORI PICTORI ET ARCHITECTO
FAMA OMNIBVS NOTISSIMO
LEONARDVS PATRVO AMANTISS. ET DE SE OPTIME MERITO
TRANSLATIS ROMA EJVS OSSIBVS ATQVE IN HOC TEMPLO MAIOR.
SVOR. SEPVLCRO CONDITIS COHORT ANTE SERINISS COSMO MED
MAGNO HETRVRIAE DVCE P. C. ANN. SAL CIↃIↃ. LXX.
VIXIT ANN. LXXXVIII. M. XI. D. XV.

On each side of the bust are three wreaths of olive, bay, and oak, together with his arms. The principal part of the monument, including these various objects, forms a square, above which is a small fresco picture of a Dead Christ and the Virgin, painted by Michael Angelo, exquisite both in colouring and design. These monuments form the principal attraction in the church of Santa Croce.

"In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is

Even in itself an immortality,
Though there were nothing save the past, and this,
The particle of those sublimities
Which have relaps'd to chaos."

The church of the Santissima Annunziata boasts of its peculiar sanctity, * beauty, and riches. In the small chapel, called the Capella del Socorso, within the church, the riches are prodigious. One splendid golden lamp, and thirty silver ones of great magnitude, hang round this little place of worship. The altar is composed of silver and precious stones; and there are besides twenty-five great silver candlesticks. From the appearance of the whole it may be said to be imbossed in riches, dazzling the eye with splendour. Can the worshippers of the Virgin suppose that she is to be captivated by the glare of worldly magnificence, or that her intercession may be gained by costly offerings?

In this beautiful church, which was a favourite of Michael Angelo's, there is an admirable statue of a DEAD CHRIST by Bandinelli; he seems to have just touched the line which distinguishes perfect

* I remarked in this church, notwithstanding its sanctity, a circumstance which appeared to me to be peculiarly indecent. While service was performing at one end, some people were sweeping it at the other, enveloping in a cloud of dust two or three poor creatures who were praying; one of them, indeed, while he was counting his beads, was requested to get out of the way of the broom!

nature from *ideal* beauty: the expression of the whole is dignified, even to the feet. On the other hand, the Christ in bronze by John of Bologna, in the same church, is too much marked in the detail. Strong *anatomical expression* does not seem to be suitable to the character of our Saviour, at least it should not be carried so far as to intrude upon the sentiment. The cloisters are filled with frescoes by Pucitti and others; but there is one by Andrea del Sarto, MADONNA DEL SACCO, in the form of half a circle, which is perfectly beautiful, and remarkable for delicacy of colouring. It is the same from which Morghen has made an exquisite engraving. The corridor, in front of the church, has likewise several admirable fresco paintings by the same master, who surprises us by the simple means which he has employed, never in any instance forsaking unaffected nature: on all his works is impressed a quiet elevated character, which is extremely pleasing.

Besides the innumerable fresco paintings in Florence, by painters whose names are unknown in England, the stucco walls of several of the houses are hatched with figures "al sgraffito," * of remarkable spirit and fine conception.

The Voti, or offerings presented to the churches

* By this term is meant the hatching of figures with brown colours, on plastered walls, in imitation of drawings hatched with a brush.

by bigotted individuals, are miserable daubings, and generally, I should suppose, painted by the persons who imagined themselves relieved by the interposition of the saint or saints, from their bodily diseases, accidents, or sufferings. To ascribe such benefits to inferior agents, and not directly to the Divine power, may appear modest, yet it does not suit our notions of the universal superintendence of God, and his parental regard for all his creatures, since not a sparrow falls to the ground without an act of his will.

In the time of Leopold, the cloister before the church La Santissima Annunziata was principally appropriated to the reception of these votive offerings, and they must have been considerable in number, and perhaps injurious to the mind, since he found it necessary to issue an order for their removal. They are, however, creeping in again; all which are now seen are of modern date, from 1795 to 1815, and generally represent accidents, such as falling down stairs, out of a boat, kicks from horses, a bone in the throat, carriages driving over women and children, inflammation in the throat, &c. Some of the best of them have been honoured with a place within the church, which, by the way, may be a delicate hint for the pious votaries to send better pictures.

The Monastery of the Church of St Mark's was suppressed by the French. In the refectory they

shew a painting in which St Dominicano appears at dinner with a number of monks: when they sat down they had nothing to eat, but on praying fervently, St Dominicano was served by angels, who came from heaven with laps full of *new-baked* rolls. It is but a poor picture; there are, however, the remains of better upon the injured walls.

Santo Spirito is the only church in which we heard a sermon preached, quite in the Presbyterian style, *without notes*. The congregation, however, consisted almost exclusively of women, children, and very old men. The pictures in Santo Spirito, by Cigoli and Fra. Bartolommeo, are not of the first order, but highly deserving of some examination. Cigoli never painted in vain.

Many of the churches in Florence have admirable organs; that of the church of St Gaetano is the best, and next to it is that in the Badia. The Abbe Cotte performs on the latter, and the former is played by a person of inferior talent; thus the power and expression of the finest instrument is lost by this unwise arrangement.

Soprano voices are not numerous. Signor Martini is at the head of all, and his notes and skill are truly divine. It has been calculated, however, that not above one in twelve of these artificial voices are found to succeed; *taste and judgment seldom accompany them.* The government have commanded, that females should henceforth take

the alto parts, after the present set of male sopranos has expired. For this arrangement, it is said, they are indebted to Napoleon.

The pulpits in many of the Italian churches are elegant, in particular those of the church of San Lorenzo. They are simple oblong squares of bronze without canopies, and enriched with scriptural subjects in basso relievo, supported on marble columns, and large enough to admit two clergymen.

The Chapel de Depositi, the work of Michael Angelo, surprised me greatly: indeed, I could hardly imagine that a mind which comprehended every thing that was great, should have produced a work so utterly unworthy of him. Broken and divided into trifling parts, it appears more like the performance of an unskilful architect. I speak of the interior. The fine heroic statue, by Michael Angelo, of LORENZO DE MEDICI, (in a warlike dress,) is placed within these walls. In attitude, Lorenzo sits resting on his left arm, his fingers touching his chin. The right arm being partly turned round, the back of the hand is placed upon the knee. His helmet projects considerably, and casts a shadow over the face, which greatly heightens the sublimity of the figure. He appears to be meditating, and a more interesting figure can hardly be imagined :—the mysterious expression and character, impressing the spectator with awe, are quite

original, and place Michael Angelo far above the sculptors of his time.

Upon a sarcophagus, containing the ashes of Lorenzo de Medici, and immediately below his statue, are two reclining figures, (male and female,) said to represent MORNING AND TWILIGHT. The head of the male is left unfinished, yet is full of expression; indeed, both figures are excellent, exhibiting such noble uninterrupted contours, as none but such a genius as that of Michael Angelo could have conceived. Upon a sarcophagus immediately opposite, under the statue of Giovano di Medici, are two other reclining figures, representing DAY AND NIGHT; the female statue abounds in grace, and the drapery takes the most pleasing folds ; with the exception of the lock of hair that falls upon the neck, the statue is completely finished, even to the highest gloss or polish, perhaps too much so, for the character of flesh, which even marble, as in some of the finest antique statues, should appear to represent. The head of the male figure looks over the right shoulder, but it appeared somewhat small, and perhaps placed rather too much to the left. Michael Angelo, after ascertaining general forms, seems to have finished as he advanced, and has occasionally preferred proceeding with the subordinate parts first. The back and shoulders of the last mentioned figure are remarkably fine, though rather broad for the proportion of the

figure; the head is left in the same state as that of the corresponding statue on the opposite side.

Were I to offer a criticism on these four statues of Morning, Noon, Twilight, and Night, I would venture to say, that they are not expressive of what they are intended to represent. I may likewise add, that, if we are to suppose the sarcophagi to contain the full size of the human form, the statues are out of all proportion too large, giving us the idea that the person entombed must be of a diminutive size; but, if they contain the ashes only, the objection does not hold. I could wish, however, they had less the character of supporters to the figures. There is likewise in the Chapel de Depositi a statue of the VIRGIN AND CHILD: the Virgin is left in a very rude state, but the Child is exquisitely done. Whether it proceeded from an inconstant disposition, or from any accidental circumstance, it is equally to be regretted, that this great man has left so many of his works unfinished.

Some of the statues in the cathedral and other churches are made of leather! From their appearance, I should not have discovered this, had not one of them been considerably injured. The material *for effect* seems to answer very well; and it would not be easy to discover, that these *saints*, like some of their predecessors in our Saviour's time, were *wolves in sheep's clothing*.

Ghiberti's BRAZEN GATES at the baptistry of St John well deserve the praise so universally bestowed on them, and it is not surprising that Michael Angelo should have said, that they were worthy of being the gates of paradise. The adjustment of every part is most agreeable to the eye, the breadth of them bearing a greater proportion to the height than is generally adopted in doors. Each folding door contains five scriptural subjects executed in all the gradations of relief. In grouping, drawing, grace, and beauty, the figures are truly admirable; the perspective, too, is well sustained, the distant objects being done in flat, the nearer objects in mezzo, and those close upon the eye in alto relievo. The flat relief, even to the trees and buildings, is executed to admiration; the architrave and frame are quite in harmony with the general richness of the whole.

Among the principal features of Florence, the prison, which was the ancient Palazzo del Potesta, is a conspicuous object. The architecture is by Lappo, and highly characteristic of his style. On entering the court, one is struck with a certain air of chivalry and gloom united; the walls are covered with various coats of arms, and the projecting roof throws a melancholy shade over all, and awakening some suspicion of personal safety, leads the mind back to those times of turbulence, when not a citizen could be trusted. We were

led to a great room in the centre of the building, and were not long in that situation before we saw a squalid crowd of wretched beings through the grates, which looked into their miserable dens, despair glaring wildly in their unsettled eyes! The nakedness of these unfortunate creatures, and the filth and vermin of their loathsome abode, had better not be told. Five of them were lying dead in a small room; but, whether from the jail disease, or other causes, I could not learn. Humanity and charity, I fear, were far away; and I am tempted to ask if the statue of Justice, which the Florentines have placed upon a lofty column, be intended as emblematical, since it seems to imply that justice is out of reach.

The mad-house, which was formerly a monastery, contains at present about two hundred patients. Love and religion seem to have turned the heads of the greatest number; one imagines himself to be Cupid; another, God; and another, the Devil. The girls who are deranged from love, are generally from fourteen to fifteen years of age: one priest is confined for writing against the Grand Duke. The establishment has only one physician and a medical assistant, even when the number is considerably greater. Those in a state of great delirium are tied down naked in their beds with cotton bandages, which do not hurt them. Each individual may have a cell, and the

name of the deranged person is placed above the door: there is one melancholy instance, however, of a father and two sons being confined in the same apartment.

In Santa Maria Nuovella, the monks of the monastery make the best medicines in Florence; the establishment is very considerable, and the public is plentifully served at an easy rate. I must confess I had peculiar satisfaction in seeing the floors of several of the cells strewed with herbs for distillation, instead of being inhabited by stupid indolence.

The society of the BUONUOMINI DI SAN MARTINO, composed of twenty gentlemen, and which, in former days, was ever ready to relieve suffering delicacy in distress, has, in a great degree, permitted its philanthropy to become a shadow, which none but the veriest apparations of misery can grasp.

The society of the MISERICORDIA, however, which numbers 400 respectable inhabitants, including some of the principal nobility, are still in active service, attending the sick, and burying the dead, and permitting no circumstance to infringe upon their duty, however painful and revolting it may be. Even plagues have been no check to their benevolence. When we reflect that Leopold himself, who was a member of this institution, has carried wretchedness and death upon his shoulders, it is impossible to refuse respect and admiration to an establishment of such distinguished and condescending humanity.

LETTER XIII.

FLORENCE.

Academy delle Belle Arte.—Its Pictures, Casts, Drawings, &c.—Character of the Prize Pictures.—A more extensive Study of Nature recommended.—Rules of the Academy in regard to admission of Students, Prizes, &c.—Porcelain Manufactory. — Artists. — Bartolini, Benvenuti, &c. — Morghen the Engraver.—Canova's Venus, compared with the Venus of Cleomenes.

Leopold, following the enlightened views of the Medici family, turned his mind considerably towards the arts. Perceiving the consequence and respect which they acquired for Italy, and, indeed, every country where they have flourished, he patronized painting, drawing, modelling, architecture, engraving, and even Pietra Dura, or working in precious stones. The present government also, though, perhaps, too much inclined to encourage the Pietra Dura, has a considerable leaning towards the arts, which may be said to meet at present with very fair support in Florence.

The Academy delle Belle Arte is an honour to the country. It has not only produced artists of considerable merit in historical and scriptural composition, but likewise inspired a taste in various manufactures, and bids fair to be of farther and more extensive advantage to the country.

This institution has likewise a collection of early pictures, chiefly composed of those which belonged to the suppressed monasteries of Camaldoli, Vallombrosa, &c. Like the series at Bologna, and the Royal Gallery, it begins with Greek pictures; and here, too, the progress of improvement is but slow. Indeed, from the commencement to Philippo Lippi, there is no remarkable advance; with him drawing, especially of the feet and hands, and, I may add, composition and design, become very perceptible. Truth is successfully followed, and understood by Verochio Ghirlandajo, Lorenzo di Credi, and Perugino; and came at length to perfection in the hands of Raphael. The series, however, is still imperfect; and, indeed, unless better pictures of the various masters are exhibited together, it will be difficult to perceive the nice and delicate steps which the arts had made towards improvement. The collection of original Cartoons by Correggio, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Fra. Bartolommeo, Andrea del Sarto, and others, is extensive and superb; besides these, the academy has many admirable drawings and designs, by almost every ancient painter, as well as by the masters of the Academy. The casts from the antique are numerous and rare; and in addition to these are several Terra Cotta studies by Michael Angelo, especially his botze or first ideas of the figures representing Morning, Noon, Twilight, and Night. These are

extremely curious and interesting, and shew how faithfully he has kept to them in his sculptured figures in the Chapel de Depositi.

Besides these various means of improvement, the institution has a life academy, and a gallery containing the prize pictures, models, &c. of the modern artists and students of the Academy. Many of these are well designed, and display a considerable knowledge in drawing. The models, in particular, have many claims to praise.* The architecture and landscapes, however, seemed to rank but low. Many of the drawings in chalk are executed with the utmost neatness and finish, though as large as the statues from which they are copied. It may be doubted, however, whether the labour bestowed on these drawings might not be more profitably employed; and whether drawings of a smaller size might not be sufficient to give a correct idea of the originals, while, by enabling the student to obtain a greater variety, they would extend his knowledge of character and sentiment.

On looking over the various modern works in

* A basso relievo of the departure of Æneas by Salvador Bongiovanni, a *Sicilian* artist, might do honour to any age. For taste and purity of form, it has rarely been surpassed or equalled in modern times. The study of the ancient marbles does not appear to interfere with improvement in sculpture so much as in painting; at least, the overdoing of this study is not apparent.

the Academy, I found the same want of nature in all which I observed in the pictures in the academy of Parma or Bologna. They have too much of a *pretty showy* imitation of the antique, and there is in all a tiresome uniformity. This must arise from some defect in the mode of study. Indeed, I am still of opinion, that if an apartment for drawing and painting from nature, in a more general way than the mere naked figure, were introduced in addition to this, and the study of the antique, it might be of the first advantage. Why should colouring, drapery, grouping, and the various effects of light and shade, and reflected light from colour, &c. be omitted? These are all necessary, as well as the simple nude, and it is in these that the great defect of the modern Italian school seems to lie. There would be no danger of injuring, by this method, the taste of the *student of genius*. On the contrary, by an early discrimination of the beauties and defects of living objects in all their varieties and defects, (which might be pointed out to him,) combined with the study of the antique, he would be more in the road of the great painters of old, and have a fairer chance to obtain an immortal name. As far as a knowledge of art in sculpture or painting assists the study of nature, it is desirable; but if, by an unskilful direction, it produces nothing but a herd of imitators, it were better to begin the course again, and start from simple nature, advanc-

ing from one step of improvement to another; unless some means be taken to discover where the fault exists, and to correct it accordingly.

I could almost wish that the academy would establish an occasional change of pictures, instead of having the same collection constantly on exhibition. Pictures for instruction should not be allowed to pall upon the eye, or to produce in the students too strong a prepossession in their favour.

No young person is allowed to study in the academy without a good moral character. He must first present his petition to the president, who is always an artist of eminence, from whom it is handed to the committee, who determine the premiums, and if they approve, the applicant is held elected. Formerly the youth were provided with materials for study gratis, but the French introduced a change of system, and made a charge for them, which, I understand, is still continued, except to the poorest class. Improper behaviour forfeits the benefits of the institution; the time of attendance is indefinite. There is a gallery in which the works of the students are exhibited for sale, except the premium pictures, which must always remain in the academy.

When the youth contend for the prizes, they are first asked by the master if they propose to paint for the premium or principal prize. To this prize any native of Tuscany may aspire, but not unless he has been previously taught in

the Academy. The pictures are painted at home, that the judges may not know by whom they are done.

When the paintings or drawings for the prizes are finished, they are very properly (to prevent partiality) hung up on exhibition for three days, in order that the public may judge of their merit. The president, too, generally exhibits some of his works along with them, which serves, in some degree, to discover their defects. The highest prize at present does not exceed eight or ten guineas. The best of the unsuccessful pupils, that they may not be altogether disappointed, are encouraged by a medal.

There are two exhibitions in a year, instead of one as formerly. This was suggested by the French, who thought it better to divide the prizes, which were at one time of double the present value. Four young men are annually sent to Rome, where they generally remain for several years for the benefit of further study and encouragement; those, of course, are chosen from the most promising and able students. The expence is entirely defrayed by government.

On visiting the Porcellane, which is a celebrated manufacture of porcelain, belonging to the Marquis Ginori, I was immediately struck with the advantage of the Academy and the study of drawing, painting, and modelling, as referable to manufacture.

It was, indeed, extremely gratifying to find the arts so useful in supplying so many ingenious people of all ages with the means of living respectably, and of exciting a general taste, by the beautiful forms which they produced. The Marquis Ginori well deserves the approbation of his country, and it is pleasing to perceive how completely he has conquered feeling, in allowing his name to be annexed to the most insignificant production of his manufactory. The manufacture and sculpture in alabaster is likewise carried to a great extent, and many ornaments, vases, and figures, &c. are executed with spirit and truth. Bartolini, as a sculptor, is the Canova of Florence, and has produced some busts, particularly of British characters, that do him infinite honour. Santorilli, as a modeller and engraver of seals, is an artist of considerable merit; his best performances, however, are such as he produces from the antique, or celebrated modern works.

Benvenuti, the president of the academy, is at the head of history-painting, and may rank with our venerable West, though not so great an artist in original conception of his subjects, or in expressive execution. Fabre and other artists have considerable talent, but principally in the scriptural department. Portrait-painting is not so much a profession by itself as it is in Britain, nor does it seem to be so much encouraged. Benvenuti is the principal artist in

that interesting branch, but his pictures are not equal even to our second rate portraits in England. Miniature-painting is equally low; there is nothing to compare with our celebrated Thomson of Edinburgh.

Morghen may be said to be the first engraver in the world; his print of the LAST SUPPER gives him an immortal name. In the prosecution of that celebrated work, he had to encounter considerable difficulty from the ruinous state of the painting by Da Vinci; he did as much as could be done, however, from its poor remains, and had recourse to a good copy to assist him in the defective parts. This celebrated artist, in addition to his many excellent works, has it in contemplation to engrave the Notte (or Night piece) of Correggio,—a subject, in every respect, worthy of his genius. He is likewise desirous to make an engraving from our magnificent picture of Charles I. on horseback, by Vandyke. These, it must be confessed, are great undertakings for a man upwards of 65 years of age. His last work, I regret to say, is from a picture by Batoni, a master of little merit; and at present, his admirable talent is deplorably misemployed on a miserable copy after Leonardo da Vinci. Why he should make such a choice, especially with so many splendid pictures at his command, it is impossible to conjecture. He is apprehensive that his ardour

may be considerably damped in regard to the Notte and Charles I., from the difficulty of procuring good drawings of them. This celebrated man is liberal and communicative, and makes no secret of his art. When engraving, he sits close upon a window with his back to the light, with an inclined screen of tissue paper to reflect upon his work. He is a great admirer of the English school of engraving, especially of Woollett's works, many of which, with some of the best of the French school, cover the walls of his room. His establishment for printing, and the sale of his works, is very considerable; the British are his greatest purchasers; but it is to be regretted that he is so totally careless of his fame, as to offer the merest shadows of his plates for sale. The plates, both of the Last Supper and of the Transfiguration, should have been cut to pieces, long before they were brought to their present degraded state.

The VENUS OF CANOVA, in the Palazzo Pitti, combines most interesting modesty with grace and beauty. That great artist has, indeed, done honour to the fair sex in his delicate conception of their character. The Venus of Cleomenes, (De Medicis,) no doubt, has suggested much to Canova in this skilful production of his chisel, into which he has succeeded in infusing the general purity of his archetype. To heighten, if possible, the sentiment of modesty, Canova has brought

to his aid the addition of drapery. Still that virtue is not more delicately expressed, than in the simple and unaffected attitude of the Venus de Medicis; the departing from which, even in the slightest degree, would seem to injure her perfection. Although the Venus of Canova displays his consummate skill and knowledge of the female form, it must yield to its only companion, the Mistress of the World! *

---

* The statue of Venus de Medicis has been sadly mutilated. The head and arms have been broken off. It has likewise been greatly injured under the right breast and on the belly. The right thigh, and the foot and ancle, have been broken. The fingers and point of the great toe are entirely new. The restorations are admirably done, and produce no disagreeable effect on the statue.

LETTER XIV.

FLORENCE.

Description of the Pictures in the Palazzo Pitti, and likewise the Palaces Corsini, Gerini, Mozzi, Ricardi.—Palace of Marquis Amelio Puci, and Pandolphini.

THE Palazzo Pitti contains the most select collection of pictures in Florence; those taken by the French, sixty-three in number, being all restored. There are likewise some good statues, and the roofs of the various apartments are painted in fresco, by ancient artists of great celebrity; the *toute ensemble* presenting a splendid and princely spectacle. But how to convey to you any idea of the merits of the numerous pictures, I must own I am greatly puzzled. To name them all would be an endless task, and to select a few seems injustice to the rest. This method, nevertheless, I shall be obliged to adopt; and perhaps it may be my best plan to give you my notes as I made them on the spot, beginning with the first, and advancing through the suite of rooms, and leave you to follow me or not, as you please.

First Room.

SALVATOR ROSA.

It is refreshing to see a pleasing landscape, after

the monotonous and fatiguing collection of scriptural subjects. We are here presented with a painting by Salvator Rosa, which is one of the finest pictures that I have seen by his hand. The composition consists of BUILDINGS AND SHIPPING, much in the style of Claude. It wants, however, that natural character, which always gives a charm to the works of that inimitable master. Salvator is never without manner, but, in this picture, it is less offensive, and the colouring, which is light, accompanied with harmonious tones of grey, is natural and pleasing. Its companion by the same master, at the opposite end, can only be called a splendid wreck.

RUBENS.

A LANDSCAPE in a grand style: the great leading line of the picture runs from the left corner at the bottom, nearly to the right corner at the top, and is pleasingly relieved by a flat horizon. Accidental lights appear to travel up the face of a lofty mountain, touching various divisions, wood and buildings; the fore-ground in shadow, gives ample relief to all. The general tone of colouring is grey, and natural, without any positive darkness, the richness of colour on the figures near the eye, being sufficient for the purpose of removing the various objects to their proper distance. The whole is admirably diversified with various inci-

dent; and the buildings, though not so well drawn as those of Poussin or Claude, are, nevertheless, well conceived and freely pencilled. Its companion is a pastoral subject, fresh, natural, and in the most fascinating harmony, evidently representing a SCENE IN HOLLAND, surprising us by the effect which may be produced, with skilful management, out of a few fields and scraggy trees. The figures carrying turnips in the fore-grounds are not only admirably painted, but introduced for a special purpose, as will soon be discovered by those who know the value of a brilliant touch of light. The shadows of both of these pictures are warmer than the colour laid upon them: of the latter there is an engraving by Bolswert.

SALVATOR ROSA.

His BATTLE PIECE is expressive of turbulence, violence, mystery, and incident; yet a little spotty, from the circumstance of the principal white horse not being well connected with the other illuminated figures. The Battle piece by Rubens, in the Salle de Niobe, is much superior from its leading the mind completely into the field.

TITIAN.

Titian is the prince of portrait-painters! Never was a more lovely, innocent, feminine expression painted, than his PORTRAIT OF A LADY. It is nature

without caprice, captivating every heart that is susceptible of the charm of modesty.

REMBRANDT.

PORTRAIT OF AN AGED MAN. I have often seen pictures of masterly execution, but this outstrips them all! Such a piece of feeling! no softening, or finishing; the truest tones of colour *are laid* together; and evidently done at once, with an eye conversant with the purity of the palette. The pencilling is rich, full, and translucent, shewing, as it were, an internal light in the picture, which beams upon the admiring spectator. When the painting has been advanced a certain length, Rembrandt seems to have retired a step or two, and with a few broad touches, combined the insulated parts and inharmonious tones, shewing the most sovereign power over his pencil and materials.

Second Room.

Called P. Cartona, from the pictures on the roof, painted by that master.

TITIAN.

Half length portrait of CARDINAL HIPPOLITO: matchless in dignity! the terms in painting and the nomenclature of colouring are so imperfect, that it is impossible to give any idea of this superb production of the pencil. The Cardinal appears of

the family of the mighty. He is represented in a military dress of brown; on his head is a turban-looking cap, one hand is laid on the hilt of his sword, the other rests upon his staff; the noble and manly expression of his countenance making a lasting impression on the mind.

Portrait of PAUL THE THIRD, by Titian; an exquisite picture of an Old Man in a crimson dress; he looks serious, and commands respect.

CIGOLI.

A DESCENT FROM THE CROSS; a wonderful picture in composition, splendid colouring, and grandeur of style. This is by much the finest picture of the master in Florence: it would do honour to the pencil of Raphael or Correggio, and, indeed, surpasses many of their works. It leaves upon the mind a solemn and impressive effect, as if the moral world had received a shock by the awful event which it represents. The SAINT FRANCIS by the same master is true to nature. In colouring, Cigoli surrounds his brown and rich colours with blue and greyish tones, which always have a good effect.

Third Room.

RAPHAEL.

The famous picture MADONNA DELLA SIGGIOLA, to which persons of all nations bend their knee,

graces the wall of this apartment. It is a mellow picture, but somewhat dusky and brown. I know not how it happens to have charmed the world so much; there are better pictures by Raphael, in Florence, even in the Palazzo Pitti. The Infant Christ appears a fine chubby looking child, but the legs are certainly too bulky for his size, and would better suit an infant Hercules.

FRA. BARTOLOMMEO.

His picture of SAINT MARK is strikingly grand, and at first sight might be taken for a work of Michael Angelo's. It may appear ridiculous, but I have often fancied what kind of voice such tremendous figures might have; I never could suppose it to be but rough, gruff, hoarse, and unpleasing.

The HOLY FAMILY by JULIO ROMANO shines among the shining; and none of the other masters shew more beautiful drawing, composition, or expression.

The paintings by ANDREA DEL SARTO are always well drawn and coloured, but occasionally, especially when he introduces many figures, their grouping is imperfect; and sometimes there is a want of aërial perspective.

RUBENS' GROUPE OF HIS PARENTS AND FAMILY.

Few pictures excel this excellent family piece. It

is luminous and fresh as the day; every difficulty in combination is happily overcome; no unpleasing division appears; and the pencil wanders in all the mazes of intricacy with captivating freedom! What a delightful art portrait-painting seems to be in such creating hands! By them the evanescent glances of character are immediately caught, and rendered permanent.

The celebrated portrait of CARDINAL BENTIVOGLIO, by the pencil of VANDYKE, said to be one of the finest by the master, well deserves a place among the first works in that department; the subject is dignified and imposing effect.

CARLO DOLCI.

ST PETER: This picture of the saint is as large as life, and the colouring of the flesh is clear and natural, but the drapery, which is painted with pure ultra-marine, appears a little glaring. Colouring, how beautiful soever it may be in itself, is always faulty, unless it be accompanied with character and expression.

CHRISTOFANO ALLORI.

Judith with the head of Holofernes, admirably painted; but Judith looks very stupid and haughty, holding the head with the utmost indifference; the old lady behind her with her head wrapped up in

flannel had better have been represented at a spinning wheel.

Fourth Room.

CLEOPATRA, by Guido, beautiful, clear, and light in colouring, but perhaps rather too white and chalky for nature. This often occurs in the pictures by Guido; the silvery style is very pleasing, but the excess of it is perhaps as offensive as sombre darkness.

MORONI.

Portrait of the NURSE OF LORENZO DE MEDICI, a strong hale-looking woman, somewhat like a lady in appearance, extremely well painted, rich and natural, more like the style of Titian than Moroni's usual manner. Moroni deservedly stands high, and this picture does him ample justice.

TITIAN.

A HOLY FAMILY REPOSING, painted in his usual broad, full-toned, and magnificent style. No one can pass this picture without confessing that the Venetian manner of colouring is well adapted to scriptural subjects. It hangs among the works of Raphael, Caracci, Julio Romano, &c.; and its mellow quiet character interests the mind, while the strong or direct colouring of the Italian school occasionally attracts the eye, and interferes with

the sentiment. The pictures by Paul Veronese likewise maintain their place, and the style and colouring deserve to rank in the highest department of art.

Rubens.

A Holy Family. This picture seems to be a collection of portraits; florid and ruddy health appears in all. St John is a beautiful little cherub with curly locks. The fault of this picture is, that familiar nature is too perceptible, and this leads me to say, that likenesses of individual persons, or children, never appear adapted for such a subject; as a compliment to a worthy family, it may be very well, but a higher view of nature is absolutely necessary for any reference to Scripture.

Fifth Room.

Carlo Dolci.

A small picture of a Holy Family reposing; St John is asleep, Joseph reclines reading a book; delicacy of pencilling can go no farther, but the picture is spotty to a great degree; every figure is a picture by itself, contributing nothing to the general effect; even a piece of white linen, which is held up by the Virgin Mary, is forced upon the eye, showing neither good taste nor good design. Carlo Dolci, with a few exceptions, has failed when he attempted more than a single head or figure; this I have often had occasion to remark. It is indeed

to be regretted, that beautiful painting in his hands appears incapable of exciting interest in composition; his means are too scanty, and his whole machinery too perceptible for the poetry of painting.

Raphael.

The Virgin upon the Throne, a picture of great size, and containing many figures; powerful in effect, and one of his finest paintings. The pictures in England by this immortal master give no idea of the splendour of his works, his texture and surface, or fulness of pencil.

Sebastian del Piombo.

The Martyrdom of St Agatha, from a design by Michael Angelo. This picture, light and rich, is very different from his usual style of colouring, which is dark, solemn, and impressive. The subject, however, is extremely disagreeable; we can have no pleasure in looking at a couple of brutes tearing off the breasts of a beautiful female with irons. How Michael Angelo, and Sebastian del Piombo, could employ their splendid talents on such a subject, (if this was really their conjoint work,) appears unaccountable. I would rather they had been engaged together in detailing, like Dante, the sufferings of the infernal dominions, which might, at least, have had a good moral effect.

JULIO ROMANO.

His DANCE OF THE MUSES is full of spirit and taste, and the drawing exquisite; the figures, perhaps, may appear a little hard against the *gilded* background, which, from its shining appearance, gives a dead greyish tone to the flesh. The names of the muses are marked under each figure.

Large Room.

GEORGIONI.

A picture of great merit, consisting of the portraits of JOHN CALVIN, MARTIN LUTHER, AND HIS WIFE. Luther is represented playing on a harpsichord, and Calvin has a mandoline in his hand. In their countenances there is nothing very expressive or remarkable; certainly not indicating that they were the great reformers.

TITIAN.

A HEAD OF OUR SAVIOUR, in the grand style. Rays of light emanate from the head, and the countenance, though manly, is extremely mild. His dark hair hangs straight upon blue drapery, which covers a vestment of red.

BASSAN.

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN. A good picture, without his usual vulgarity; the best, indeed, I have seen of

this master. Occasionally Bassan's colouring is very fine, translucent, and rich, and this picture would do honour to a greater name. His works are numerous every where on the Continent; he painted with a rapid pencil, and does not seem to have given himself much trouble in composition. Similar attitudes appear in many of his works; there is no mistaking them; a good broad back presents itself to the spectator, united with a certain Dutch character, in most of his pictures. He thought, however, for himself, and, notwithstanding his mannerism and sameness, he well deserves a name.

There are many other admirable pictures in this great room by Titian, Cigoli, Perugino, Guido, Caracci, Caravaggio, Luine, Holbein, &c.

Small Room adjoining the large one.

RAPHAEL.

Portrait of LEO X.; a very surprising picture. We can only think of the real personage. The fulness of dignity and lofty character expressed in this celebrated picture, conveys the idea that Leo was formed for great undertakings. Two secretaries appear behind him, and for a time we almost imagine ourselves in his presence. No painter, not even Titian, has surpassed Raphael in his finest portraits; and this picture of Leo X. is, perhaps, one of the finest in the world.

Titian.

A Venus with flowing Hair, a half length picture. Titian has had some singular fancy regarding the beauty of hair, and in this painting it would seem he imagined he could not give enough. It is of a reddish tone between the flaxen and carrot, and would descend down to the heels, were it not held in the hand, which is covered with it. In painting and colouring the picture is inimitable, but why Titian should have given his mind principally to the hair, I own I am at a loss to conceive. Neither the neck, breast, arms, nor hands, are visible. Yet, who shall say it is not a captivating picture?

Julio Romano's copy of Julius II. is heavy, and without the clearness of the original; this seems surprising from so great a master.

M. Angelo.

The Fates.—One of the three pictures in oil, said to be painted by his immortal hand. It is a clever sketchy performance, and very different in pencilling from his Holy Family in the Tribune; so different, indeed, that I should almost doubt whether it is really a production of his pencil. The Fates are represented as mere skin and bone, with a sort of fiendish expression, extremely revolting.

Raphael.

The Madonna della Impagnata is considered one of his chef d'œuvres, especially in richness of colouring; the drawing, too, is almost faultless. In composition there is nothing wanting; but in expression it may not be equal to many others of Raphael's works;—take it all in all, we shall seldom look upon its like again.

Domenichino.

A half length, perfect in colouring and pencilling, especially the flesh. The whole tone of the picture is most agreeable, the grey hues in the back-ground harmonizing with the rich colours, and producing a bewitching splendour.

In these notes I have mentioned only a few of the leading pictures in the Palazzo Pitti. Many others, highly deserving of particular notice, are omitted, but such as I have described may, perhaps, enable you to judge of this magnificent collection. They are invariably hung in gorgeous frames on dark green and crimson velvet grounds; and here I may remark, that the olive and yellow grounds are better adapted for landscapes and light pictures, but especially drawings; a salmon colour likewise is favourable to landscape painting.

The gardens of the palace are laid out in regular walks, partly on the slope of a hill or hanging ground. Numerous statues grace the various ave-

nues and verdant lanes, and cool refreshing fountains invite the eye to dwell upon their silver lines.

The cypress trees and shrubbery beautifully combine with the various delightful views of Florence; and if there is a paradise on earth, it is certainly there. The public are not permitted to walk in these gardens, except on Sundays and Thursdays, when they are generally filled with gay and fashionable people. The finest views are from the Belvidere, but especially near the palace itself, where the various objects are at no great distance from the eye; and part of the Palazzo Pitti appears in the striking scene.

In the CORSINI PALACE the pictures are but second rate, except a FEMALE HEAD, crowned with a wreath of leaves, by Carlo Dolci. The dress is blue with golden stars. In finishing it has all the characteristic expression of the master. The SEBASTIAN and a HEAD OF OUR SAVIOUR, said to be the productions of his pencil, are by no means in good taste. The latter may be an original, but the former I suspect is by an inferior hand. Carlo Dolci, however, as well as other celebrated masters, could sometimes paint very indifferent pictures.

A picture of the DEATH OF PRIAM, by Benvenuti, president of the academy, and one of his best works, hangs in the Corsini Palace. In design and drawing it is not inferior to English art, but in all other respects it is greatly defective. It

does not delude the mind into the real story, so as to make us forget pretty colouring, and accuracy, and care, and all the train of attributes, which are trifling when compared with that commanding energy of expression, which seizes on the mind, and transports us as parties into the awful scene.

The GERINI PALACE is full of pictures, very few of which are fine, and these few are likely to disappear very soon; the proprietor being very desirous to dispose of them. The best are as follows: A ST SEBASTIAN by Guercino; the figure is too young for a saint or hero of exalted sentiment: A VIRGIN AND CHILD by Vandyke, exquisitely coloured, and forcibly pencilled: A small picture by Raphael, of an INFANT CHRIST, natural and beautiful: A ST SEBASTIAN by Guido, very little colour, excellent in drawing and anatomical expression; quite in his silvery style, but by no means a first rate picture: A sketch by Rubens of the ASCENSION, freely painted, but mannered to a great degree: THE MARTYRDOM OF ST ANDREW by Carlo Dolci; the head of the saint is finely painted, but it is common nature: A HOLY FAMILY by Fra. Bartolommeo; broad style, but bad drawing: An ANNUNCIATION by Paul Veronese, masterly in pencilling, and admirable in colouring: A HOLY FAMILY by Guido; Joseph holds the Infant Christ

with great feeling, and seeming fatherly attention; there is a corresponding expression of pleasure in the face of the child, which is natural and captivating: A LANDSCAPE by Salvator Rosa; very good, and uncommon in composition. Some BATTLES; Borgonone's are free, but not first rate: A few Landscapes by Both (if they are Both's) are tawney and bad: Innumerable pictures composed from the various ruins of Rome, all indifferent; triumphal arches, temples, and sarcophagi, are strangely jumbled together, without taste.

The MOZZI PALACE can boast of a few good pictures, particularly a Carlo Dolci, finer than that in the Gerini Palace, and, of its kind, perhaps one of the best in Florence. The subject is the ADORATION OF THE MAGI. A fine ideal expression of beauty pervades the figure and attitude of the Virgin and Child. The head of Joseph is exquisitely painted, and likewise the figure presenting the gift to the Infant Christ. From the Magi appearing immediately on the fore-ground, the Virgin seems rather small, and the swarthy figure too large. The hands, generally, are indifferently done, and the picture wants effect. Carlo Dolci's usual spottiness, when he introduces more than one or two figures, is very perceptible in this painting, and extremely unpleasing; yet it cannot be an indifferent work of art that can boast of exquisite finishing, nature, and expression.

The MOUNT OF OLIVES, by Guido, is beautifully painted. Guido is fond of yellow and orange back-grounds; they are certainly calculated to heighten silvery effect, and the clear reflected lights, to which he seemed so partial. A BOY'S HEAD, by Correggio, is quite a little gem of nature. A HEAD, by M. Angelo, in fresco, very grand; the crispness of touch and play of pencil is very pleasing. It is a delightful mode of painting that does not allow the fire of genius to be extinguished, but excites an additional glow by the ready means which it affords for expressing every change of thought.

The SAINT LUCIA, by Guercino, is a captivating little picture; delicacy, beauty, and finishing, prevail in every part; the hands especially are exquisite: Guercino's taste is always pure. The pictures by Borgonone in this palace are very sketchy; but, what sketches! few men have had a freer pencil, uniting truth with spirit. In his BATTLES OF RADICOFANI AND PERUGIA, the back-grounds are merely scumbled over the priming in the slightest manner, the priming itself occasionally answering for the shadows.

There are several paintings by Salvator Rosa, but they are all slight and careless. In his shipping he has introduced ropes in situations that never could exist.

Most of the ancient masters have painted portraits. An admirable portrait by Paul Veronese, fi-

nished in a fine general, yet very careful manner, will not fail to attract the eye. It would seem that those illustrious men were fully aware of the great advantage of painting faithfully from nature, uniting her varied character with the noble conceptions of their own minds.

Zuccherelli's STORM, with MACBETH AND THE WITCHES, engraved by Woollett, is in this palace; it is a slight clever picture, but certainly with no pretensions to the praise of well studied nature.

Benvenuti's picture of the SAXONS SWEARING FIDELITY TO NAPOLEON BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON is one of his best paintings. Napoleon is represented in his grey frock coat, and the principal light falls on him and a group of officers behind. Napoleon is on the right, the Saxons on the left. The principal figure next to Bonaparte is an aged man, who is offering his oath of allegiance. The picture, considering the materials, is very well composed. A collection of figures, in modern military uniform, have seldom a good effect. Even in this painting, they are unpleasing from the tightness of every part of the dress; they appear stuffed, and seem to have no joints. Benvenuti's taste for architecture is always good and applicable to his subject. In the Palazzo Mozzi we were much amused by the Custodi's giving the title of Monsieur to Michael Angelo and Raphael.

The RICARDI PALACE is by much the finest building in Florence. The noble projecting cornice at the top has a very grand effect. Within, however, there is a melancholy gloom, which immediately throws a damp over the mind. The chapel, in the interior of the palace, is dark and dismal to the last degree; without a torch, it would be impossible to see the walls. When the light was brought, we perceived saints in glass coffins, relics of various descriptions, sculls, and other emblems of superstition. By the light of a taper, fixed to a rod, we examined the fresco paintings by Benozzo Gozzoli, representing the VISIT OF THE MAGI. They are very ancient, and, notwithstanding the formality of many of the figures, and the want of nature in back-grounds, they have considerable merit. The figures are like nothing of the present day, yet they seem to be copied wholly from nature. The variety is endless and amusing, offering much to admire, and little to condemn.

The roof of the gallery is painted by LUCA GIORDANO, and represents the COURSE OF HUMAN LIFE. His light sketchy style is well adapted to this department of art, the occasional errors in his drawing being less offensive than in his paintings in oil.

The marbles in the Ricardi Palace are, in general, but indifferent. A few, however, are good, particularly two basso relievos in small square

frames. The two DANCING FIGURES may be Greek workmanship, but certainly not of the highest kind. The basso relievo of the CENTAUR is the best.

The palace of the Marquis Amelio Puci has no pictures of any merit. We were much pleased, however, with the furnishing of several of the apartments;—one of them I shall attempt to describe. The body of the room was a pale light green, the borders, ornaments, and pannels white, with beautiful basso relievos in the centre of the squares. The roof was also green, enriched with ornament in white, corresponding with that of the walls. The doors, each composed of one solid piece of wood, quite plain, without pannels, simply gilded round the edge, were of a light brownish yellow; the shutters of the same colour. The window curtains, of dark green satin, were lined with the purest white silk, with a deep rich fringe. The chairs were of a delicate pale grey, with white and green silk bottoms. There was something so chaste in the appearance of the whole, that I could not resist taking a note of it; several other apartments were fitted up with taste. The doors, particularly, looked remarkably well. Strange to say, the entrance to this beautiful suite of rooms was most offensively mean and dirty. The curtains to the windows were of common cloth,

and the tables were of fir, and of the rudest workmanship. The Italian Palaces, in short, present a singular contrast of richness and apparent misery.

The architecture of the PANDOLPHINI PALACE is simple and grand. The projecting cornice of the roof, like that of the Ricardi, unites well with the belts and friezes. On viewing it from without, the entrance being composed of beautiful columns, springing up among evergreens and elegant plants, one expects to advance into an elegant dwelling. By the help of a piece of common rope, you ascend steps on which the dirt is never disturbed, and are surprised to find yourself in a filthy room, with wretched brick floors. With the exception of a cartoon of a colossal Cupid, the Palazzo Pandolphini contains nothing in the shape of art.

Wine is sold in almost all the palaces, not wholesale, but in single bottles. A small arched opening, not exceeding eighteen or twenty inches, just large enough to admit a flask, with a door and knocker, may be seen in the front of the building, generally near the principal entrance. Nothing can appear more ridiculous than the hand putting out the flask of wine, while a carriage is driving up in great state with princes and princesses. The wine is of various qualities, from a penny to fivepence a bottle,

containing nearly a quart. At present, the best wine is sold at the Corsini Palace.

Since I have spoken of a carriage with princes and princesses, I may inform you, that the fashionable drive is the Cascine. The nobility and gentry generally assemble at an early hour after dinner, and drive among the avenues, or halt in the space from whence the different walks commence. Here the ladies, with their Cavalieri Serventi, will flirt for hours, and a more stupid scene can hardly be imagined. This situation, however, affords strangers the best opportunity for seeing the Tuscan Fair; and I am much inclined to think they will be greatly disappointed, not only with their persons, but their voice and manners.

One of the most agreeable country drives near Florence is to the monastery called the Certosa, a few miles from town. For a short way we are confined between walls, which intercept the view; but we soon reach the open country, and are presented with varied ground and hills, beautifully covered with olives, vines, and innumerable picturesque and pleasing buildings. The monastery is built on a circular hill, and the building, which is extremely irregular, seems of various dates. This, however, is favourable to picturesque effect, and there are few subjects in Tuscany which a painter would sooner study. The great square with

in the monastery, is surrounded by a colonnade supporting the roof.

Each hermit had two or three small apartments to himself, besides a little plot of ground. Some of them were employed in turning, painting, or reading; some cultivated their gardens; while others would mope in gloomy melancholy. When they met each other, they seldom spoke, silence being a virtue of the order of St Bruno. Their food was put upon shelves, which turned upon a swivel, in a small wicket, on the outside of the wall, near the door of their apartment, forming something like a cupboard within. The serving monk, by pressing the wicket, brought round the shelves; on which the various viands were no sooner placed, than the hungry hermit was ready to remove them. One of their principal amusements after meals was to feed about two hundred cats, which came mewing and squalling under the windows of the monastery from the woods below: so much do our social feelings require some objects for their exercise, that, in the absence of human society, they impel us to a kind of intimacy even with the inferior creation. The rooms were cleaned when the hermits went to prayers.

This was one of the monastic establishments suppressed by Napoleon; but the present government is to permit its restoration. The cells

and rooms are repairing, and on the 6th of November, the Festival of St Bruno, twenty-six of the order (which never consisted of more than forty) are to re-enter with all their characteristic state and silence.

In the small chapel I perceived mock candles upon the altar, but no good pictures on the walls. The CRUCIFIXION, by Mariotti, is but indifferent; nothing can appear more ridiculous than the angel holding two cups to catch the blood from the hands and side of our Saviour. The frescoes by Pucetti have greater merit. He has succeeded well in his picture of THE DEATH OF SAN BRUNO, which happily unites ideal beauty with identity in many of the portraits of the monks. In the cloisters there is some good painted glass, from designs after Raphael; this was hid when the French suppressed the monastery. The mahogany seats are also designed by his universal genius.

Fiesole is the favourite drive, both with the Florentine and the stranger; but the road is so narrow, that if two carriages happen to meet, it is possible they may not have room to pass. I have met with several instances of this, which have occasioned great delay, and some danger of unpleasant accidents. But all our risks have been rewarded by the exquisite views which the hill of Fiesole presents. "One vast world of wonder spreads

around, and all the poet's tales are truly told." The finest time to view this splendid scene is about twelve or one o'clock, before the sun gets round to destroy the breadth of effect. The antiquarian will have a feast at Fiesole;—Cyclopian walls of huge uncemented blocks, not parallel, but composed of stones of different sizes, and some of them indented into each other;—an amphitheatre, and foundations of noble buildings. The man of feeling, too, will be pleased to see the clusters of the vine suspended over the dark portals, where gladiators and wild beasts have entered for destruction.

Bello S'guardo, and the Villa Strozze, offer the finest scenes imaginable, and S. Miniato al Monte gives the noblest view of Florence.

LETTER XV.

FLORENCE.

Visit to the three Sanctuaries, Vallombrosa, Camaldoli, and La Verna.—Reflections on Monastic Institutions.

On our excursion to the three celebrated sanctuaries, we followed the Arno's "shelvy sides;" and a little beyond Pelago, we struck off for the mountainous regions in which Vallombrosa, Camaldoli, and La Verna are seated, among all the attributes of the sublime and romantic scenery.

Vallombrosa, though not exactly agreeing with Milton's description,* has still that lofty character which bids the imagination be free and uncontrolled, and has suggested a delicious paradise to the divine poet.

But, although Milton's description of paradise be not strictly referable to Vallombrosa, which served him as a study, but of which he never intended to make an accurate delineation, yet it bears a nearer resemblance to it, both in general character and in detail, than the verses of Pope,† quoted by Eustace, as being the best poetical description of that famed retreat. There is nothing in

* Parad. Lost, Book 4. line 131—143.

† Eloisa.

the lines of Milton so unlike the original, as "the lakes that quiver to the curling breeze," not even the "cedar and pine, and fir, and branching *palm*." *Lakes* there are none, and *palms* there are none; but I can more easily conceive a palm than a lake among the sylvan scenes of Vallombrosa. Then, again, the winding streams that *shine* between the *hills*, though they glitter very prettily in the poet's page, have no reference to the deep ravines, hiding the fretful brooks in gloomy shade. In short, our imaginations were so raised by the various descriptions of Vallombrosa, both in verse and prose, that we felt a little disappointed with the general view of the place itself.

The poet and the painter, in their descriptions, seem to view natural scenery in a different manner. Both, however, must be charmed with the magnificence and splendour of the wooded mountains of Vallombrosa; both must be struck with the beauty of the chesnut, and the gloom of the sable pine. They may likewise be equally charmed with the various effects and local features of the place; a similar sentiment may impress the mind of both. But the poet, in his description, selects from detached parts which may not be seen together, combining them so as to give what he conceives to be a general idea of the whole. The painter, on the other hand, though he may also select, must make his representation a faithful portrait, strictly re-

ferable to his subject. He, therefore, is more particular in his examination of the component parts, in order to judge whether they may be favourable for picture; whether, in short, the details, and the great characteristic features, are in unison with each other. In this respect, the painter may not be altogether satisfied with the general appearance of Vallombrosa. The uniform curved lines of the hills, the formal building, the regular pavement, are all against the sentiment inspired by the poet, or the florid describer, and certainly not compatible with the ideal beauty in the painter's mind; yet the latter, in his representation or portrait of the scene, has to contend with these, and I doubt whether there be any point of view in which the sanctuary, with the "darksome pines that o'er its rocks recline," can be taken so as to answer the expectations excited by the poet. But what painter, on seeing Vallombrosa, would not confess that *parts* of the scenery are fully equal to the finest description whatever, and that he could select such as might enable him to produce a composition which would be striking and sublime? But would it be Vallombrosa? yet it is by similar means that the poet makes his beguiling pictures.

The suppression of this famous monastery has certainly not improved the morals of the inhabitants in its vicinity. Without employment, they have generally become a wretched set of mendicants, teasing the traveller beyond endurance; even the monastery was no sanctuary to us from their persevering and harassing persecution. * Vallombrosa in such a wretched state! it was absolutely painful to behold it.

One small room, containing a miserable bed, two chairs, and a table of rude construction, was the only part inhabited in the vast and extensive buildings. In the ancient kitchen, three or four men, like as many robbers, were sitting round the fire. Deplorable, however, as the place appeared, we determined to pass the night there, and having brought some provisions with us, we had a rousing fire kindled in the small apartment, and the crackling flames resounded through the range of empty galleries. In the morning, we viewed the interior of the deserted building, and in the room which was the library, we found the shelves still remaining, with labels describing the literature which each had formerly contained. A fresco picture or two, and some remains of ornament, still further heightened the appearance of desolation.

The hermitage, called the Paradisino, appeared as if it would shortly be a ruin; and from the wretched condition of the whole establishment, we

* Since writing the above, I have learned that several of the monks have returned, and that the monastery, in course of time, is likely to be on its former footing.

can hardly believe that the majestic organ, or the voices of the choir, will again sound, where

> " Black melancholy sits, and round her throws
> " A death-like silence, and a dread repose."

Our way to the Sanctuary of Camaldoli lay over mountains, through woods and valleys; but we often looked back on the foliaged hills and banks of Vallombrosa, and the smooth and pastoral downs above the woods.

The noble ruins of Romena, chief of Val d' Arno Inferiore, courted our admiration, and we were also delighted with the distant towns and winding waters. Entering the Vale of Prato Vecchio, we were struck with its riches and varied verdure; and could not well believe that the glorious sun of Italy that threw his rays across the Apennines, into scenes of the most bewitching beauty, was shining upon the extremity of human misery.

In less than half a mile from Prato Vecchio, we began to ascend the barren mountains leading to Camaldoli. For a considerable way many of the hills were water-worn and channelled, suggesting the idea of their being *skinned*, the bones and muscles being exposed to view. No trees clothed the savage banks, and in many places not a blade of grass. Such a scene of varied desolation is seldom to be met with, even in the Apennines.

Many huge logs of pine from 80 to upwards of 120 feet in length, lay across the rugged road. Camaldoli at last appeared—a paradise in a desert! Lofty banks covered with wood rose on each side of the monastery, a building of various ages, extensive and picturesque; behind, enormous aged pines sprung up like columns supporting the hills above! On our arrival at the convent, which is of Benedictines, we were received by the prior, who presented us to the superior, a nobleman of courteous and engaging manners. The prior shortly after led us to his study, where we found a tolerable library. It contained some English books, among which was Buchan's Family Medicine, a work which, I understand, is in great repute in Italy.

When Napoleon held the imperial sceptre, this monastery was suppressed with that of Vallombrosa, its possessions sold, and every moveable of value carried off. But on his dethronement several of the monks returned, and, for a time, had many *meagre days*, till they could, as formerly, sell the pine for their support. The revenue which this yields, though not extensive, enables them to maintain about a hundred persons, who cut the wood, and convey it to the bottom of the mountains to be floated down the Arno to Leghorn. The expence and difficulty of transporting these prodigious logs, by the winding roads and rude bridges across ravines, is very great, thirty oxen not being able to drag a

single log above seventy or eighty yards a-day up some of the intricate and steep ascents.

The worthy prior conducted us in our walks to several delightful spots, and, had we not passed such sterile scenes, we could not possibly have supposed that a desert was so near. No uncultivated speck appears; the sides of the hills are clothed with luxuriant foliage, and their heights reserved for pasture;—shewing a uniform richness from below, and altogether offering a delightful assemblage of verdant lawn, rich wood, and sparkling waters.

About two miles above the monastery, among the rocks and pines, is seated the Sagro Eremo, a little town of hermits' cells, each consisting of three small rooms, constructed on the plan of the founder of the hermitage of St Romualdo. "Here," as a learned author observes, "the unfeeling saint established a rule which anticipates the pains of purgatory." *

The dismal wilderness of pine, and the moaning

* "No stranger can behold without emotion a number of noble, interesting young men, bound to stand erect, chaunting at choir for eight hours a-day; their faces pale, their heads shaved, their beards shaggy, their backs raw, their legs swollen, and their feet bare. With this horrible institute, the climate conspires in severity, and selects from society the best constitutions. The sickly novice is cut off in one or two winters, the rest are subject to dropsy, and few arrive at old age."—*Forsyth*, p. 88.

winds, the forsaken church and mansions, and the recollection of the appalling austerities of the monks, left a great impression of melancholy on our minds. Not a soul inhabits these gloomy regions except the forester, who at one time imagined he had seen the ghost of St Romualdo.*

We remained nearly two days with the hospitable monks below, and found our accommodation and entertainment excellent. The first was a meagre day, but on the second we had better fare, and several strangers who had come to purchase wood were present. The Padre Foresteraio,† and the Prior himself, were seated at the table; two or three hermits attended as domestics, and never allowed our glasses to be empty. Our entertainment on the meagre day consisted of macaroni dressed with cheese, eggs and mushrooms prepared in various ways, pancake, cauliflower, a dessert of grapes, figs, nuts, a sweet cordial, and coffee. We found in Italy a

* We asked this credulous person if the spirit had on the habit of the order, and on his replying in the affirmative, we puzzled him not a little by inquiring whether he thought it possible that there could be the *apparition of a flannel gown*; and whether he might not as well imagine the ghost of a tobacco-box, or a hat, or a pair of worsted stockings, which were all as well entitled to a soul as the Benedictine habit. In this point of view, even a white sheet, the usual accompaniment of ghosts, might be included.

† A person appointed to entertain strangers.

much greater variety of mushrooms than we had ever seen in our own country, and very superior in quality. Many of them grow in the woods, and are certainly of a very suspicious appearance, though we ate them with great relish, and without the slightest inconvenience. On the second day we had an omelet, skate, and fried soles, macaroni, mushrooms, (a favourite dish with the monks,) toasted bread rubbed with garlic, anchovies, vegetables, a dessert; and each dish was presented in succession.

The Prior and the Padre Foresteraio partook of very little themselves, being almost exclusively occupied in attending to their guests. The happy faces, the easy manners, and good living of the Camaldolese, incline me to believe that the discipline has relaxed since the days of St Romualdo. They strictly attended, however, to their prayers, and even in the middle of the night we were wakened by the convent bell.

On leaving these retreats, it is understood that a present should be left in money for the benefit of the poor, and this, of course, should be more than an equivalent for the expence of entertainment.

We descended the mountains, for the town of Bibiena, seated on a rising hill, and forming the most interesting feature in the plain below. From thence we travelled to the sanctuary of Franciscan Friars, founded by St Francis. The mountain

ways leading to it were similar to those which we had lately left; but La Verna itself is very different from Camaldoli in situation and character. Wild and savage nature reigns among the cliffs and pinnacles, hollows and ravines. The monastery, placed on fantastic rocks upon the most aspiring apennine, seems to command the world below. The sublime character of the scene itself, with the vast map of nature spread around, expanding the mind, and turning it to the contemplation of Almighty power, seems peculiarly adapted to the devotional purposes of those who have chosen it as their abode.

Removed as this sanctuary is from human habitation, we found it surrounded by a crowd of people who had come to attend a fair. A fair on the rocks from whence the devil hurled St Francis! where, too, the saint received from heaven *stigmata* corresponding to the five wounds of Christ.

This establishment was not suppressed by the French Emperor, although it had considerable possessions. The Franciscan monk is a favourite with the people. In the convent they were settling petty differences, soothing irritated passions, and recommending forgetfulness of grievances. In short, if we may believe all we hear, the lawyers are their only enemies. The superior received us with the utmost kindness, and though at the head of the *begging monks*, was as much of a gentleman as the head of the Camaldolese. He sat with us during

dinner, but only out of compliment; he tasted nothing, but recommended wine and good living for a journey. We are beggars, he said, and can offer you but little; that little, however, was an excellent dinner of stewed and fried beef, roasted pigeons, macaroni, omelet, and anchovies, good wine, and a dessert.

Reflecting on these monastic institutions, one cannot help regretting that so much heart and mind should be lost to the world by misguided piety. Immured within the solitary precincts of the cloister may be found talents and virtues, that might have adorned and improved society. Why should these be buried in monastic seclusion? Active employment is not more incumbent on us as members of society, than essential to our own individual happiness. It is the great law of our nature; and the mind, if not engaged in laudable and useful occupations, will either sink into hopeless languor, or seek relief in pernicious and degrading pursuits. Monastic institutions, in general, then, may be considered as injurious to society.

The order of Saint Bernard, however, is well entitled to respect and gratitude. Along with monastic duties, active usefulness is enjoined. The brethren are obliged daily to descend a league on either side of the mountain, attended by large sagacious dogs, kept for the purpose, in order to discover or aid such as have been overwhelmed by avalanches, or are exhausted by fatigue in passing

the alpine barrier. When arrived at the convent, every traveller, without distinction, may, on ringing a bell, receive as much soup and bread as is sufficient to recruit his strength, and prepare him for the remainder of his journey. Medical attendance is also provided gratis. Women are not admitted into the convents, implying that the absence of temptation is the best security of the virtue of these pious fathers; and it must be confessed, that, whatever we may think of their gallantry, their prudence at least is deserving of commendation. But how much more heroic and praiseworthy is he who stands the brunt of the warfare of life, and contends courageously with the enemy, instead of flying from the field? In every legitimate view, therefore, of human duties, it would seem, that it should be our endeavour to acquire, by discipline of the mind, those powers which fit us for fulfilling our duties, and for contributing to the general happiness and welfare of our fellow men.

LETTER XVI.

LEGHORN.

Road to Pisa.—Tower of San Miniato.—Pisa.—Road to Leghorn.—Remarks on Brilliancy of Colouring.—Leghorn.—Taste for Dancing.—Lazarettos.—Fate of Dr Smollet's Diploma.—Remarks on Cemeteries.

The country between Florence and Pisa, by Empoli and Portadera, is rich with vineyards and Indian corn. The Arno changes character with the varied ground, gliding, rippling, or murmuring. Our fancy, yielding to the shifting effects, sometimes skimmed with the shadows of the clouds along the vale to dusky woods, hills, and valleys, and entered the sparkling cottage, the castle, or the palace; sometimes it followed the illuminated sails upon the river, and threaded with them the intricacies of the scenery. In this delightful manner we reached the peaceful town of Pisa. But before I speak of it I must not forget the Tower of San Miniato, said to have been the property of the family of Napoleon before their settlement in Corsica. It stands upon a rising hill near the little town of Scalla, surrounded by some ruined walls which seem to have been intended for defence. Its lofty situation commands Val d'Arno, bounded by the Apennines,

beyond which we distinguished the peaks of the Madonna rising bright with snow. These mountains, formidable as they appear, were no defence to effeminate and voluptuous Italy, when opposed to the irruption of the hardy nations of the north, who were attracted by its rich luxuriance and its genial climate.

The Arno flows through Pisa, whose beautiful buildings are reflected in its tranquil bosom. The air, elastic and bland, is free from that overpowering heat which we occasionally felt in Florence; for the vicinity of Pisa to the sea gives it the advantage of cool refreshing breezes.

Though this town cannot boast of the magnificence of Florence, yet the Duomo, Baptistry, the Campo Santa, and the leaning Tower, form a cluster of noble and interesting objects; but simplicity is wanting in them all, especially in the Baptistry. Some projecting cornice or bold commanding line is required to keep in proper subordination the innumerable details which fritter and destroy its symmetry. The sculptured marble columns, brought by the Pisans from the Holy Land, and the brazen gates, are likewise faulty in that respect, though the workmanship of both is beautiful.

Many pictures of considerable merit, chiefly by Andrea del Sarto, Sodomo, and Perino del Vaga, grace the walls of the cathedral; of these the works of Sodomo rank highest, and confer an honour on

his name. His picture of the SACRIFICE OF ISAAC is delicately conceived, well drawn, and richly coloured.

The corridors round the ancient cemetery, called the Campo Santa, are filled with various Grecian and Roman sarcophagi, basso relievos, busts, vases, friezes, capitals, &c. many of which are extremely fine. The sarcophagi, especially, are superior to any that we have seen in Italy: and one vase, on which is exquisitely sculptured a Bacchanalian subject, was often studied by the immortal Raphael. Some modern sepulchral works are delicately finished, but a little too profusely ornamented. In the chapel of the cemetery we were shewn a picture by the famous Pisan, Junto, *before the time of Cimabue;* it is painted upon leather, and is a curious specimen of the infancy of art.

The frescoes in the Campo Santa, considering the early period in which they were painted, possess considerable merit. In the works of Benozzo Gozzoli we may trace a happy choice of nature, expressed with ease and taste. In those, too, of Buffalmaco, Giotto, Aritino, and Veneziano, several figures are drawn with an ease and freedom, which would not discredit a more refined period of art. The whole of these are now engraving by Lascino, professor of the Academy, and will certainly be a treat to you in Britain. In those

engravings you may discover many parts, which ancient and modern masters have not scrupled to pass for their own inventions.

In the Academy della Bella Arte we saw little to admire, either of ancient or modern art. The students were copying wretched prints; they would certainly have been better employed, had they been studying in the Campo Santa.

From Pisa to Leghorn the country still continues under corn and vine cultivation, the latter forming, as in Val d'Arno, the divisions of the fields. Part of the country, however, still requires improvement. Though the plain is monotonous, the lover of scenery may still discover something to admire. The peasantry and children, busily employed with the riches of the harvest, were seen in groupes tearing off the withered leaves from the Indian corn, while others were spreading the golden treasure upon the various thrashing floors before their cottages. The brilliancy of the maize subdued the other hues of nature, and suggested hints of splendid harmony, shewing that colour, when well arranged, is often more agreeable to the eye than when aërial tones prevail. The full and *gem-like* brilliancy of Italian landscape, in the autumnal season, must captivate the dullest eye.

Our road was bordered with festoons of vine, rich with clustering grapes. Under this voluptuous drapery the mendicants would take their sta-

tions; yet, strange to say! would leave the fruit untouched.

On arriving here, the contrast between Leghorn and tranquil Pisa was very striking. Every where is seen bustling and active trade: the streets are filled with Turks, Greeks, and Jews; and these, with their varied costumes, mingle in the jostling crowd of speculators; the clamorous, discordant sounds, and yelling cries, confounding our sense of hearing. Awnings project into the streets, with tables and seats for business or refreshment. In the evenings, the native fair accompany the men to coffee-houses, which are elegantly lighted, and from the street might be taken for assembly rooms. Art does not exist in Leghorn, save in the alabasters in the Via Grande, the enchained figures at the harbour, or the tombs of the Campo Santa.

The Theatre is elegant, and the acting tolerable. Opera dancing attracts the natives most, but I cannot say that their taste is pure. To them elegance has not such charms as meretricious action. Whirling on one leg at right angles with the body, and stopping suddenly on the toe, calls forth more applause than easy attitude or graceful motion.

I know not whether dancing can, to any degree, interest the mind, but surely it does not touch the finer feelings of the heart. To enjoy it, we must

be in health and spirits; but music, soft, entrancing music! sooths the hour of sadness, lightens the pressure of distress, and prepares the mind to encounter severer trials, or greater pain. Who that has heard your own "breathing flute" bring, as it were, the voice of angels from afar, and "dissolve the listener into ecstasies," can deny the magic power of music?

In the Lazarettos here every precaution is taken to prevent contagion, especially by touch. In the Parlatorio, those in quarantine may see their friends, or converse on business; but to prevent all contact, or any thing being transferred from one party to another, the room is divided in the middle, by a passage five or six feet wide, and in this division guards are always placed. Few situations are without their interest. In the Parlatorio may be seen a father, who may have been separated from his family many a tedious year, yet prevented from clasping his wife and children to his bosom; brothers kept aloof from their sisters, and lovers from each other.

Persons in quarantine must be extremely careful not to come in contact; otherwise the one party, however short his term of quarantine might have been, must remain till the release of the other, whatever may have been his destined period of confinement. We happened once to see an instance of the vigilance of the Guardiana: A person care-

lessly approached within an inch of a gentleman who had lately entered. Guarda! was called as loud as possible, and Jesu Maria! Sacro Christo! Diavolo! Bestia! ran over his wicked tongue as quick as lightning, to the terror and dismay of the poor offender. Money from persons in quarantine must be passed through water, and their letters are taken with tongs, and fumigated before delivery. Yet, notwithstanding all the precaution used, it is possible that disease may be communicated; and knowing the fatal effects of touch, I must confess I felt some apprehension, while near a person who had lately recovered from the plague, lest some little active insect might pounce from him upon me. Although a physician is appointed to the Lazaretto, an invalid has little chance of proper medical assistance. The doctor is not allowed to feel his pulse, unless he chuses to be confined till his patient obtain his freedom. While speaking of physicians, I may inform you, that a gentleman, on visiting a lady here the other day, saw, among some papers on her table, the diploma granted to Dr Smollet by the University of Aberdeen. Wishing to obtain the curious document, he waited on the lady a second time, but, upon inquiry, he discovered that she had cut it down for thread paper.

In the Campo Santa, or British burial ground, we saw the sepulchre of this celebrated character;

and surely, if we may estimate the respect or veneration paid to his memory by the innumerable names inscribed upon the marble, Tobias Smollet has had an ample share; not a single part is left uncovered by the various strangers who have visited this beautiful, yet melancholy field of tombs. Amongst these, we went to visit the grave which contained the remains of Francis Horner, the brightest ornament of our country. To this great man I could wish to pay my tribute of admiration and of grief. Let that tribute be a tear. The voice of private sorrow could scarcely be heard amidst the public lamentation; and on my part, it were, indeed, a vain and presumptuous attempt, to describe that high intellectual and moral excellence, which the eloquent of all parties have emulously eulogized, and which, while it shed unrivalled brilliance on his public career, illumined and gladdened his social and domestic circles.*

Comparing the various cemeteries, which we have seen abroad, with those of our own country, I cannot help regretting, that, in this improving age, our public burial grounds have been so much ne-

* The affectionate and unwearied attention, the sympathy and lingering hope, with which Mr Leonard Horner watched over his brother, not only excited the admiration of his countrymen who witnessed it, but deeply interested the feelings even of the Italians.

glected. These abodes of the dead may teach an important moral lesson to the living. A field seems thus to be left open, which taste may fairly occupy with advantage, and where it may heighten, direct, and purify the emotions which such scenes are fitted to inspire. At present, the prevailing sentiment which they excite is one almost of disgust. Wild weeds of the rankest growth incumber the graves, where they are allowed to rot, as if in emulation of the corruption which they cover. The pleasing and tender melancholy, which naturally breathes from such hallowed ground, is put to flight by the unsightly rubbish which obstructs the stranger's approach to the more conspicuous monuments, and thus consigns to premature oblivion those names which they can, at best, but a few short years record. Such is the state of the church-yards in most of our towns and cities. In the country they are still worse. There animals of every kind are sometimes allowed to feed upon the graves. I am not disposed to abridge the privileges of the clergyman: Let him be allowed, if he pleases, to cut his crop of hay annually from the sod. I wish him every good that the dead or the living can bestow, but I wish also, with pious reverence, that the bones of our forefathers be suffered to rest in peace. The burying grounds abroad, with few exceptions, are clean, elegant, and tasteful, the fit abode of the

dead, and pregnant with instruction to the living.* The deplorable state of ours seems to have arisen rather from want of thought, than from any intentional neglect: for where shall we find a people who reverence their ancestry more than the Scotch, or have a greater pride in recalling their memory? From this circumstance, I venture to hint at an improvement, which, if not adopted, cannot at least be taken amiss. The annexed plate may suggest some improvement, or it may serve to give an idea of the disposition of the tombs, and the decoration suited to the place. In populous and wealthy cities, the plan can easily be adopted, and to almost every situation will, in some degree, apply. The church-yard is supposed

---

* Even the Turkish burying grounds are more attended to than ours. They are generally places of favourite resort. The principal promenade in the evening for the inhabitants of Pera, (the chief appendage to Constantinople,) is a very extensive cemetery, which slopes to the harbour, and is planted with noble cypresses, (the funereal tree,) and thickly set in many places with Turkish tombs. The opulent Turks have their graves railed in, and often a building over them, in some of which lights are kept constantly burning. The inscription on the head stones is usually a sentence of the Coran inscribed in characters of gold, especially in the cemeteries about Constantinople. The Turks, too, like the Welsh, adorn the graves of their friends often by planting some flowers about or upon them, sometimes the myrtle, at other times the amaryllis.

to be surrounded, in part or in whole, with a lofty covered arched way, surrounded with sarcophagi, tablets, and slabs for receiving inscriptions, recording the names and virtues of the deceased, * and conveying to the heart of the beholder the most impressive lessons of morality and religion.† Here, too, the most delicate and tender sentiments might be excited, divested of every unpleasing concomitant. Here the dead, who afforded us example while living, might still read to us impressive lessons. The choice passages of the sacred writings might be extracted for our use: here if any where they would lead us beyond that narrow bound which circumscribes mortality. What a powerful auxiliary to the labours of the divine! This would impress his lessons on the heart, and

* In the church-yard at Glencorse, near Edinburgh, I have observed a tomb-stone, erected by a grateful master to his faithful servant; this cannot but have a good moral tendency, besides doing infinite honour to the heart of him who placed it there.

† Few cities possess so favourable situations for elegant cemeteries as our northern metropolis. Such an arched way as I have described, enclosing an extensive square on the Calton Hill, where the highest part of the ground should be reserved for the mausoleums of the great, would be not only one of the finest ornaments of that beautiful promenade, but one of the most interesting features in a town, which has been not undeservedly styled the modern Athens.

send them forth as our pilots, among the rocks and quicksands of life. *

From the roof of the house of our inestimable friend Mr Macbean,† with whom we live, we have a distant view of the petty empire of Napoleon, and, if we can procure a proper vessel, we shall depart for thence without delay. On our return, we shall take the road by Lucca and Pistoja to Florence, and, with as much dispatch as possible, proceed to Rome.

* I cannot resist mentioning a circumstance which strongly marks the rapacity of the French commander, immediately previous to their expulsion from this part of Italy. The French general was in treaty with a Jew for the sale of the grave stones at Lido near Venice, and upon the promise afforded by the negociation, some had been torn up and carried off, and others were lying in various directions, pushed from their bases, and prepared to be transported. The change, however, of political sovereignty, though in other respects injurious to Venice, protected the sanctity of those asylums of the dead.

† I must not omit this opportunity of expressing how much we are indebted to the uncommon attention and kindness of Mr Macbean, brother to Æneas Macbean, Esq. Writer to the Signet, in Edinburgh. When, after our return, my accomplished and excellent friend Mr D. lay indisposed, we had the command of his whole house, to the utter exclusion of every person but his own household.

LETTER XVII.

ELBA.

Coast of Italy from Leghorn to Populonia.—Fishing of Anchovies.—Elba.—Palace of Napoleon.—Napoleon.—His Improvements and Popularity.—Revenue of Elba.—Political Importance.—Appearance of the Country.—Game.—Noxious Animals.

We had no sooner decided on a visit to Elba, and made a few arrangements for that purpose, than we found a passage in a boat which belonged to the island, and immediately embarked. Our voyage, of sixty miles, occupied two days, during which we sailed along the coast of Italy, as far as Populonia, and the promontory of Piembino. The coast is barren and uncultivated; the interior mountainous, and covered with brushwood; with one or two distant towers about half way up the mountains. Between the rocky headlands of Mount Nero and Piembino is a long sweep of low sandy beach, with three or four lonely and diminutive castles, intended as a check upon the piratical incursions of the Corsairs of Tunis and Algiers; who, ever since the dominion of the Crescent was established in Africa, have infested the shores of the Mediterranean. The islands of Gorgona, Capraia, Corsica, Elba, and some high insulated

rocks, rose above the horizon in distant perspective towards the west and south. Between these and the shores of Italy, in the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean, are fished multitudes of the finest anchovies. The shoal of these fish lies about six feet below the surface. The fishing is precarious; one boat may catch two thousand weight in a night, while others, in the same station, do not find a single fish. They are salted along the coast; those of Gorgona being the most esteemed. In the evening of the second day, a little after nightfall, we found ourselves under the batteries of Porto Ferrajo. The tall light-house on Fort Stella served to discover to us the situation of the palace of Napoleon, now the house of the governor; but, except the challenge of the centinel from an old dismantled tower, and the regular cadence of our oars, not a sound was to be heard in this famous harbour, where the Turks, the French, and English, in their numerous fleets, had so often carried terror, or fraternity, or protection.

The gates were shut when we reached the Lazaretto. Our arrival was notified to the governor, and on an examination of our bill of health, (a precaution as invariable as necessary in all the Christian states of the Mediterranean,) an order was issued for our admittance. A few galliots and feluccas were anchored along the quays, but it was evident that the commerce of Elba must be very

inconsiderable. We were conducted to a tolerable inn, where we found a supper and beds,—and a knavish landlord.

Next morning, we paid our respects to General Count Strasaldo, the governor, to whom we had brought a letter of introduction. The old general received us with the greatest affability, and conducted us through his house and garden; pointing out whatever he thought might interest us in both, as connected with Napoleon's residence in Elba. The palace is a plain house of two stories with wings, situate on the ridge above the town, between the forts of Falcone and Stella, which crown two rocks somewhat higher, and at a short distance from each other. It commands towards the south a fine view of the town, harbour, and mountains, and on the north of Piembino, the coast of Italy as far as the mountains of Lucca, and the islands to the west. Not a boat can stir without being observed. The whole of this ridge, which is a rocky promontory or peninsula, projecting into the bay, is without a bush, if we except a fig tree in the small garden of the palace. The houses and the rock, (for it is nearly destitute of herbage,) the bastions, and flanking walls of the fortifications, being all white, are not a little distressing to the eyes, and the heat in summer would be almost insupportable, did not the sea breeze temper and freshen the air. But we agree with heat,

inconsiderable. We were conducted to a tolerable inn, where we found a supper and beds,—and a knavish landlord.

Next morning, we paid our respects to General Count Strasaldo, the governor, to whom we had brought a letter of introduction. The old general received us with the greatest affability, and conducted us through his house and garden; pointing out whatever he thought might interest us in both, as connected with Napoleon's residence in Elba. The palace is a plain house of two stories with wings, situate on the ridge above the town, between the forts of Falcone and Stella, which crown two rocks somewhat higher, and at a short distance from each other. It commands towards the south a fine view of the town, harbour, and mountains, and on the north of Piembino, the coast of Italy as far as the mountains of Lucca, and the islands to the west. Not a boat can stir without being observed. The whole of this ridge, which is a rocky promontory or peninsula, projecting into the bay, is without a bush, if we except a fig tree in the small garden of the palace. The houses and the rock, (for it is nearly destitute of herbage,) the bastions, and flanking walls of the fortifications, being all white, are not a little distressing to the eyes, and the heat in summer would be almost insupportable, did not the sea breeze temper and freshen the air. But we agree with heat,

and in the month of September it is here comparatively moderate.

You will naturally expect a variety of particulars relative to Napoleon's habits, plans, and projects in his diminutive empire. This, at least, was to us an interesting subject for inquiry, and perhaps the information which we picked up may not be uninteresting to you. His restless activity attended him every where. On his passage, he had designed a national flag, for his imperial island, and actually had it made by the sailors of the frigate which brought him to Elba; and before he set foot on shore, he had it hoisted on the fort, and saluted by the ships, as they came to anchor in the roads.

His mode of life was peculiar. He rose at two in the morning and studied till daylight, being particularly fond of French history and Egyptian researches. At daylight he went out on foot, or on horseback, whatever the weather, to superintend his public roads, or the building of his country house at Saint Martino, about three miles from the town. At nine he returned to breakfast, which consisted of a dish or two of meat, of which he eat sparingly, and various kinds of wine, of all of which he tasted. A cup of coffee followed. He then retired to bed, and slept two hours; after which he remained in his cabinet till the evening, (in summer,) receiving strangers, directing his government, giving audi-

ences on business, arranging his plans, and latterly, perhaps, preparing those spirited proclamations which he issued on his landing in France.

In the evening, attended by Bertrand or Drouet, he took an airing to Saint Martino or Longone, with more than his usual state, and always in his carriage. He dined at eight, and never without company. Persons of distinction he placed beside him; but at the opposite side of the table there was left an open space. He eat rapidly of a great variety of dishes, calling for them promptly as he wanted them: a few glasses of French wine, swallowed hastily, concluded his dinner; and a dish of coffee was the signal for rising from the table, which all were expected to obey, whether they had dined or not. Half an hour sufficed for this meal. If ladies were at table, he would generally help them himself, and sometimes, when gay, was full of compliment to all around. When thoughtful, he said nothing, and nobody presumed to address him. His drawing-room after dinner was usually the little garden behind the palace, where he spent the rest of the evening in conversation with his friends. He retired at eleven, but his mother, and his sister Pauline, still remained till the company separated. On Sunday he went regularly at twelve o'clock to mass, where all the authorities were expected to attend; the mass was celebrated in the palace. A levee followed, when he addressed himself in

order to each person round the circle. When officers attended with their colonel, it was his practice to inquire what was their rank, and where they had served, and to ask the explanation and use of some military manœuvre. If pleased, he passed on; if not satisfied, he sometimes expressed his opinion, rather candidly than courteously, to the commanding officer present. He noticed every thing, and always asked the reason of whatever he remarked as additional or wanting in uniform or accoutrements. His eye was every where; and military gentlemen were often much more comfortable after this catechism than before it. The *perché*, or *why*, was always on his tongue.

When he arrived in Elba, he was to the last degree unpopular. The visitations of the French had left lasting memorials among the suffering inhabitants; but his address and liberality soon operated a change. He began instantly to alter and improve; to make roads, and to raise buildings. In a few weeks, a theatre was erected for the evening's amusement of the Elbese; an old church was converted into a spacious barrack; an easy carriage road was made into the town, and conducted by the best level towards the opposite extremities of the island; others were lined and levelled. Five thousand men were constantly employed at six Pauls, or about three shillings a-day, in these various undertakings; and the peasantry witnessed

suddenly the effect of improvements, which, till then, perhaps, they had scarcely imagined. The influx of foreigners, attracted by curiosity to see the individual, who had been unceasingly present to the hopes and fears of almost every man in Europe, during by far the most eventful period of its history, brought money and occupation to the islanders. They seemed to receive a new existence, and for the first time, perhaps, to regard themselves as holding an ascertained place in the map of the world; a place not only comparatively, but actually distinguished. Within nine months, 867 English alone had been presented to Napoleon. Besides, this was only a foretaste of the blessings in store;—long years of prosperity, astonishing improvements, an imperial revenue, actually overflowing into the pocket of every peasant, peace with the world, a national flag respected, an independent and commercial state. Can any one conceive, as the effect of all this, any thing short of the strongest attachment to the man, whose appearance among them was working such a change? Add to this his insinuating address. Napoleon,—who had bowed with his single arm the stubborn necks of emperors, and shaken the foundations of the oldest European thrones, that seemed to have existed but by his licence,—talking unattended, and familiarly, with any common peasant whom he met with in his walks, interesting himself in his condi-

tion, listening to his story, hearing, and, when possible, redressing his complaints,—was calculated to make an irresistible impression; and he has done so. The populace are said to have wept when he left their island, from the regard to his safety. Had he sufficiently regarded his own, he would not have given them occasion for tears.

It was his policy, latterly, to confine his employment to natives of the island; these are, of course, attached to him by gratitude. Much of their more general regard is referable, doubtless, to motives of interest and expectation; and, for the Tuscan government, the way to remove it, is, to aid the natives in those improvements which had been begun under Napoleon, and to give the utmost encouragement to commerce; to take, in short, a very warm and parental interest in the prosperity of Elba. The next step will be, to give occupation to those employed by Buonaparte, whom they regarded as their sovereign. In serving him, they obeyed that legitimate authority, which the powers of Europe had established over them. I am inclined to think, that the Tuscan government will be wise in this respect; unfortunately, their exhausted and slender resources cripple their power, how much soever they may be disposed to promote the improvement of the island.

The revenue from Elba is, however, considerable, though accounts differ as to the expence of

the insular government. The salary of the governor is 12,000 livres. The present military establishment amounts only to 1200 soldiers, 400 of whom are natives.

The criminal jurisdiction is appointed by the grand duke, who bears the expence. The civil magistracy are annually chosen by lot. The gonfaloniere, or first magistrate, is taken from that class who are rated, in the public valuation roll, at three Pauls yearly of tribute to the sovereign. Of this class there may be about sixty. The four Anzeani are chosen also by lot from the second class, who stand assessed at one livre or two Pauls. These superintend the police of the island, and the duty of one Paul per barrel on all exported wine defrays the expence of this establishment.

Besides this, the government has the monopoly of salt and of metals. About 30,000 bags of salt, each 200 libs., are annually made, and used or exported. That which is exported to Italy, sells for ten Pauls, or about five shillings a sack, but the natives have it at the half of that sum. The value of the iron mines at Rio I could not ascertain; but between 220 and 260 men are continually employed in mining, and 22 vessels, from 40 to 100 tons each, in exporting an ore which yields of pure metal at least 60 per cent. The return from this source must be considerable. Next, the right of fishing the tunny is leased at an annual rent of 36,000 livres.

Notwithstanding this, I have been told, though I cannot believe it, that the expence exceeds the revenue by 70,000 livres. Would the Grand Duke of Tuscany, with an impoverished treasury, retain this island at such an expence? This, to be sure, is no argument to ambition. Ask England. The Grand Duke would still less willingly see it in the hands of any other power. It is the key of Italy on the west; the whole Italian coasting trade must pass through the channel of Piombino. In the hands of a naval power, it would command the commerce and marine of Italy. The natives wonder that England should not have reserved it for herself. Such a dependence would have compensated to them the loss of Napoleon. Next to this, a trade with England, especially in wine, is an object which some of the chief proprietors are at present endeavouring to establish. On this subject, and the progress of agriculture, the improvement and capacities of the island, we had much information from two gentlemen of the name of Fossi, of the most respectable family of the Porto Ferajo. A day or two after our arrival, we made an excursion with one of these gentlemen to the western extremity of the island. The information which we obtained in this little tour may be thus detailed.

The island presents, at a distance, ranges of high mountains, either covered with small brushwood, or stony and barren. Among these, however, there

is a lower range of hills more or less cultivated with numerous little flat valleys, rich in vineyards and various fruits. These retired valleys and little plains are all divided and cultivated like orchards. From the practice of burning for pasture, the wood and shrubbery upon the hills is in general small, except where the suggera or cork tree abounds. The rest consists of evergreen oak, arbutus, covered at this season with its vermillion fruit, wild myrtle in flower, lentanello, heath higher than our tallest broom, and a plant called mucchia, which covers the most barren spots, delighting to grow among stones and sandy soil, and diffusing, to a considerable distance round, an odour somewhat similar to that of nutmegs. Multitudes of sweet smelling herbs perfume the air; mint, lavender, and thyme, and many other aromatic herbs and shrubs, to which a botanist would find a name, are scattered with profusion over every hill and thicket. The sea breeze wafts over the island the united fragrance of this "wilderness of sweets:" it was at first delightful, and we often lingered a little to enjoy it; it soon, however, became less pleasing, and at length almost overpowering. Among the scented mucchia, the red-legged, or Barbary partridge, is found, but not very abundantly, except near Campo and St Ilario, on the south-west extremity. Game, indeed, is not in plenty, and chiefly consists of birds of passage from other

countries. The beccafico, pigeons, turtles, and quails, are seen only in their transit to the opposite continents. A species of small hare is the only *quadruped* of game kind.

Among ruined walls, and on the bare stony mountains, we meet with the scorpion and tarantula. The scorpion is of a small species, and poisonous only in October. The tarantula, a large insect of the spider kind, is very venomous; the instantaneous effect is a total loss of strength; the antidote is well known to the apothecaries, but I could not learn its name. After a long search, we found two of them in their holes; one of them was quite covered with clusters of young, and bit and jumped about furiously. The hole was about one inch and a half wide at the mouth, and six or seven inches deep. It is made in the bare red earth near the stony tops of the mountains. The cure of the bite of the tarantula by music and dancing is quite fabulous. Besides these, we saw on three occasions a pretty large sort of serpent. I measured one, which was about four feet in length, but it is doubted whether they are venomous. The progress of cultivation seems, however, to be fast abridging the dominion of such creatures. But, that I may not exhaust your patience, I shall reserve my observations on the agricultural improvement in this island for my next letter.

LETTER XVIII.

ELBA.

Agriculture.—Vineyards.—Terms of Tenure.—Want of Grain.—Fruit Trees.—Wines.—Malaria.—Count Strasaldo.—Fossi Family.

The agriculture of Elba received almost its first impulse from the English in 1792. The new demand for agricultural products required greater exertions, and these were repaid by the necessary supply. The French continued the system. All the houses which now enliven the face of the country have been built since the year 1792; before that period, nothing but mud cottages were to be seen.

The vines are rapidly displacing the brushwood covering of the mountains, and, in a short time, may leave the richer valleys for the culture of grain. Elba seems amazingly adapted for the vine. The heat of the sun, the variety of soil, mountains which afford, by their elevation, all the necessary degrees of temperature, and actual experience, warrant the assertion. Already, the annual produce may be estimated at 60,000 casks of the best quality, containing about 10 gallons each, with about 500,000

barrels of the common wine. The best wines are the Bianillo and Aleatico, red; the Muscat, both red and white; the Riminese, white. A champagne, of superior flavour, is made of the Procanico grape, and of the Muscat before it is dried in the sun, which is necessary previous to the manufacture of the Muscat wine. We have drunk Aleatico equal to the best Constantia. We mentioned our doubt of its keeping sound for any length of time, and were told, that the common wine had been sent to Holland, had been returned, and again sent back, and at the end of eighteen months seemed a different and superior wine, and this without brandy. The wine called Bischillato has been exported to America. Proprietors are now beginning to manufacture with a degree of care in the choice and selection of the grapes, which promises a variety of very excellent wines, if the encouragement of a market can be found. This may become, in a few years, a considerable source of commercial and agricultural profit. The export is chiefly confined at present to Genoa, Civita Vecchia, and Leghorn.

They begin to cultivate their new vineyards in December, and continue their labour through January and February. The population, however, is at present inadequate, and about seven hundred peasants go annually in the end of September from Lucca to assist in the vintage and the cul-

ture chiefly of vines. These peasants return to Lucca on the first of May. Their hire is a certain quantity of coarse bread, and a little wine daily, with their bed, implements, and twenty-five Pauls, or about twelve shillings a month. The Elbese are better fed; each labourer receives about two Pauls a day; two anchovies at breakfast; at dinner, two anchovies, or stock fish with beef soup; and again in the evening two anchovies, as at breakfast, and one bottle of common wine. They bring their own bread, and furnish their own implements, and work from daylight till twenty minutes after sunset.

Eight men, thus fed, will clear and plant in a week *un cento di vigna*, containing six hundred vine plants. The vineyard is in its perfection in the fifth year, when, if the season be tolerable, and the soil good, a cento of vines will produce, at an average, from twelve to fourteen barrels, worth, according to its quality, from ten to fifteen Pauls; "*Piu vecchia la vite, piu forte il vino*;"—"the older the grape, the the richer wine," is the maxim; and at Procchio, the vines are of one hundred and fifty years growth. The best hills front to the sun; red stony ground being always the most suitable. In the valleys, the produce is one half greater; but the wine will not keep. At Campo, for example, the common wine falls off in nine months. The Muscato grape is exposed twenty days to the sun, after it has been gathered

bunch by bunch. For want of hands, the fine southern district from Capoliveri to Acona, which is wholly composed of the red stony soil, so favourable for the vine, is still untouched.

The land is leased out to the peasants for a proportion of the produce; a half, a fourth, or a fifth, according to the quality of the soil. A fifth seems to be the more frequent proportion, and hence the tenants who hold farms of this extent are called quintazoli. By a law of Leopold's, the tenant cannot commence the vintage without the landlord's permission; the value of the landlord's part, and the quality of the wine, depending materially on the time of gathering. One would think, however, that the tenant's interest would be a sufficient security; yet experience of the contrary has most probably dictated the law: for Leopold was a truly patriotic prince, the avowed enemy of unnecessary restraints, and rather faulty, perhaps, in overturning too suddenly ancient customs and laws.

The perfection of agriculture in this island would be, to confine the vineyards to the mountains, and cultivate grain in the valleys and plains. The proprietors are all sensible of this, and are clearing the brushwood rapidly away. The want of grain is felt by every one. The inhabitants consume a great deal of bread-corn: as they raise upon the island only a two months supply,—to meet the demand, from four to five thousand sacks, of

one hundred and seventy pounds each, are annually imported; each pound contains twelve ounces, and the sack costs to the importer about twenty shillings sterling, or twenty-six Pauls. It is brought from the Maremma of Piombino, Leghorn, and the Black Sea, and is sold by the importer to the consumer at twenty-five shillings a sack. The whole value of their wine does little more at present than supply them with bread; and the following vintage is generally pledged in the spring by the peasantry for corn. The island will probably ere long nearly supply itself; at least its supplies of wine will be much greater, and the growth of grain much nearer to the amount of the annual consumption.

The lower grounds abound with large fig trees of different kinds, affording a succession for several months. Near Rio and Longone, where they are most numerous, we observed many large white-washed ovens for drying the fruit. The figs are gathered in the heat of the day, dried till the evening, put into the oven after it has been heated and swept, to the depth of four inches, upon little sieves made of twigs, and of an oval form. One night, or at most two, are sufficient; they are then barrelled up for winter use. Besides these, they have several kinds of apples, and particularly the sort well known in France, if not in England, and eaten, like the medlar, when apparently rotten; and

in some places the pomegranate. Their grapes are delicious; we have almost lived upon them, and bread, and almonds. Every peasant offers them as you pass his vineyard. At this season, almost every man you meet has a large bunch of grapes in one hand, and a crust in the other. Often, in our country excursions, we made our repasts in the same manner. Two plants flourish luxuriantly in Elba, which are no where else to be found growing wild in the same latitude. The one is Opuntia, or Fico d'India, called at Gibraltar and in England the prickly pear; it has a very thick fleshy leaf, covered with spines; one leaf grows out of another, and round the edge of the highest leaves the fruit is attached. They should be plucked at sunrise, or it becomes less easy to detach them from the plants. The sweet is rather insipid. The other plant, which is seen in vast abundance at Longone, is the aloe, which is said to blossom in England once in a century. The flower stalk is about twenty feet high, covered with flowers. We were too late for this sight, as a high wind had destroyed most of the blossoms, and the remainder were already in seed.

At the mineral wealth of Elba I have already hinted, when mentioning the revenue; to this, particularly its iron, it is indebted for its chief celebrity in ancient and in modern times. Virgil, in his tenth book of the Æneid, calls it "Insula

inexhaustis chalybum generosa metallis." The side of a high hill is cut down, wholly composed of the richest iron ore. The appearance of this hill at a distance is red as freestone; when you walk over the refuse, it glitters as if you were treading on myriads of brilliants. The Romans had worked it, and lately a gallery was discovered, with many of their mining implements, blistered and mishapen with rust.

Nothing could exceed the hospitality of the directors of the mines. It was impossible, in civility, to refuse their pressing invitations to partake of the exquisite fruit and wine, which each of them had provided. They were not to be denied; so we did our best, with good will and a hearty appetite, to please all.

I must preserve the names of Signor Golandi the administrator, whose handsome family of daughters were not easily overlooked: (indeed, the women of Upper Rio, and generally throughout the island, possess a considerable share of good figure and good looks; all rather embonpoint;) Signor Bobilier the accountant, a man of reading and information, with a well selected little library; and Signor Cabone Garbajlia, who could never be satisfied that he had shewn sufficient kindness. They are all fond of news, inquisitive about England, and possessing, with regard to it, information which surprised me.

The chief workmen receive only one livre, sixteen sous, per day. They are simply miners. None of the ore is smelted here, but is exported for that purpose to Genoa, Naples, Folonica, Cecina, and other places, where charcoal abounds on the coast of Italy. Marquesate, eanite, and many curious minerals, are found about the mines; yellow ochre is prepared in quantities for paint. In ancient times, as well as at present, the ore seems to have been always carried to other places to be melted. There are, however, in opposition to this fact, considerable remains of the refuse or scoriæ of the furnace, near an extensive set of vaults, and foundations of unknown antiquity, opposite to Porto Ferajo. Celtenso, a Gothic writer, who visited Elba in the sixth century, asserts that, in his time, the ore was purified in the island. At present, there is too little wood for that purpose; and the less of woodland, the better for Elba.

One would imagine, that in a country abounding, as this does, with almost every useful or elegant production, with charming scenery, and a delightful climate, strangers would be anxious to select a residence; and so, perhaps, they may, when certain changes have been made, though being but a small island, it pleases better for a short visit, than a lengthened stay. Besides this, however, there is one serious objection, the prevalence of malaria for four months in the year, from June till October. It is chiefly

to be dreaded in low marshy situations, where there is stagnant water, and decayed vegetation. The neighbourhood of the salt pits is greatly prejudicial, not as they say from the salt pits actually in use, but from those which are unemployed, and the wet grounds and ditches adjoining to them.

Few places are more noxious than the country between Porto Ferajo and the mountains. During the dangerous season, all the peasantry flock in on their little horses, as we have often seen, with their wives and families to sleep in the city. A single night in the country would be followed by a tertian, or a quartan ague. At the village of Pila di Campo, in another part of the island, where the land is low and flat, though not in the least marshy, our guide was, in a single night, seized with fever and ague, which hung by him for eleven months, aud deprived him of the use of one of his ears. Unlucky indeed is the man, who, at this season, fails to arrive before night-fall at some safe village. These, as Rio St Ilario Pierro, St Marcian Capolivero, and Poggio, are purposely built high upon the mountain, to ensure their exemption from this dreaded malady.

It is occasioned by the carbonic acid gas, which rises in dense fumes after sunset from the rank vegetation and stagnant water, and is very perceptible to the smell. The want of draining, and clean and wholesome cultivation, is the chief cause. The government, to whom the

salt pits belong, seems quite inexcusable, in permitting any of the pits to remain foul and neglected, when the effect is so pernicious to the health of the inhabitants. But the government is as yet too recent to have done all, and every one admits, that the Grand Duke is a most amiable and excellent man.

They do not say so much of all his ministers; yet he could not have chosen a better governor for Elba than the Count Strasaldo, whose conduct and countenance are alike benign. He is much liked, for his maxims of government are wise and moderate: a man of 75 is not likely to be fiery and intolerant; years and experience have subdued his passions, and an age so pregnant with change has taught him to regard, with liberal allowance, acts of ancient opposition. In fact, in the first proclamation which he issued on his arrival, he declared his respect for freedom of opinion, when unattended by acts of hostility to the government. Some of those who were the most attached friends of Napoleon he respects, countenances, and recommends to public employment. I never saw a man who bore in his countenance the legible stamp of more goodness. He returned our visit two days after our arrival, gave us a constant invitation to the evening conversaziones at his house, and would have furnished us, had we needed them, with let-

ters of introduction, that would have ensured us a welcome reception from the best families in every part of the island.

The kindness of Mr Fossi rendered that unnecessary. That family had sacrificed almost their whole fortune in their early resistance to the French. Since 1792, it has risen again to affluence. Mr Fossi's brother is an officer in the English service, and gave us the introduction to which we were indebted for such marked attentions. His father was a barrister, a man of genius and learning, and the friend of Metastasio. His uncle, Pandolfo Barberi, is the present prior of St Lorenzo in Florence. From both the brothers I have had much, and, I believe, accurate information. They are both equally anxious to promote the trade of the country, especially with England, in the article of wine; and are, at present, employing themselves in ascertaining to what perfection, as an article of commerce, the wine of Elba can be brought.

LETTER XIX.

Quarry of White Marble.—Napoleon's Country House at San Martino.—Lucera.—Volterrajo.—Monte Cristo.—St Pierro and Ilario.—Granite Pillars at Secheta.—Pianoso. —Poggio. — Waterspouts. — Napoleon's Departure. — Sketch by Napoleon.—Napoleon believed to be in England.— Tunny Fishery.—Varicty of Fish.—Magnetic Mountain. —Elbese Sailors.—Populonia.—History of Elba.

A QUARRY of white marble, said to rival that of Carrara, has lately been purchased by the Fossis from the government; it is close to Longone, and was discovered by Bonaparte. Out of it a statue of himself was sculptured, and the beautiful urns, vases, and baths, which are still to be seen at his country house of San Martino. We accompanied Mr Fossi to see it; it is plain, with windows in front, and two stories high. The entrance hall is large, and in the Egyptian taste; on this floor there are five other apartments, the servants were lodged below. In front, and still lower, was a kitchen and a complete set of offices; on the top of which, level with the under story of his own dwelling-house, was a broad flat terrace, commanding, through a valley filled with vines, a distant view of the harbour and bason of Porto Ferajo;—the city projecting into the sea, which appears like a fine lake surrounded by mountains.

We saw several ravens on the neighbouring hills, which, when other provisions fail, will condescend to a fig, and with their characteristic sagacity, they always select the best. In our way back, we took a circuit along the mountains, to see the remains of the old Roman fortress of Lucera, which caps the narrow summit of one of them to the south of Porto Ferajo, and which, as well as that of Volterrajo on a conical mountain to the east, is a conspicuous feature in the landscape from the capital of Elba. Both were furiously besieged by Barbarossa in 1543, when he united with the French in their attack on Savoy. Lucera fell, and was blown up by the Turks. Volterrajo maintained a successful resistance; but the slaughter of the natives was such, that Giacomo Appiani, Prince of Piombino, to whom Elba belonged, was obliged to procure the departure of the Turks by the delivery of the son of Sinam, the friend of Barbarossa, who had been made prisoner by Charles the Fifth, at the surrender of Tunis, and whose detention in Piombino was the cause of this sanguinary assault. A solitary chapel now stands among the ruins of Lucera.

The mountains of St Marciano, at the west end of the island, and said to be five thousand feet in height, seemed to promise some romantic scenery, and we resolved to visit them, and to make the tour of the whole western district.

The first part of the road was conducted by Bonaparte along the sides of high hills, following all their sinuosities, and enjoying a fine sea view of Capraia and Italy, till we descended into a fertile plain covered with vineyards, and turning to the left across the island, took the road to San Piero di Campo. The conical island of Monte Cristo, a steep and barren rock, lies at some distance to the south, being tenanted by monks of the order of Camaldoli. In 727, the monastery was dismantled, and the monks made slaves. In the ninth century, it was again laid waste by the Saracens, and in 1453, on the alarm of another attack by the Turks, the monks retired finally to Pisa, and built the monastery of St Michael in Borgo. We passed through Pila, where our guide had formerly caught the malaria fever. Here we saw several trees of pomegranates, and the first date palm which we had seen growing luxuriantly in a wild state. The track or road is extremely rocky, the surface of this district brown and parched, particularly where the crop had been gathered in, as no grass springs among the scanty stubble. The villages of St Piero and St Ilario stand high on the mountain sides, without a single tree on the bare granite. The houses are very massy, and closely built together, but have much appearance of desolation; within, they are very roomy and clean, and the people polite, and rather well-looking. The

mountain sides consist of brown granite gravel, and granite rock, worn into deep little ravines, and sprinkled with rank heath, (stipa,) low arbutus, and a few trees.

Not to be wanting in curiosity, we went to see the granite pillars at Sacchetta, about three miles off, and much talked of in this island. Two are finished, lying near the shore, with the words "Opera Pisana" on one of them. Two are quite in the rough, at some distance up the hill, together with another large mass of the same rock, which, though it gets the name of the Ship, was obviously intended for a great vase or cistern. They were intended, it is said, for the cathedral of Pisa. Perhaps the vase was to be a baptismal font,—but they are not worth a visit.

From this we have a good view of the little flat island of Pianoso, where Posthumius, the third son of Agrippa, and of Julia, the daughter of Augustus, was confined by order of his uncle. In the same manner, Seneca the philosopher was banished by Caligula to Corsica, which we could now see. The remains of the baths of Tiberius are still distinctly discoverable from the same place. Many Roman marbles have been dug up in Pianoso. It has been since laid waste by the Genoese and the Turks, and occupied by the English. Count Strasoldo is at this time taking possession of it, as a pertinent of Elba, with a view of making that

fertile little island a granary for the use of the larger.

On the mountain near St Ilario, raised upon an isolated mass of granite, is the very ancient square tower of St Icovanni: it is thought to have been built by the Romans for prisoners of state.

We were sumptuously entertained at St Pierro by a friend of Mr Fossi's, and in the evening went a mile farther to St Ilario, where we supped, and slept at the house of our conductor's brother. The place contains about five hundred inhabitants. Hither, too, the peasantry from the lower villages resort at night during the unhealthy season. The place has still the remains of strong walls, that more than once successfully resisted the assaults of the Turks. Our countrymen, too, had, during last war, made several landings,—surely to no purpose but to waste the lives of themselves and the poor inhabitants, for they never remained twenty-four hours together.

Next morning we were on our march by six o'clock to cross the high mountain above Poggio, in order to breakfast at that romantic village. The view from the top, and in the descent to Poggio, is remarkably fine; about half way down we enter a forest of aged chestnuts, which clothe magnificently this district, and that of Murciano, and make them striking exceptions to the other parts of Elba. Below us lay the harbour and little vil-

lage of the Marina of Marciano, with boats at anchor; between us and which the lower hills and valleys were all covered as usual with vines.

A fine winding road, of about a mile, led us to Murciano, another romantic town, castellated on a rocky prominence. From a high point, a little further on, I observed a deep scar to the west, where about a year past a waterspout broke, carrying in an instant soil and inhabitants through a deep ravine down into the sea. Such waterspouts are frequent in the Levant in the fall of the year. This phenomenon is finely described by Falconer in the Shipwreck. We did not climb up to the chapel of the Madonna, even though Bonaparte had honoured it with his presence. After paying our respects to the Potestà, or Judge of the place, who had kindly invited us to partake of refreshments, when we met him at Saint Pierro, where he had been shooting, we returned to an excellent dinner at two o'clock, at the house of the worthy curate at Poggio, with whom we had breakfasted. It was a meagre day, but he had deferred his mess of macaroni (though he had eaten nothing that day) till he could join us in the only way which his scruples allowed, at the excellent and substantial dinner which he or Mr Fossi had provided.

The evening was showery, and we were pressed to stay all night, as the road to Porto Ferajo (ten miles distant) was, for the first five miles, through a

narrow, stony, and mountainous track. The evening, however, seemed to improve, and the weather to dissemble, till we were fairly in its power, and then came on such a storm of lightning and rain, as is rarely met with in more northern latitudes. Umbrellas were quite ineffectual, and the close and vivid flashes made me think them scarcely safe: to ride fast was impossible in such difficult roads. We attempted once to take shelter, but we soon concluded, that we risked less from the rain and lightning than from cold and fever. When we reached the good road, the poor ponies were exhausted; "nathless we so endured," proceeding at a walk to Porto Ferajo. The gates were already shut, and we had to send to the governor for leave to enter. This we obtained promptly, but before the drawbridge was lowered, we had waited a full half hour, drenched and exposed to the noxious air, and suffering from apprehension as well as fatigue. Our friend Mr Fossi agreed with me, that a hearty supper, and a glass of generous wine, were excellent restoratives. Our third companion, Mr Mellini, did not quite recover from the consequences of this drenching during our stay in Elba. This gentleman also showed us every possible kindness. His brother, the Colonel of Engineers, who introduced us, was the intimate private friend of Napoleon, and attended him in his last progress to Paris.

Napoleon is here understood to have been driv-

en to this step, by learning that the sovereigns at Vienna had determined to remove him to a securer prison. Had they attempted this, they would have repaired a gross blunder, by a less pardonable violation of treaty. To place him in Elba was ridiculous: but in the face of a solemn treaty, to remove him by force, would have been infamous, at least for England. The other parties had little character to lose. Policy is their principle of action. However, Bonaparte sent a small boat to watch the English frigate into the port of Leghorn, and in two hours after he was actually at sea. But he found himself far from easy, either in mind or in stomach. He asked Colonel Mellini to try an impromptu for their mutual amusement: when the following Italian verses were in a short time produced.

" Stanco di tanti tradimenti il pondo,
Abbandona il Lion L'Elbano regno,
In qui volea, d'eterna pace in segno,
Il centro augusto stabilir del mondo.
L'Elba lo piansi; e sú dal mar profundo
Sorge Nettuno di rispetto in segno.
Giason ne esulta, e á ospite si degno
Offre il vel'di Medea, dono fecondo.
Turba di duci ed insignati, fuori
Escan dal tempio rincontrar lo, e mesta
Piu non si asconde ed illui spera onesta
Italia, e via riprendi asta e cimicero.
Miralo ed gia l'idea ravvolge in testa,
Che il destin de' cangiar del mondo intero."

Vol. I page 235

Facsimile of a sketch by the Emperor Napoleon of an uniform for his Elbese guards.

" Fatigued with the oppression of conspiracies, the lion quited his Elbese realm, in which he wished to fix the august centre of the world, in token of eternal peace. Elba wept for him, and Neptune, in sign of respect, emerged from the deep sea; Jason rejoiced, and to so worthy a stranger offered the fleece of Medea, a rich gift. A crowd of generals and distinguished warriors came out from the temple to meet him; and Italy no longer, in sadness, concealed her partiality, but awoke to honest hope, and quickly resumed the spear and helmet. She saw him, and already cherished in her mind the idea, that he was to change the destiny of the whole world."

It is sufficient to remark, that fiction has ever been the animating principle of poetry, and that poetry and prophecy have long ceased to be united. The old Greeks used to throw out many sarcastic gibes at the oracles of Delphi, and marvelled that the God of Poetry should deliver his own prophetical responses in such execrable verse.

We have got a curious sketch by Bonaparte, which will amuse you on our return. It is a design for the uniform of his Corsicans, and was done to assist his explanation of it to Colonel Mellini. A very pointed question was one evening put to me by the colonel: " Whether, if he, once my declared enemy, should throw himself on my generosity, I would act to him as England had done

to Napoleon ?" To say " no," without explanation, would have been to disavow the conduct of my country. I told him, that though, as an individual responsible only to myself, I might have done otherwise, yet that, as one of a confederacy, which had been nearly destroyed by his violence, and could attribute the act of surrender to nothing else than weakness or despair, I should have considered myself bound, by every principle of humanity, honour, and self-preservation, to secure myself and my friends against the probable renewal of such terrible disasters ; and that England, in sparing life, had done enough.

It will surprise you to learn, how obstinately it is believed that Napoleon is still in England, and that the government intends to bring him forward again, as an engine of European policy, and the torch that is to kindle afresh a European war. I assured them as obstinately that the policy of England was peace, and that the exhaustion of a long war made it absolutely necessary, unless her honour was grossly assailed ; that nothing could be more detestable to the mind of a Briton, than the notion of bringing forward Bonaparte, under any circumstances, to embroil Europe, or to undo that which she had spent so many hundred millions to effect : that such a cause could only be acceptable to the admirers of Machiavel.

The people of Elba may be very content, if they

do not turn ambitious. They seem to be equally removed from poverty and riches. A moderate fortune is from two to three hundred crowns a year. There are no beggars ; whether this arise from the general distribution of property, or from the measures of government. Twice only was I asked for charity, and that not by common mendicants.

Though there are no overgrown fortunes, certain individuals are pretty affluent, particularly a Mr Senno, who rents the tunny fishery at 36,000 livres a year. The amount of the produce is unknown, but the mode of fishing is curious ; and in the months of June and July, the season for fishing, many people from all quarters come to see it. Nets are anchored to the bottom, in the shape of an oblong, with meshes, through which the fish (weighing, at an average, from 100 to 200 lbs. each) can easily enter. These are made of a kind of rush, of which the fish are said to be fond. Within are strong nets, which, when drawn up by ropes from the bottom, where they are allowed to rest, divide the oblong into three apartments, securing, at the proper signal, the fish in each. When an order comes for 2000 or 3000 pounds of fish, Mr Senno rows out to one of his nets, and smoothing the surface of the water with oil, can see the tunny playing below, and can pretty nearly ascertain the quantity. Boats are then stationed

round and at the cords attached at the bottom to the nets. These are quickly hauled up, one after another, and drawn closer together at top. The tunny, feeling themselves confined, instantly begin to fight, and then the fishers strike them under the throat as they come to the surface. The fish is so strong and so violent, that it still requires much address to avoid serious mischief in getting them into the boat.

The greatest variety of excellent fish teem around the shores of Elba. I may mention haddock, turbot, skate, cod, the common and red mullet, soals, *grayling*, whitings of great size, pike, pilchard, a few salmon, tunny, besides at least thirty other kinds, for which I can find no English name. The tunny is boiled half an hour, cut into small pieces, exposed a night to the air, and then with a little salt put into small jars under a covering of Florence oil, and sent to Leghorn, Genoa, and Rome: it will keep well for two or three years.

Before I set sail for Elba, I must not forget my loadstone; there is an entire mountain of it near Capoliveri. The compass of ships sailing near the south-east point of the island is said to undergo the greatest confusion and derangement; I had not an opportunity of ascertaining this, but I brought away two large bits of the rock. The derangements of the needle are of no consequence to the Elbese, for they never employ a compass

in their coasting trade: in fact, they are, perhaps, the worst sailors in the world. But you shall judge.

After taking leave of our excellent and hospitable friends, from the governor downwards, we set sail with a wind that should have carried us to Leghorn in six or seven hours. At ten in the morning we had run half way, when a squall of wind and rain, which rent our rag of a sail, not stronger than an old shirt, made them run back to Populonia with all possible speed. A calm succeeded, they would not row in a calm; a light air sprung up, they must have their sail mended, though they had another untorn; and besides, certain other vessels on the same course were still at anchor. Presently these stood out to sea, but the captain asserted, that, as they were ships of war, they must seek a port at night, and that we should arrive as soon. In short, it was clear that he had determined to lie all night quietly at anchor, though in the most dangerous place of this pernicious clime. There was no help for it; we tried to sleep in the small hold, stretched upon damp salt, suffocated with heat and stench, and devoured by fleas; our legs, exposed under the open hatchway, were wet with showers of noxious dew. It lightned during the night, and though the wind again sprung up, the skipper expressed his fears of a "grosso mare," or rough sea, though it was as smooth as a river.

I was so angry at his ignorance, unwillingness, and cowardice, that I told them downrightly that they were no better than a pack of land-lubbers; and that it was evident why Lord Exmouth, in his first expedition, refused to take a single Italian in his fleet. I afterwards mentioned this unaccountable timidity, and I was again told that they are the worst sailors in the world. The Romans, before the Punic war, were as skilful and courageous at sea. The "robur, et æs triplex circa pectus," so much vaunted by Horace, is a rare production on the coasts of Italy. How sadly degenerated since the days of John and Andrew Doria!

But in all disappointments, such as ours, there is some alleviating circumstance. We saw the Etruscan remains of Populonia, a city which attached itself, like Elba, to the fortunes of Æneas, near twelve hundred years before the birth of Christ.

"Sexcentos illi dederat Populonia mater,
"Expertos belli juvenes."

Here were the earliest furnaces for melting the ore of Elba. The ancient city may have been large, for the ruins seem extensive. The present is a small fortified village on the top of the promontory, and near are a few blind arches, the only part that bears a Roman stamp. The extreme insalubrity of the place in part accounts for its decay. The great *Maremma* of Piombino, which connects this promontory with the high land

of Italy, though rich in vegetable produce, is absolutely uninhabitable: being even more pernicious to health than the Campagna of Rome. The people look relaxed, swollen, and sallow. They have a Walcheren fever continually among them: it is of the same kind as that which prevails in the fens of Lincolnshire, and the Hundreds of Essex, though much more malignant and fatal. Bad diet, and perspiration from labour, increase the susceptibility: and hence this fever is prevalent chiefly among the working class.

It was my intention to give you a short outline of the history of Elba, but my time is at present too short for any thing more than the hastiest sketch. It has belonged to the Etruscans, the Romans, and the Goths, in the ancient and middle ages; and then to the Pope and the Princes of Piombino. It has been attacked by Genoese, Spaniards, and Turks; and, in the middle of the sixteenth century, was annexed by Charles the Fifth to the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, as a means of protection against Constantinople, Tunis, and Algiers. The Prince of Piombino then became the sovereign, while Tuscany and Naples held the property of Porto Ferajo and Longone; till, on the breaking out of the French revolution, it was successively held by the French and the English, and, in 1814, was retained by Buonaparte; since that time it has passed undivided under the power of Tuscany.

LETTER XX.

FLORENCE.

Return to Florence by Lucca.—Baths of Pisa.—Lucca.—Baths of Lucca.—Observations on sketching rapidly.—Pistoia.—Prato.

On our return to Florence, by Lucca, we again passed through Pisa, and availed ourselves of this opportunity of visiting the baths. They occupy about a hundred houses of various elevation, situated at the bottom of calcareous mountains, the lower declivities of which are covered with luxuriant olive trees; the earth being thrown into terraces, and supported by dry walls. We met the river Serchio, which, in breadth, resembles the Tweed at Coldstream in Scotland.

The small principality of Lucca belongs to the Duchess of Parma. On entering, and on leaving it, strangers must submit to the trouble of having their trunks examined, or purchase exemption from this ceremony, by a present to the Dogana or custom-house, besides a stated sum which it is entitled to demand. We saw some of the peasantry employed in sprinkling the ground with liquid manure, while others were irrigating it with large scoops, such as our bleachers use in watering linen.

Lucca is a town of considerable beauty. It is surrounded with walls, which would form, however, but a very feeble defence against a besieging enemy. The towers of the churches, rising above these walls, have a fine effect in the rich and beautiful landscape; the view being bounded by the Apennines, which ascend in the most fascinating forms to the skies.

On a nearer inspection, the churches are less pleasing than in their distant effect. That of San Martino is not destitute of external beauty, were not its architecture frittered away in numberless unmeaning arches. Inlaying with white and black marble is still to be seen in every town; but certainly its pretensions, like those of most pretending things, greatly exceed its merits. Among the treasures of this church is a piece of timber, said to have been part of the true cross, and held, of course, in peculiar veneration.

In the church of San Romano there is a painting of the Crucifixion by Guido, unaffected in colouring; and in drawing, accurate and expressive. For the picture by Bartolommeo, I cannot say so much. The church of San Michele is disfigured by Gothic trifling; ornamented shafts of columns may suit a light rural building, but in a large edifice they are always out of character.

The celebrated Baths, at the distance of a few miles from Lucca, are situated among mountains,

whose inviting aspect would, of itself, have rendered the temptation to visit them irresistible. Our road lay through valleys which presented, as we advanced, the finest variety of romantic scenery. The sun was just sufficiently elevated above the horizon to produce that aërial effect, which softened and blended into each other the lines of the mountains; the river, broad and deep, bore on its sparkling waves the glory of the skies; towns and villages of picturesque appearance were seen on the acclivities and in the valleys; and noble chestnut trees, uniting with the profusion of charming objects, formed the most delightful pictures. Bridges of singular construction spanned the rapid stream; and rafts of wood were either hurried down the current, or glided under the hanging branches which obscured the evening light. But what language can describe the scenes which the baths and the neighbouring buildings on the mountains command? Surely such scenes must have the most cheering influence on the heart of the invalid, while he enjoys, at the same time, the benefit of a pure atmosphere, secure from the danger of sultry hours. The man of taste and feeling will miss a luxurious feast, if he visit not the vale and the baths of Lucca.

Another of our excursions from this interesting town was to the palace of Prince Bacciochi, who married the sister of Napoleon. Richness, united with simplicity, appeared in every apartment. The Princess was greatly beloved. Roads, bridges, and many other improvements, were made at her command, and the principality of Lucca became a paradise.

On our way to Florence, we passed through Pescia, a clean, well paved, and pleasant town. From the bridge we had a view, which we sighed to leave. Proceeding on our journey, we soon came to the town of Serravalle: it crowns a sloping hill, and its picturesque situation, with the whole scenery around, reminded us of the interesting compositions of Poussin. On crossing the rising ground below the towers of Serravalle, we came within view of Pistoia. Travelling hurriedly, we could have only a passing glance of many a charming scene. This we regretted the more, because we found it impossible to retain so vivid an impression of their characteristic beauties, as to enable us to describe them with accuracy.

In general, it may be observed, that description, unless written on the spot, can never convey a distinct idea to the mind of one who has not seen the original; and even when drawn up with every advantage, the impression which it communicates must be, in some degree, vague. Were twenty artists to form a picture, even from the most correct description of scenery, they would all be different, and not one would be true to nature. A few slight lines with

the pencil, under whatever disadvantages, would embody more of the reality of the scene, and control the imagination within the limits of truth. That I might not lose entirely a variety of interesting subjects, I attempted to make what may be called carriage sketches, done when we were travelling at the rate of from five to six miles an hour. Such sketches, if revised, while the recollection of the originals is yet tolerably fresh, may impart a pretty accurate general idea of any scene, which is not too varied and complicated for this rapid mode of delineation; at least, they will aid the imagination more than any verbal description. It must be observed, however, that this applies only to scenes at such a distance from the eye, as to afford time to sketch nearly the whole, before the respective parts are materially varied in their aspect by our change of place. It is almost unnecessary to add, that this loose mode of drawing ought by no means to be adopted, unless every other be impracticable.

Pistoia, a town of considerable extent, is adorned with many curious and splendid edifices. The Baptistry, the Cathedral, and the adjacent buildings, as seen from the Piazza del Duomo, form noble combinations for the pencil. The alternation of black and white marble still prevails, but is here less offensive than in most of the other towns in which we have seen it.

The great ward of the hospital of Pistoia, like that in Florence, is open at each end; and, through the iron gates from the street, we may perceive the sick lying on iron beds in two parallel rows. We walked into it, and found that great attention was paid to the comfort of the sick: the physicians, aware of the value of cleanliness, have the hospital kept in the highest order; even more so, indeed, than most of the palaces of the princes. On the principal front of the hospital is a basso relievo extremely well executed, in some vitrified substance, representing persons attending the sick in various diseases. At Pistoia we were greatly imposed upon by our knavish landlord, and were obliged to apply to the police, who did not hesitate to reduce his exorbitant charge. Indeed, a British subject has only to apply for redress in Italy, and he may rely on immediately obtaining it.

The country between Pistoia and Prato is flat and tame, except towards the Apennines; but its amazing luxuriance would make the eye of the agriculturist beam with delight.

The Duomo of Prato is gloomy and grand, though not without decorations of silver and gold: the miserable people begging and praying at the same time, absolutely drove us out by their importunity. On the outside of the cathedral, fronting the street, is a beautiful marble pulpit built quite upon the corner of the edifice. It is supported by

a right angular pillar with brackets and rich carving. The body of the pulpit is circular, and in the compartments are sculptured, in the finest taste, several dancing angels. From the centre of this exalted seat is a beautiful column supporting a canopy, but the symmetry of the design, the taste in the detail, and the excellent finishing, is superior to any thing we have seen of the kind, and led me to wish I could have procured a model of it for our churches in Scotland, where the taste and form of some of the pulpits are comparatively mean.

From Prato to Florence there is little variety. The country is much the same as it appears on the opposite side near Empoli. The crops of Indian corn, when green, are very beautiful, but in autumn the leaves have a dry and withered appearance, shewing too much of the stalk, and as the plants are considerably separated from each other, they do not properly combine for picture. The golden grain is not visible till the leaves encompassing it are stripped away; it is with these leaves that the flasks of wine and oil are covered, and I believe they are generally used for stuffing mattresses, being infinitely more elastic than straw.

LETTER XXI.

PERUGIA.

Road to Rome.—Arezzo.—Pictures in the Cathedral.—Italian Sky.—Intrinsic beauty of Dew Drops.—Lake of Thrasimene.—Perugia.—Pictures, Academy, and Buildings.—Pictures by Raphael, Perugino, and Guido.—Observations on giving such pictures to youth to study from.—Casa della Penna.—Petrifying Spring of San Phillipo, applied to the formation of Casts.

We left Florence for Rome, on a delightful frosty morning. The countrymen were wrapped up in their great coats as in the * coldest climates, and the women carried choffers with charcoal to keep themselves warm.

The gossamer hung with its diamonds from bush to bush, and the dew drops fell in momentary glances. The olive had assumed its darkest colour of ripeness, and the crops were surprisingly rich. The grape had long since been gathered, and

* The Italians seldom use the arms of their great coats *except occasionally as pockets.* The coat is generally hung upon the left shoulder, the sleeves hanging loose.

nothing but a few golden leaves appeared upon the festoons, which were suspended from the trees.

Upon a rising hill some few miles from Florence, we took our farewell view, and fortunately were on that point of elevation which brought all the interesting objects together. The numerous towns, villas, and palaces, combined, and gave the appearance of one vast and mighty city. But when we ascended, the objects separated, and in some degree lost their interest, by being scattered in the landscape. The Tuscan olive, too, which is generally planted in rows, looked rather formal. The second crop of barley was in the ear, (28th November.) The Italian streams, beautiful and fanciful as they often are, winding among rich or romantic scenes, want transparency to do justice to the varied beauty which graces their banks.

From Piano Della Fonte the country opens to the east, and the Apennines assume superior grandeur. Arcades, projections, and colonnades, seemed the favourite style of building, and we were struck with the beauty of Incisa. Frying of fish and roasting of chesnuts in the streets was here the principal employment of the lower class.

From the beautiful scenery of Renaccio on our left, we travelled to Levane, where we passed the night. In the morning, the mists rose in horizontal lines, leaving the tops of the hills uncovered, and occasionally the sunbeams penetrated through

them, disclosing many smiling villages and buildings. The smoke from the burning chaff upon the fields rose but a short way when it took a horizontal direction along the sky, as if pleased to follow the curious mists in all their haunts through olive groves and russet glens. The peasantry, singing the morning hymn, were pruning the vine, or digging with long handled spades. Every circumstance in a country so foreign to our own, excited peculiar interest. The sun, throwing his playful beams among the rich confusion of silver mists, half discovered towns, purple hills, and richest verdure, gave an enchanting cast to nature, which before we had never witnessed. Every incident, in short, even to our white horses' manes, opposed to dark shadows or varieties of colour as we moved along, gave amusement, and hinted the value of a little brilliancy, especially where monotony prevailed.

Much of the country on our way to Arezzo is composed of clay and gravel, and the hills are strangely worn and channelled by the surface waters. Arezzo itself, seated on a gently swelling hill, commands a lovely plain surrounded by mountains of pleasing form and moderate elevation. This city was the birth place of Vasari, and the cathedral contains several of his works ; indeed, the high altar may be said to be covered with them, both before and behind. His St George and the Dragon, which is held in high estimation by the priests, is absolute-

ly bad in most of the essential parts. St George himself is but a common figure, without dignity, and the horse, miserably drawn, appears little better than the portrait of a rocking horse : and what can be more revolting than a figure which is near the dragon, the flesh stripped off, and appearing to contain disgusting putrid bowels ? Every part, indeed, wants dignity and taste.

The MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT OF FISHES, by the same master, is greatly better, but SAN DONATO and ST PETER are the best of his works. I should, however, mention the Virgin in the picture of the ASCENSION, which is pretty good; the angels, likewise, have at least some drawing to recommend them. Vasari's portraits of himself and parents are all extremely vulgar in the expression, though better painted than his other subjects. In the cathedral is Benvenuti's celebrated picture of JUDITH AND HOLIFERNES. Judith stands elevated upon steps holding the head, surrounded by several figures, all of them well designed, and in better composition than appears in any other picture of the master. Sabatelli's painting, which is a companion to Benvenuti's, looks poor and spiritless.

In this cathedral is an ancient altar, curious in the workmanship, which is said to have cost no less than L. 15,000. Twelve priests in rich robes were officiating to five beggars, who kept importuning us

for charity while the prayers were in their mouths. Arezzo, indeed, sadly abounds in this appendage of Italian travelling, rendering examination almost impracticable by their incessant teasing.

In the principal square are some handsome buildings, especially the customhouse designed by Vasari. We were also pleased with a circular temple, which had all the character of antiquity, mouldered, corroded, and covered with many interesting hues of age. After visiting the square and the ruins of a Roman amphitheatre, we went to see the Casa Petrarcha, or house of Petrarch, into which we walked as if it had been our own. At present it is inhabited by a physician, and is greatly modernized, having all the external appearance of a comfortable dwelling. On the front is an inscription relative to Petrarch, bearing date 1810.

We left Arezzo for Camoscia, near Cortona. The second spring presents the most refreshing greens on the various fields, but the trees retain their russet robes, and do not appear to bud a second time, at least not to produce any effect upon the landscape.

The Italian skies are clearer than those of Britain, and occasionally we see them very brilliant. To-day, towards the evening, the horizon appeared of the brightest orange, with an intermediate and harmonizing colour of the most delicate hue of carmine, which lost itself in purple ; the colour of the mountains was of a blackish neutral tone, which

greatly contributed to the splendour of the sky, especially when it was likewise opposed to the dark cool grey of the olive groves. A little wandering stream went sparkling on, as if it had been covered with a thousand diamonds.

No traveller stopping at Camoscia should omit the opportunity of seeing Cartona, the capital of Etruria. It is a noble ancient town, with Cyclopean walls, situate upon the acclivity of the hill immediately above Camoscia. It contains much to interest the curious visitant, especially its academy, museum, and library. The views are inimitably fine; particularly from some points where part of the ancient city is brought into contrast with the rich country and distant hills of Radicofani, and the Thrasimene and Clusian lakes. As we travel on, no circumstance seems in vain. The very breath of our horses in these frosty mornings gives a value to many a singular scene: affording an accidental choice of clearness or general effect, and appearing pale, or of an amber colour, as the sun may shine on it, it suggests the value of each effect upon the various objects,—ever teaching something to the observing mind.

The dew drops on the bushes, or trembling and sparkling on the spray, never failed to charm us. The associations of purity, freshness, and coolness, might enter into our emotion of delight; but it certainly arose, primarily and chiefly, from the *intrinsic beauty* of the dew drops. We are so formed by nature as

to derive pleasure from particular colours and forms, independent of any reflex feeling; and the infant, when first it sees a rose or a diamond, or its view is directed to the glories of an evening sky, displays a kind of transport, which surely cannot, without overstrained ingenuity, be referred to any previous association. A lower degree of pleasure may, in the same manner, be excited by objects of inferior beauty, while from others the infant will turn away with indifference, or shrink in disgust.

When we left Cortona, the beautiful and extensive lake of Thrasimene soon appeared, bathing the shooting promontories with its pellucid water. The lovely peaceful mirror reflected the mountains of Monte Pulciana, and the wild fowl skimming its ample surface, touched the waters with their rapid wings, leaving circles and trains of light to glitter in gray repose. As we moved along, one set of interesting features yielded to another, and every change excited new delight. Yet, was it not among these tranquil scenes that Hannibal and Flaminius met? Was not the blush of blood upon the silver lake of Thrasimene?

"Her aged trees rise thick, as once the slain
Lay where their roots are; but a brook has ta'en—
A little rill of scanty stream and bed—
A name of blood from that day's sanguine rain;
And Sanguinetto tells ye where the dead
Made the earth wet, and turned the unwilling waters red."

After passing the stream of Sanguinetto, we entered the Papal territory. Nothing could exceed the fulness of the olive harvest; yet our satisfaction in contemplating the bounty of nature in this luxuriant country, was greatly checked by seeing some miserable beings, almost as black as the fruit, picking up such as fell upon the ground. Surely man, with all his faults, deserves a better fate than to starve amidst abundance.

Advancing to Perugia, we were presented with fine varieties of swelling hills, buildings, and olive groves, and Apennines in the horizon tippped with snow.

Perugia crowns the summit of a hill, as indeed do most of the towns in Italy, to escape Malaria, the invisible enemy of the plains. From the tower of the cathedral, looking east, we see Assisi, the birth place of St Francis, seated on the bosom of a hill, and overlooking a rich and fertile plain. Various parts of Perugia seem to mix with the almost shapeless hills, bounded with higher Apennines. The south presents the ramparts, ancient walls, towers, and cupolas of the various monasteries and churches. To the west, we see the numerous buildings appearing, as it were, to climb the ridges of the hill on which the city stands, yet overtopped with majestic mountains. From the north, the city seems to hang in air, the smoke

and vapours from below, rising against its aged walls.

After examining the panorama from the tower, we entered the Cathedral, in which are several pictures by Pietro Perugino, and various other masters, besides rich carvings after the designs of Raphael.

The painting of the MADONNA DELLA GRAZIA, by Pietro Perugino, is honoured with a silver crown, diamond ear-rings, and pearl necklace, and is likewise surrounded with innumerable offerings of hearts, legs, arms, and feet. When we went to see this picture, which is hard and formal in its execution, several poor people were devoutly praying at the shrine; and to our astonishment, they were suddenly turned away, that we might see the picture! The paintings in the cathedral are generally but indifferent. ST SEBASTIAN AND ST LORENZA, by Scaramuccia, are perhaps the best.

In the church of St Augustine there are many paintings by Perugino. Grace may be traced in the figures of OUR SAVIOUR AND ST JOHN, baptizing in the river Jordan, although the drawing of them is but indifferent.

JOSEPH AND MARY WORSHIPPING AT THE BIRTH OF CHRIST is a mellow picture, without hardness; the heads especially are excellent.

Raphael's MADONNA AND CHILD, with St NICOLO, ST BERNARDINO, ST JEROME, and ST SEBAS-

TIAN, is but ill composed. The Virgin sits uncomfortably in the sky, with three angels' heads to support her feet. The ADORATION OF THE MAGI, likewise by the hand of Raphael, is very like an early painting by Perugino.

Barocchio's pictures are free and broad, but overloaded with drapery; they have nature, however, to recommend them in many parts, which certainly makes up for a multitude of faults.

The MADONNA AND CHILD, with ST AGATHA, ST LUCIA, ST PETER, and ST PAUL, is the best of Perugino's works, and may be said to surpass those by Raphael in this church. The ETERNAL FATHER, too, by Perugino, is a favourite specimen of the master. The carvings of the stalls in the choir, from designs by Raphael, are extremely fine; and the seats are easy: a muttering monk advanced to one of them, and threw himself into it seemingly to sleep. In the Oratorio Della Signora are fourteen pictures by Sasso Ferrata; the best of which are second and third from the door. Many of the figures are well drawn, in good attitudes, with a general pleasing effect of light, and shade, and colour.

We were rather late in going to the church of San Pietro. The church was dark and gloomy; but an obliging monk, without the slightest ceremony, snatched down one of the prodigious wax lights from the altar, to shew the various paintings

by Vasari, Sasso Ferrata, &c. He also led us to the robing room, in which are several small pictures by Perugino, which appear to have been portraits of monks turned into saints. In execution, they are masterly and free;—a little painting, too, by Raphael, of CHRIST AND ST JOHN, is excellent in colouring and infantine expression. The French have greatly injured the church of San Pietro, by the removal of the frescoes, and marks of violence may be seen in many places. The curious missals and illuminated books, they seem to have thought below their notice, or it is more probable they were concealed from them. In the Academy Della Bella Arte are several of the first attempts in painting of Pietro Perugino, and of Raphael, his immortal scholar. They appear to be but a step beyond the works of Giotto or Cimabue; one of Guido's earliest works, too, of a boy paring an apple, is hung with them, and certainly does not indicate his future excellence: it is painted on a pannel at least three inches thick, and primed with stucco. The innumerable instances which we have of early paintings on stucco grounds, on pannels, shew, that the departure from fresco or absorbent grounds was not altogether sudden, and that the final adoption of oil grounds was the result of time and much experience.

The first attempts of the great masters are certainly encouraging, and much information may be

derived from them; but they are surely a dangerous collection for young practitioners to study. It is true, they shew the first glimpses of genius and improvement, but they shew no more. Taste is ill defined, apparently accidental, and not sufficiently under rule to guide an inexperienced mind. Yet the students of this Academy draw and paint from these early pictures, and from great cartoons, after the extraordinary and singular figures in the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo. The masters of these subordinate academies should be careful, lest they lead the youthful mind astray. I have seen no good productions of any of the pupils, and I am now convinced, that making enormous and elaborate finished drawings in chalk, is little better than a waste of time. The Academy have few paintings, except by Giotto, Cimabue, Albert Durer, Perugino, and Raphael's early works, all of which seem to be painted by receipt.

In the museum, with which the academy is connected, are some antiquities, chiefly such as were found in the neighbourhood of Perugia: many of them are beautiful and curious, consisting principally of busts, sarcophagi, friezes, vases, terra cottas, &c. In the Gabinetto Anatomico, which is also connected with the academy, there are many anatomical preparations in wax. Some heads with the brain taken out, are yet accompanied with vermilion coloured lips and smiling faces: and here I

may mention, that we have seen even greater absurdities in the celebrated Gabinetto Fisico in Florence, especially in the apartment of the gravid uterus, one of the most indelicate exhibitions ever opened to the public eye. There is no reason why these preparations should be made disgusting to the sight, yet consistency with nature should certainly be observed.

In the Casa della Penna there are many paintings, but few of any merit; yet it is a collection one would not wish to pass. A picture by Subtermans, and one by Annibal Caracci, with some sketches by Salvator Rosa, are the most deserving of notice. The landscapes, imitations of Gaspar Poussin, are all indifferent. We were greatly pleased with the design of AN ENCHANTMENT by Salvator Rosa, painted on a black ground. A magician is represented holding a warrior's sword of tremendous size, over a variety of charms and spells. The warrior behind appears with anxious eye looking towards his sword, and a figure, indicating to what it will lead, rises in the mysterious scene with a flaming crown: a multitude of devils and strange forms, the usual accompaniments of enchantment, are indistinctly seen hovering in the gloom.

The most remarkable specimen of architecture in Perugia is the ancient arch of Augustus, in which strength and elegance are most agreeably united. No cement has been used in its con-

struction, yet it appears as if it could still defy the elements for many centuries. The Palazzo Publico is striking in effect. The Porta de San Pietro is extremely beautiful, and the fountain near the cathedral is chaste in the design: indeed, the Italians always shew considerable taste in their wells and fountains, enriching them with some appropriate ornament.

Perugia abounds in the finest subjects for the pencil; and the man of taste must be greatly charmed with the inimitable views, especially from the Piazza della Prome, and the ancient ramparts. He may also find innumerable works of art in many of the palaces, churches, and private houses, that might well reward the trouble of searching them out.

A learned gentleman, who has lately visited the celebrated baths of San Phillipo, about fifty miles from this ancient city, has shewn us several casts, which are remarkable for their sharpness and peculiar beauty.

They are produced by a petrifying spring, which is applied to the formation of cameos and various ornaments. Our friend, imagining the process might be interesting, has obligingly favoured us with an account of it, which is as follows.

The spring issues from Monte Amiato, about four miles from Radicofani, on the route between that town and Sienna, and is situate about half a

mile from the road side. The water is in such quantity as to form a large torrent, and so hot that it cannot be borne by the human body at its source. Very anciently baths were established there, and are still kept up. They are called Bagni de San Filippo. The water is perfectly transparent, but holds in solution a considerable quantity of sulphur, and an immense portion of carbonate of lime. Soon after the escape from the mountain, the sulphur is first deposited, and then the earthy matter, in such quantity as to have formed itself into a small mountain some hundred feet high, and nearly half a mile in length. This constant deposition of fresh earth is continually changing the place of the spring, and gradually approaching it nearer its source in the mountain. Of this petrifying water, advantage has been taken to form casts, somewhat in the following manner. An impression of the medal is first taken in sulphur, or, what is still better, on glass, and the impressed figure or mould is then placed in the course of the stream to receive the deposited matter. As, however, it is desirable that the dissolved earth be deposited in a certain state and condition, a series of three or four pits are sunk in the earth at a short distance from each other, and communicating by means of tubes. In these pits, deposition to a certain extent is successively made, till the water at length arrives at the last stage, refined, as it were,

and charged only with its desired portion of earth. It is then made to fall through a tube on two pieces of board, two or three inches broad, placed crosswise thus +, the effect of which is to break the stream, and throw off the water in all directions. Beneath this crossed piece is another similar one, and a third still lower, but all of them crossing in different directions, the more completely to break and disperse the column of water that falls on them. These crossed pieces are then surrounded by frame work of wood, of a pyramidal form, within which are arranged the impressed sulphurs or glass, previously touched with a solution of soap to smooth the surface, and facilitate the subsequent separation of the cast. They are disposed all round the pyramidal case, and placed somewhat obliquely forward, opposite the several series of crossed sticks, and at the distance of about a foot from their extremities. In this position, they receive a continual and equable dash of the water, which deposits its earthy matter on the impressed surface, and which matter takes with the greatest fineness and precision the figure of the body on which it consolidates. The cast, thus obtained, may be made of any thickness, but in small figures; it is commonly from one-eighth to one-fourth of an inch. The time employed in its formation is ten or twelve days. The pyramidal frame is of use, not only for disposing the moulds in the manner described, but also for

guarding against all currents of air which might disturb the process of deposition; it is not designed, however, to exclude the entrance of air.

This manufactory was established by the late Peter Leopold, who so magnificently patronized all the sciences and arts. It is at present under the direction of Signor Pagliari, an artist of great ingenuity, who readily explains and exhibits all the stages of his process. His charges are in proportion to the dimensions of the cast.

For a cast of 1 inch diameter,	1 Paul, or 5d. English.
$2\frac{1}{2}$	$1\frac{1}{2}$
4	3
5	6
6	9
7	10
8	20
one foot 6 inches	30

By an ingenious variation of the process, he is able to form a cast of differently coloured marbles, so as to present a white figure in relief on a blue or yellow ground, and *vice versa*. This is done by first forming the cast white as usual, then separating from it all the parts not projecting in relief, and exposing it as before to a second process of deposition, from water previously coloured. The coloured carbonate attaches itself to the white figure, and this forms a ground on the stratum of coloured matter on which the white matter rests,

but in a manner so as to form one solid and continuous substance.

I know not whether the petrifying springs in Scotland or in Derbyshire are sufficiently strong to produce casts in so short a time as ten or twelve days, but I should think the experiment might be tried with probable success, in small and delicate gameos, which would not require any great degree of thickness.

LETTER XXII.

ROME.

Journey to Rome.—Foligna.—Temple of Clitumnus.—Spoleto.—Terni.—Narni.—Otricoli.—Civita Castellana.—Nepi.—Arrival at Rome.

Soon after leaving Perugia we crossed the Tiber, flowing with its numberless associations, and exciting that feeling of respect which is due even to inanimate objects so famed in history. While our anxious eye hurriedly examined its magnitude, its banks, and scenery, we could not help exclaiming: Can this be the yellow Tiber of the Augustan age? this the Tiber that still laves the walls of the eternal city? How different the reality from the pictures of imagination, which, with all our knowledge of its character, still delights in amplifying it into a majestic flood!

This famous river, near Perugia, reminded us of the Clyde in Scotland, though perhaps not quite so large. The water, of a whitish colour, leaves a considerable deposite on the vegetation on its banks, occasionally producing singular petrifactions. We passed Assisi on our left, and admired its towers,

cupolas and arcades, from the splendid edifice of the Madonna degli Angeli, in the plain below.

The women of the country wear the panno, a piece of cloth folded on their head, and hanging down the back. Crosses and chapels increased in number as we advanced. These crosses are generally decorated with a hammer, a spear, a pair of pincers, and a sponge; and occasionally a cock surmounts the whole. Near Spetto we observed a curious mode of harrowing; the harrow was an oblong piece of wood, on which a man stood, holding by the tails of oxen, and kept switching them along. In every implement of husbandry the Italians are much behind, and have advanced but little since the days of Virgil.

Foligna is seated in a plain, surrounded by mountains at a moderate distance. In a convent there we saw an unfinished picture of a HOLY FAMILY by Raphael, carefully outlined in bistre on a tanned leather-coloured ground, and evidently designed according to some ideal rule of beauty; circles were described for the cheeks and nose of the Infant Jesus, and the same forms might be traced throughout the picture. In this painting Raphael has finished carefully as he advanced. Foligna, in former days, could boast of the famous picture of the MADONNA DELLA FOLIGNA, by Raphael, now in the Vatican at Rome, and still contains some curious relics of ancient art, particularly a silver statue as large as life, executed with considerable taste.

As we advanced on our journey, the towers and steeples of Trivi appeared singular and striking, by the contrast of a stormy sky. Clouds hung heavily on the dark and dismal hills; and strange and gloomy appearances amused the eye with marvellous opposition of colour; white visionary grey, threatening fiery reds, and brassy tones, stared through dusky blue, and blackish hues of purple; while the pale and sickly-coloured buildings appeared against illumined showers.

Nothing can be more provoking than continued rain while travelling amidst the lovely scenes of Italy; yet such was now our lot. We could not, however, pass the temple of Clitumnus, though it was pouring an Italian shower. *

This pretty little gem stands on the acclivity of a bank overlooking its crystal waters, which have their source at the distance of some hundred yards towards Spoleto. The temple, fronting the river, is of an oblong form, in the Corinthian order. Four columns support the pediment, the shafts of which are covered in spiral lines and in forms, to represent the scales of fish; the bases, too, are rich-

* The showers in Italy are generally very violent, even when they are of long duration.

ly sculptured. The tympanum contains no figures, but the ornament and cornice are well detailed. Within the building is a chapel, the walls of which are covered with many hundred names, but we saw none which we could recognize as British. Can it be, that this classical temple is seldom visited by our countrymen, though celebrated by Dryden and Addison? To future travellers from Britain, it will surely be rendered interesting, by the beautiful lines of Lord Byron, flowing as sweetly as the lovely stream which they describe.

"But thou, Clitumnus! in thy sweetest wave
Of the most living crystal, that was e'er
The haunt of river nymph, to gaze, and lave
Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost rear
Thy grassy banks whereon the milk-white steer
Grazes; the purest God of gentle waters!
The most serene of aspect, and most clear;
Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughters,—
A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters!

"And on thy happy shore a temple still,
Of small and delicate proportion, keeps
Upon a mild declivity of hill,
Its memory of thee; beneath it sweeps
Thy current's calmness; oft from out it leaps
The finny darter with the glittering scales,
Who dwells and revels in the glassy deeps;
While, chance, some scatter'd water-lily sails
Down where the shallower wave still tells it babbling tales."

4th Canto, Childe Harold.

Spoleto, one of the most picturesque towns that we have seen in Italy, is built on the slope of a hill, and extends to the plain below. Its magnificent castle, partly built on Cyclopean walls, crowns the whole, and, as seen with the lofty aqueduct which stretches from hill to hill, forms a perfect and most pleasing landscape. On our arrival there several workmen were excavating, and had just discovered some arches of an ancient Roman bridge, *below* the bed of the present river. Several other remains of great antiquity are to be seen in the immediate neighbourhood, especially of the temples of Concord and Mars, * the former being remarkable for its finely proportioned doors, exquisitely carved in the richest ornament. Twelve of the ancient Corinthian columns are within the church, (of the Crucifix,) which seems to be built on the foundation of the ancient ruins. Our stay at Spoleto was very short, which we regretted much, as there are few towns which so well deserve investigation. The painter, especially, must be charmed with the variety of excellent material which it affords for classic composition.

The Strada Romana winds through very pleasing scenery of varied hills, woody banks, and

* We did not see the Temple of Mars, finding it to be at some distance from the town.

groves, and through such scenery we travel with little intermission all the way to Terni.

Terni is seated in a plain, and almost surrounded by interesting mountains. Those especially towards the celebrated fall are extremely grand. When we arrived in the town, two carts full of robbers were taken to the prison. These wretches were for a considerable time the terror of the country, and rendered it extremely dangerous to travellers. Terni may be said to be a pretty town, but the appearance of poverty and misery destroys our enjoyment of its beauty; the houses and streets are generally good; indeed, surprisingly so, considering the wretchedness of the beings that inhabit them;—an observation which may apply to almost all the towns in Italy. If the palaces are uncomfortable and dirty, it can hardly be expected that the dwellings of the poor can be in good condition.

The remains of antiquity at Terni are trifling. Part of an amphitheatre, faced with reticulated stone and a vitrified substance alternately, is all that was pointed out to us, except a small church, which is called the ancient Temple of the Sun. Paintings there are none. Even the cathedral offers nothing except a Mary Magdalene.

The great attraction in this romantic country is the noble fall of Velino. As we advanced to it, we found the scenery bold and majestic, approaching,

in many parts, to the sublime. The mist from the tremendous fall was seen from afar, obscuring the rocks and wooded banks. Our road wound around perilous precipices, presenting the most fascinating scenes, and all the fantastic wildness of nature. After we had crossed the shoulder of a lofty mountain, of bare and precipitous rock, the romantic village of Papignina appeared on the summit of a hill, uniting in the finest manner with the adjacent objects, and forming an unrivalled subject for the pencil. The feelings, I should think, with which a painter would delineate and study such a perfect picture, might be envied by the most enlightened man of taste. Beyond this admirable scene, we distinctly heard the thundering Velino, though it was still invisible. Imagination then began to work, and formed innumerable awful pictures;—but the striking scene itself soon dismissed them, and presented one more terrific than any which the fancy drew. The stunning sound, the mist, uncertainty, and tremendous depth, bewildered the senses for a time, and the eye had little rest from the impetuous and hurrying waters to search into the mysterious and whitened gulf, which presented, through a cloud of spray, the apparitions, as it were, of rocks and overhanging wood. The wind, however, would sometimes remove for an instant this misty veil, and display such a scene of havoc as appalled the soul. But hear Lord Byron:

" The roar of waters! from the headlong height
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;
The fall of waters! rapid as the light
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet,
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

" And mounts in spray the skies; and thence again
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald! how profound
The gulf! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent
With his fierce footsteps, yields in chasms a fearful vent!

" To the broad column which rolls on, and shews
More like the fountain of an infant sea,
Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
Of a new world, than only thus to be
Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,
With many windings thro' the vale: Look back!
Lo! where it comes like an eternity!
As if to sweep down all things in its track
Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract

" Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn

Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn;
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching madness with unalterable mien."

From Terni to Narni, we travelled through a vale of pleasing appearance, but not so highly cultivated as those of Tuscany. The ruins of an ancient bridge of Augustus presented to us a noble specimen of Roman architecture. One arch remains entire, and the massive ruins of something like two others of different dimensions (nearly twice the breadth) grace the varying Nera.

The beauties of Italian landscape crowded fast upon us. The town of Narni offers a succession of the finest compositions. Its ancient walls, towers, and splendid gate, are most attractive features, and we could not pass them without an exclamation of delight. Narni, seated on a hill, commands the whole plain towards Terni, and the picturesque mountains which terminate the view. When we pass Narni, and descend the hill, the finely wooded banks, precipices, and distant mountains, appear to great advantage. The town itself, crowning a lofty ridge, came finely into view, and seemed to have been placed, as if on purpose to complete the picture. The wooded hills of Italy are different from those in Britain. The richness and fulness of the clustering chesnut, and

the grey and sober olive, afford a splendid mass of foliage, often extremely broad and grand, and always pleasing by the varied and opposing colours. We soon exchanged the woody hills for banks of furze, and broken grounds of the richest tones of vegetation, diversified with grey rock gravel, and brilliant hues of soil. The brown and yellow earths especially harmonized with the chastened greens and greys of plants and pendent brushwood.

The country, after we leave Narni, assumes an extensive and undulating character. Luxuriant olive woods cover hill and dale, giving a universal richness to the whole; and this, with the exception of some defiles of gravel, is the general expression of our journey to Otricoli.

That curious and ancient looking town stands on the ridge of a hill of no great elevation, and is, with its crumbling walls, extremely picturesque, giving a peculiar value to the plain which stretches to the horizon. The windings of the Tiber sweep and curve in the most delightful manner, and always come in opportunely, where a little diversity seemed to be required. In the town, near the principal church, we observed several fragments of antiquity; an altar, two capitals of Corinthian columns, frieze and inscriptions in the walls. These may have been brought from ancient Otriculum, the site of which is at no great distance from the present town. At Otricoli the limestone is compact

and pure, and, what to us appeared extremely curious, rests upon the debris of the same material; the solid lime being about six feet in thickness. Indeed, the country is altogether singular; one great plain rises above another, and, on looking across the vale, one could not suppose there were any lofty banks or precipices; none being perceptible to the eye as it passes over the plain. Yet we met with very deep ravines, with water flowing at the bottom. Descending from the higher into the lower plain, the same appearance of solid lime above the debris occurred. The peasantry wore frocks as with us in England. Flocks of wild goats were numerous, and the shepherds' dogs were always white. Crosses, marking scenes of murder, occasionally appeared, and the caverns, and some ruins upon the road, seemed fit lurking-places for banditti.

Before we reached the castle of Borghetto, the sky frowned upon us. Soracte was black and dismal, and the blast began to bend the olive trees. It was evening before we reached the romantic town of Civita Castellana; but such an evening of lightning and thunder we had never witnessed. Clouds of the strangest form and colours gathered and opposed each other, and hastened into uncertainty. Pale grey vapours flew swiftly across the most solemn dark and purple hues, clustering

together, and hanging with ragged edges from heaven to earth! The war of the elements was proclaimed! the silver lightning flew, and the thunder rolled; the wind and the torrents strove against the subdued appearances of nature. All was light, all was dark, with incredible quickness of alternation! The towers of Civita Castellana now looked sad and gloomy, and now appeared in the utmost brilliancy of light amidst the growling of the storm. When we reached the bridge which leads over the tremendous ravine to the city, we almost believed that we were entering an enchanted town.

And, truly, whether in a storm, or under a serene and azure sky, Civita Castellana must appear a bewitching place, abounding in every attribute of the grand, the beautiful, or the picturesque. Nothing, in short, is wanting that the pencil might demand to produce the finest pictures. The most romantic banks, rocks, wood, and waterfalls, are crowned with buildings, which would have charmed a Niccolo Poussin, or a Salvator Rosa. We have met with finer towns; but certainly none so full of charms to a painter's eye! On the following morning, we had a view of the country from the fortress, which itself is a noble object, especially from the bridge. Monte Soracte appeared to great advantage, and com-

pleted many compositions, which had the fortifications for the commanding feature. In its general aspect, the country appears a rich and cultivated plain; but, close upon the town, the deep ravines wind and twist about in various directions, and seem more like enormous fissures or awful rents in the surface of the earth, than tracks worn by the action of the waters. The whole country is volcanic, the rocks are composed of tuffa, and with this material much of the fortress is constructed. It is not hard like stone, but tough, yet sufficiently adapted to withstand the weather; black cinders appear in the grey ashes, and give a kind of mottled character to the crumbling walls.

In the town, many of the buildings have an appearance of great antiquity. The arch was the favourite form with the ancient Romans, and their windows are always in good proportion, seldom without some finishing or framing round them. In the superstructures upon the old foundations were many fragments of ancient times,—capitals, parts of columns, and friezes,—but none of them of perfect workmanship. Civita Castellana has a greater air of antiquity than any town which we have yet visited; but whether it be the ancient capital of the Veientes, which helped to form the nucleus of the Roman power, will still be a subject of dispute and doubt. The Appian way passed near the fortification; but the modern im-

provements have intruded so much upon it, that it was not perceptible. We found nothing in the Cathedral worthy of notice. The floor was paved with serpentine, porphyry, and other stones of red and grey. It contains no pictures of any note; a St Jerome was the best, but certainly not entitled to commendation. I may, however, mention a figure of God the Father, which was so placed in a niche, as to allow a light to fall upon it from above and behind, producing a rich reflected light on the statue. The effect was good, but the statue bad.

The country from Civita Castellana to Nepi is by no means picturesque; deep ravines, however, often occurred, and always excited wonder, as we could not trace their windings through the distant plain.

The walls of Nepi are high and grand, but mouldering to decay. Towers, with their projecting bartisans, appear above them, and give an imposing look to the town, which serves to increase our dissatisfaction when we see the mean appearance of the interior. Near the fountain in the square we observed some fragments of marble busts and statues; indeed, the nearer we approach to Rome, these sad relics of ancient times become more common. Scarcely a town or a village is without some relic of former splendour, either built into the walls as common stones, or scattered in

the fields. Nepi, like Civita Castellana, stands on banks of tuffa. Italian pines and caverns run along the slopes, and the wizard-looking stream murmurs far below.

Towards Baccano, the aspect of the country is nearly the same as in the approach to Nepi, but at Monte Rosa, it begins to appear somewhat bleak; the trees retire, and there is but little cultivation. The fields seem neglected, and the road is bad. The lake of Monte Rosa affords no picture, nor has it any character save that of a volcano's mouth. Our road, cut through volcanic ashes, is singular in appearance. The ashes generally lie in strata of parallel or waving lines, sometimes fine, and sometimes coarse, and the cinders which are found detached are black or grey, and full of crystals of a whitish colour.

From the top of Monte Lungo, the dome of Saint Peter's just appears,—the boast of the mistress of the world! Who could look on such an object without emotion? A few moments snatched it from our sight. We descended the hill, and traversed a melancholy country, suggesting ages of darkness, contrasted with splendid times. The thousand hills of ashes beyond record, and the fragments of art, and foundation walls of Roman grandeur, kept up a continual interest, till we reached the ancient city. But I must lead you regularly forward to her gates.

The russet hills of the Campagna Romana are

like the waves of a swelling ocean ; few trees appear, and rarely an inhabited house. The eye has no resting-place, unless on some ruined tower, or deserted dwelling. Malaria lurks on hill and plain, as the sickly complexion of the peasantry too plainly tells. Oxen alone are used for agricultural purposes, and these were grey and bulky, with tremendous horns, which often came in contact in the yoke. Crosses, indicating where murder had been committed, appeared upon the edges of the road, and fragments of human beings upon gibbets waving in the wind.

Can the frequency of these crosses arise from the circumstance of their being erected on the spot, which, in another country, would not be indicated by any such memorial? or is the number of murders to be ascribed to the popular belief in the efficacy of ecclesiastical absolution? to a temper prone to extreme revenge? to the uncertainty of obtaining legal redress of injury? or in some degree to the united co-operation of all these causes?

Between the sixth and seventh mile stone, the domes and cupolas of Rome, with the winding Tiber, Tivoli, and the Sabine hills, appear over the dejected country. We passed the sculptured tomb of Vibius, called the Tomb of Nero. Its fate is fast approaching; merely balanced on its foundation,—a few rude storms, and then its day is

over. No carriages appeared upon the road, no bustle of any kind! A universal melancholy silence prevailed, even within a mile or two of Rome. When we crossed the Ponte Mole, the Tiber appeared broad and deep, and much discoloured. We soon drove through the Porta del Popolo, and entered the imperial city; "mother of arts, as once of arms!"

LETTER XXIII

ROME.

Panorama from the Top of the Capitol.—Sketch of the interior of St Peter's.

We stood on the tower of the Capitol, and surveyed the remains of that city, and those trophies which emperors and kings, through many ages conquerors of the world, had looked upon with exultation, and accounted substantial monuments of their glory. The colossal aqueducts bestrode the Campagna; the Appian way was shaded by the tombs of the most illustrious Romans,—tombs now following fast into oblivion the relics of their proud possessors;—those of Caius Cestus and Cecilia Metella, being all that are now distinguishable. We surveyed the ancient walls of the Eternal City, built to protect its infancy against the incursions of restless tribes, but insufficient to defend its age against its Gothic conquerors:—the triumphal arches of Titus, Severus, and Constantine, built at a time when the arms of barbarians could never be expected to overtake those favourites of conquest, and to spoil, in their turn, the spoilers of

mankind. We beheld the temples of heathen worship, now, with the worship itself, for ever fallen, though the spirit of pagan superstition seems still to linger among their ruins. Jupiter Tonans, divested of his attributes, has long since resigned his thunders to the pontiffs of the Vatican. The palace of the Cæsars is scarcely discoverable by its paltry remains, wild weeds of a summer's growth overshadowing all that exists of structures intended for interminable duration. We threw our eyes over the ancient temples of Romulus and Remus, the founders of the monarchy; the temples of the Sun and of Peace,—the latter only suggesting its opposite, and serving to remind us of ancient Rome, as a nursery of warriors. We reverted to the Capitol, still crowning and commanding the city of conquest, and to the curious excavations below, again bringing into view vestiges of ancient grandeur, of which history itself seems to have taken no account. Chief of all, our attention was rivetted by the Coliseum and the Forum;—the former often wet with the blood of gladiators,—the latter, in the ear of fancy, still echoing to the eloquence of a Brutus or a Cicero. The Coliseum, perhaps, more than any of the antiquities, realizes the visions of the student of ancient history. Its vast size, its unnatural destination, its measured and tardy decay, having already outlived the lapse of many centuries, proclaim at

once, that the earthly schemes of man, so far beyond the term of his mortal existence, are short-lived, mean, and trifling, compared to his eternal destination. To the right of the Tiber, which takes its course along the foot of the Aventine Mount, we remark the Ripa Grande, or Quay, circumscribing its range to the south; the river itself,—though choaked and shallowed by the debris of its banks, and the crumbling edifices of successive centuries,—broad, deep, and unruffled by the ruins which it conceals, is still the yellow muddy Tiber of the Augustan age, finely corresponding in tone and colour with the dusky ruins that nod upon its shores. The Tiber is lost for a time to the eye, among the various buildings, and again appears in view, taking its course in winding lines of light across the wide waste that stretches off towards the sea. The hill of Janiculum, the palaces, the villas of Pamphili, Corsini, and the numerous structures of modern Rome, its domes, monasteries, churches, and palaces, successively occupy the attention, till we come to the Tarpeian Rock itself, now scarcely formidable, being almost lost in rubbish.

Then turning towards the west, the eye rests on the dome of St Peter's, and the Vatican, with all its far-famed treasures of sculpture and painting. The mighty building of St Peter's, the first and most magnificent temple in the world, seems sovereign of modern Rome, (as the Coliseum does of the ancient city,) surrounded by his vassals at humble distance, conformable to the inferiority of their rank and pretensions. All seems, however, to be provided for the purposes of a worship, meant to captivate the senses by its external splendour and beauty, until the very object of religion, the cultivation of the Christian virtues, which are meek and humble, is forgotten in the magnificence of a priesthood of princes; combining the splendour and luxuries of life with their preparations for bidding it adieu.

What a contrast to the Coliseum, which, on the other hand, speaks of heathen times, and feelings scarcely human, when a whole people used to assemble, to be delighted with the suffering, the groaning, and destruction of unfortunate fellow mortals, selected to shed each other's blood, without any motive of enmity or revenge, but for the sole purpose of gratifying the taste of an unthinking and ferocious populace! Such scenes might nerve the arm, and steel the heart for purposes of conquest; but, as certainly they annihilated the finer sentiments of the soul, and degraded the lords of the creation into fit companions or rivals to the tyrants of the forest.

From St Peter's we were naturally led to the Mausoleum of Hadrian and the Pantheon of Agrippa, together with the great works of a succession of ages;—which, though differing in date, seem to the eye of a modern beholder of almost equal

antiquity, and impress him with almost equal veneration and awe. From this spot, too, may be seen the columns of Antonine and Trajan. In the Forum of the latter emperor, excavations disclose the pristine city, far beneath the level of its modern, though still ancient successor.

The Quirinal Palace of the Pope, to the north, combines with Soracte and the snowy Apennines, and presents to the eye the most interesting and ever-varying pictures. Lastly, and immediately below the spectator, the eye rests on the Museum of the Capitol, designed by Michael Angelo, and filled with works of the chisel, during every age of the progress of the rival yet sister arts of architecture and statuary, from the bronze wolf, said to have been struck by lightning at the death of Cæsar, to the modern ornaments of the Museum. After examining the detail of this most astonishing scene, we cast our eyes generally over the whole, and rested them for a while on those permanent features, the Alban Mount, with ancient Tusculum on its bosom, Tivoli sparkling in the sun, and the seven hills of ancient Rome. All this it were vain to attempt to describe, and still more the emotion which it excites! for in such a scene, comprehending not local space only, but even an expanse of ages, there is that, to use a scriptural expression, "in the mind of the spirit, which cannot be uttered."

I shall now lead you to St Peter's, and endeavour to represent the interior of that noble temple. The view is perhaps the best near the bronze statue of St Peter;* and immediately beside it the survey of the interior is magnificent and imposing. We saw it under the most striking effect, adorned with the beams of the sun, playing upon its gorgeous magnificence,—the noble dome, with its various colossal paintings in Mosaic, of angels, prophets, and apostles, the latter in the spandrils at least twenty-five feet in height. In the transept of the cross are seen the noble sepulchral monuments of the Popes by Canova, Bernini, Michael Angelo, and others; splendid pictures in Mosaic, designed by Raphael, Domenichino, Guercino, and Guido, scarcely distinguishable from the finest paintings; grand columns of marble, porphyry, and granite, the gigantic supporters of the dome, each of which, were it hollow, would be sufficient to contain hundreds of people. Numerous colossal statues of saints, in niches, at least thirteen feet high; the various and precious stones which impannel the walls of the whole building; the richness of the ornamented roof; the galleries from which the relics are occasion-

* The statue of Jupiter Capitolinus, the supreme divinity of ancient Rome, furnished the material for this statue of Peter, the presiding saint of the modern capital.

ally exhibited; the great altar of Corinthian brass by Bernini, (the height of which is not less than the highest palace in Rome,) with its twisted columns wreathed with olive; the hundred brazen lamps continually burning, and surrounding the tomb of the patron saint, with its gilded bronze gate, enriched to the utmost with various ornaments; the massive silver lamps; the hangings of crimson silk; the chair of St Peter, supported by two popes, statues of great magnitude; the pavement composed of the most rare and curious marbles of beautiful workmanship; the statue of St Peter, with a constant succession of priests and persons of all descriptions, kissing his foot; the people going to be confessed, and to engage in other acts of religion—form a whole not to be paralleled on earth: especially when seen, as I saw it, with the sun's beams darting through the lofty windows of the dome, throwing all into mysterious light, tipping the gilded and plated ornaments, and giving additional richness to the colours of the Mosaic painting, and to the burnished silver lamps, which sparkled like little constellations; while the effect of all was heightened by the sound of the organ at vespers, swelling in notes of triumph, then dying upon the ear, and sinking into the soul; the clear melodious tones of the human voice, too, filling up the pauses of the organ, diffusing a deeper solemnity through this great temple, and making us

feel an involuntary acknowledgment to God, who had gifted man with such sublime conceptions.

This sacred temple is open in common to the prince and to the beggar;* and here the latter may find an asylum, and even feel, amidst his present abasement, the exaltation of his nature. Never shall I forget a poor wretched diseased boy, not more than four years of age, with scarcely a rag to cover him, kneeling in front of all the magnificence which I have attempted to describe, with his little hands and eyes raised to heaven. His appearance in such a place excited in our minds even higher feelings of the sublime, than all the surrounding pomp and splendour of papal decoration;—for while this gorgeous fabric shall be crumbling into unsightly ruins,—this little human speck, almost overlooked amidst the variety and vastness of surrounding objects,—this little heir of immortality will enjoy undiminished youth throughout the ages of eternity.

---

* I remember seeing two Princesses kneeling at the tomb of St Peter, when a common mendicant came up, and placed herself within a few inches of them. The servants of the Princesses, in splendid liveries, kneeled behind; but they were not very devout. They kept pulling each other's coats, and pointing to the pictures, and the beautiful effects of the sun's rays through the windows of the dome.

LETTER XXIV.

ROME.

Rome as it appears from elevated situations.—Gates.—Streets.—Palaces.—Varied population.—Shops.—Inferior streets.—Destruction of ancient marble.—Squares.— Obelisks.—Churches.—External effect of St Peter's.—Pantheon.—Remains of antiquity preserved in the walls.

You will naturally expect me to describe the appearance of the interior of the city, its streets, palaces, and churches; but please to recollect that this has been done so often, and so minutely, that it would be presumption in me to attempt to offer you more than the slightest sketch. First, then, let me inform you, that, although Rome, from all the elevated points, but especially from the Capitol, the Pincian hill, and Mount Janiculum, presents a most imposing appearance, it is very possible that the traveller may be disappointed on entering the city. The noble gates, so much talked of, (I mean the modern ones,) are not so simple and so grand as Rome is entitled to. Even those designed by Michael Angelo would not greatly excite your admiration. His broken pediments, and pediments within pediments, and unmeaning ornaments, would

not gratify your taste, or charm your fastidious eye.

The streets are narrow, dirty, and rendered somewhat dismal by the height of the buildings. To the pedestrian, too, they are extremely uncomfortable, from the want of side pavements; or, when these do occur, they are high, narrow, and composed of small stones, extremely unpleasant to walk upon. The houses are large and often unseemly; the lower apartments of the palaces have grated windows, and are seldom inhabited except occasionally as stables.

These palaces are of enormous magnitude; the Piazza Collona, which is a considerable square, is formed by the sides of four of these colossal buildings. The Doria and Pamphili are joined, and the extent of them united is prodigious; yet the Pontifical palaces cover a still greater area. In general, they are greatly enriched with ornaments, balconies, belts, and cornices, but seldom in good taste: indeed, no city which I have seen, so decidedly teaches the discriminating architect what he should avoid. The symmetry and architecture of the ancient structures, which display so much purity of style, have not been imitated: and, indeed, it must appear surprising, that, in such a school of architecture,—a school in which M. Angelo, Raphael, Bramanti, Bernini, and Fontana, had an opportunity of studying—so much of a

gaudy and trifling character should prevail. The splendid fountains, too, have a similar expression, though the designs sculptured on them are often appropriate, and deserving a better fate than florid and vapouring mannerism. But though the excess of enrichment and bad taste are so discernible, it must be allowed, that, upon the whole, there is an imposing splendour in their appearance, which is apt to render us blind to their defects.*

These edifices, together with the churches and other buildings, generally line the streets, which are filled with innumerable variety of priests, among whom, the red stocking of the cardinal, and the purple one of the bishop, are far from being rare. Nobility, with their orders at their button-holes; convicts, in clanking chains; innumerable mendicants; pilgrims; open carriages filled with Italian ladies and their cavalieri serventi, the horses taught to tramp and prance, as if they were carrying high and mighty personages; funeral processions, the dead bodies carried on a bier, with their faces co-

* Many palaces might be pointed out in Rome and Florence which, if placed in Edinburgh, would give it an imperial appearance, and convince us that something more is required than the tame and insipid uniformity of some of the principal streets. I do not mean to say that all the houses in these streets should be like palaces, but surely formality might be overcome by tasteful variety.

vered, preceded by priests and torches;* processions of chanting priests with the viaticum, or extreme unction, at the sight of which all take off their hats, and bend their knees; stalls with books and prints; fellows picking the feathers from wild fowl; and people frying fish and roasting chestnuts—are all mixed together; while the eternal tolling of bells, the various cries, together with the lilts of the Calabrian pipers, produce a confusion, which, after curiosity has subsided, is by no means agreeable.

The shops are mean and inelegant in their appearance, resembling open arched coach-houses; indeed, they are precisely of the same construction, and when the doors are shut, the resemblance is complete. They have few signs; a bush projecting from a window, is sufficient to indicate where wine or lodgings may be had. The inferior streets are for the most part privileged for the reception of filth, and in them we may perceive collections of marble columns, friezes, cornices, and other fragments of antiquity, heaped up in various places, to be broken down for lime, or used for inferior purposes. Thus are consigned to oblivion, as it were, by imperceptible degrees, the character and relics

* Lately the dead body of a nobleman fell from the bier on the pavement, in consequence of one of the supporters slipping his foot.

of ancient Rome; proving that in the *civilised world,* as well as in unhappy Greece, the precious bequests of art are exposed to sacrilegious hands.

The squares, with few exceptions, are small; and the principal one, the Piazza d'Espagna, is without pavement, and not even levelled. The obelisks that adorn the squares are generally crowned with bronze ornaments, perfectly out of character and proportion. Most of the churches seem to be of the family of St Peter's; the dome and cupola are to be met with every where. The entrance into these churches is shut with large stuffed mats, to keep out the external air; and from their appearance, and that of many of the miserable squalid-looking wretches that enter there, it does not seem safe to touch them without a glove.

The exterior of St Peter's has been so often and so well described, that I shall content myself with remarking, that, considering it was built by different architects,* at different eras, each indulging his own ideas of grandeur, it is surprising that there exists so much apparent unity of design. Bernini's splendid circular colonnade, however, though noble in itself, certainly reduces the dignity of the principal building, especially when viewed near the columns. Though St Peter's is intended to be an august and mighty pile, the details being in just proportion, are greatly calculated to deceive, and give the whole structure, when seen at any distance, a diminished appearance. When we advance, however, close upon the edifice, the smallest parts, contrasted with little man, sinks him to nothing; and the sublime fabric, rising with all the attributes of magnitude, almost overpowers him with the sense of his own insignificance.

* No less than fifteen in number, viz. Roselli, Alberti, Bramanti, Julian da Sangallo, Jocond, Raphael, Peruzzi, Anthony da Sangallo, Michael Angelo, Vignola, Perro Ligorio, James della Porta, Carlo Maderno, Bernini, Machionni.

The Pantheon, the portal of which "shines inimitable on earth," is the only building that I would compare with St Peter's:—there are, indeed, many large structures in Rome; but its dignified appearance, as a whole, with its dark and dusky vestment of time, speaks so emphatically to the mind, as to command an unqualified admiration.* Canova has added to his immortal name, by adorning the interior of this noble ancient temple with many busts of the greatest painters, poets, and architects. In several parts of modern Rome, we tread on the same pavement which was trodden by the ancient Romans, and this is formed of large square blocks of lava, which

* The portico, 90 feet in breadth, consists of three rows of columns, the front row having eight, and the second and third four each; and what is very remarkable, there is a considerable variation in the dimensions of the columns, from four feet nine inches, to five feet eight tenths of an inch.

appear to have been intended to last for ever. We have occasionally recognised, too, ancient sarcophagi, now used as cisterns for horses, and many very beautiful remains of sculpture built in the walls. The finest have been transferred to Canova's studio, and consist of figures, heads, friezes, and other interesting fragments, such as you would covet; but none of them are superior to that of Severus and Julia in the Netherbow of Edinburgh, which is unaccountably allowed to remain where it might be injured by frost and other causes.

LETTER XXV.

ROME.

The Ruins by Moonlight.—Column of Trajan.—Temples of Nerva, Pallas, and Peace.—Coliseum, and Ruins in the ancient Forum.

The evenings here are often so extremely beautiful, that we have occasionally been tempted to visit the magnificent antiquities by moonlight. The column of Trajan, that glorious memorial of Roman dignity, apppeared, when viewed thus, to great advantage. The contrast of the light of the passing flambeauxs, glowing on the enriched basement, while the beautiful embossed shaft reflected the silver moon, had an effect indescribably fine. Part of the sculpture was distinctly seen, while other parts, as time obliterates names and facts, were lost in oblivion. From various situations, the column was opposed to dark and shaded buildings, which gave it a point and character, and reminded us of the diamond on the sable hair of beauty. The temples of Nerva and Pallas were greatly improved by Cynthia's beams; and the shadows and fine touches of light upon the entablature and columns,—the mysterious and solemn aspect of the

whole,—united, in one sentiment, the past and the present, and impressed us with a deep, yet pleasing melancholy. The Temple of Peace was impressive in the silence of night.

As we approached the Coliseum, the moon pointed out innumerable columns of marble and granite, some of them entire, and others broken by brutal violence. When we entered the Coliseum itself, the moon was in full splendour ; but, in attempting to describe this mighty work, I feel how utterly inadequate my powers are to my subject. The innumerable open arches, with the moon beams shining through them, were like the eyes of past ages looking upon us. The very masses of huge square blocks, though inconsiderable accessories, were in their effect extremely grand ; we could only move, without inquiring why we were impressed with such solemn awe. We walked by the pale beams through all the witchery of the place ; silence and uncertainty prevailed; and a single drop of water, falling from a vaulted roof, was heard at a great distance. We ascended the first and second corridors, where successive generations of Romans, from the emperor to the meanest slave, had crowded to witness the mutual butchery of gladiators, and the conflicts of human beings with furious wild beasts. Sometimes we wandered in the dark ; at other times we were led by the glimmering light of scattered moonbeams seen from afar, and casting shadows which

appeared like the phantoms of the departed. As we advanced, the light became stronger, and we perceived that we were yet among the living,—a circumstance which mystery, uncertainty, and the impression of ancient times, had made us almost forget. Ascending higher among the ruins, we took our station where the whole magnitude of the Coliseum was visible : what a fulness of mind the first glance excited! yet how inexpressible at the same time were our feelings! The awful silence of this dread ruin still appealed to our hearts. The single sentinel's tread, and the ticking of our watches, were the only sounds we heard, while the moon was marching in the vault of night, and the stars were peeping through the various openings ; the shadows of the flying clouds being all that reminded us of motion and of life. We were tempted to exclaim : Where are the five thousand wild beasts that tore each other to pieces, on the day on which this mighty pile was opened? Silent now are those unnatural shouts of applause called forth by the murderous fights of the gladiators;—what a contrast to this death of sound !

On taking our last look, and giving our farewell sighs to the night, the grand effect of the whole was striking to the last degree. While one part was in shadow against the light of the sky, other parts were mingled in the deepened indigo, and seemed as it were blended with the heavens,—

strongly reminding us, while we looked at the Cross below, of the connection between this and another world.

The triumphal arches, the remains of palaces and temples, addressing the mind through every stain and every dye of crumbling and dejected ruin, their last shadows recalling to our contemplation Roman glory, Roman honour, Roman virtue, Roman genius, Roman cruelty and folly, formed a spectacle that spoke to the heart, and bade the eye obey its sad emotion.

Objects often derive a character from the state of mind in which they are viewed. While we stood in the ancient Roman Forum, with the Capitol before us, the beauteous moon seemed doubly interesting; and while we contrasted her with the affecting edifices around, she and her train of stars appeared like tears in the scutcheon of Roman grandeur.

LETTER XXVI.

ROME.

The Borghese Collection of Paintings.

The Borghese collection of paintings ranks among the first in Rome. The principal pictures are those by Raphael, Titian, Domenichino, Paul Veronese, Parmagiano, Julio Romano, A. Caracci, M. Angelo, Caravaggio, Garoffalo, Albano, &c.

In the first of the suite of rooms there are few good paintings; St Catherine, by Parmagiano, is among the best; her right hand is placed upon her breast, displaying a set of fingers certainly out of all nature in point of length; had they been sculptured in marble, I should have thought it no crime to have snapped off at least an inch of each. With all its mannerism, however, it is a good picture.

Domenichino.

In the second room is the celebrated Chace of Diana by Domenichino; deservedly a favourite, both with the learned and unlearned. The silvery brilliancy and clearness of colouring is very fascinating. Daylight is finely represented, the

shadows, and the various reflections from illuminated objects, have never been more justly and delicately expressed. The Goddess appears among her nymphs, proclaiming the prize of a bow and quiver, to be won by one of her train, who has killed a bird by shooting it through the head while flying. The bow of the fortunate nymph is still in her hand, and she remains in the attitude of pulling the string. A nymph sporting in the water, is quite a piece of deception in point of nature; some of the other females, however, appear to want dignity, the one especially who has discovered two intruding males peeping through a thicket at their harmless pastime. Perhaps there may likewise be too much of a family likeness in all the faces, which would have been more agreeable, had they been of a higher description of beauty, as the nymphs of Diana certainly were well entitled to be. I could have wished, too, that the numerous legs and arms had been less perceptible, and better composed.

M. Angelo Caravaggio.

A picture of the Virgin and Christ treading on the head of a Serpent. Christ is represented as a boy from eight to ten years of age, and seems to be much afraid, from the manner in which he puts his foot upon the serpent. This surely betrays an error in judgment in the

painter. The figure of Christ, too, has all the vulgarity of common and ill chosen nature; and, indeed, the Virgin herself cannot boast of much of the beau ideal; her figure and expression do not correspond with our idea of exalted mental simplicity. We cannot admit a common and every-day-looking person, of low condition, to be contrasted with the image which veneration and devotion has formed in our minds of the Virgin Mary. The face, nevertheless, is natural, and admirably painted. To the right of the picture appears an old wrinkled female, who conveys no idea of any kind except wretchedness and stupidity. Caravaggio's light and shade, and broad and masterly effect, would have better suited a nobler style of beauty than is perceptible throughout this picture. His mind must have been but indifferently stored with ideas of well selected nature, on broad and liberal views. Indeed, it would appear that he seldom painted without his living model, and it is to be regretted that his choice was often bad; the more so, as he had not the talent like Guido to conjure up ideas of delicacy and grace, while he studied from uncouth forms.

In the same room there is a good picture by Bonifacio, something in Titian's manner; likewise several heads by Annibal Caracci, especially one of St Francis in a broad and noble style, finely coloured and pencilled with captivating free-

dom. Some landscapes, composed in the style of Caracci, are worthy of an extended notice. Blue, however, predominates too much in them throughout, which makes them look cold and comfortless. Without a proper contrast of warm or rich colours opposed to cold ones, a landscape will rarely be pleasing to the eye; but with a happy mixture of these, the extremes of either may be given with great effect. Cigoli's ST FRANCIS, in the same apartment, may illustrate this remark. The rich brown drapery of the saint is in most agreeable harmony with the cool greys in the back-ground.

There is also a picture by Annibal Carraci, in the manner of Coreggio, very good.

Boraccio's BURNING OF TROY, of which there is an etching, is but a vapid picture, though the drawing is good, and the colouring pleasing. A few smart and powerful touches of light and shade would have corrected the prevailing monotony; perhaps, too, a few indications of more vivid colouring might have been agreeable.

Continuing our tour through the suite of rooms, we found in an adjoining apartment a beautiful little picture by Paul Veronese; the subject, ST ANTHONY ADDRESSING THE FISHES. I could have wished, however, that the attitude of the Saint had been more appropriate; he bends in a circular or curved manner, with a great stalk of white lilies in his hand, as if the weight of them were likely to make

him lose his balance. The fishes, with their heads above water, are at such a distance, that I should think they have little chance of being benefited by his discourse. These, perhaps, are the defects of the picture. The figures which are to the right of St Anthony are exquisitely painted, and the scarlet and red drapery is a most judicious harmony to the cool green sea. It does not appear that Paul Veronese has used any strong glazing colours in this picture, except upon the water; yet it is not wanting in mellow richness. The sky, with some flesh-coloured streaks, seemed at first a little too green, but it improved upon the eye, and perhaps such a tone was necessary to take up the prevailing colour of the sea beneath. The effect of the whole, notwithstanding this artifice, is agreeable and natural, but it is not of an elevated character. The merit of the picture chiefly consists in its facility of pencilling.

The great composition by Lanfranc of a GIANT laying his rude hand on a DEFENCELESS FEMALE, who is coming out of a cave with a sheep's skin upon her, is certainly a magnificent picture in many respects, but the subject is so revolting, that I had little pleasure in studying it. ST JOHN, by Paul Veronese, is a curious painting, full of exquisite parts and considerable defects. The hand and arm of St John is stiff and disagreeable, nay absolutely bad. But the colouring compen-

sates, as far as colouring can, for its errors; at least it produces a very forgiving and grateful feeling in the mind, which, when the eye settles upon the delightful harmony, will not readily return to gaze on faults. To the right of St John is a group of figures, and so perfect in effect of colour, that I cannot forbear mentioning the arrangement, though I am persuaded it can give no precise idea of the magical effect in the picture;—so much depends upon the management of those subordinate parts by which the principal masses of colour are united, and of which it is impossible for me to convey any idea by words. One of the figures, (the farthest back,) in a Turkish looking dress, has a low-toned colour of face, in shadow, with a purplish-coloured cap; next to this figure appears one with a very dark countenance, with a black flowing beard, a whitish yellow turban, striped with dusky orange or gold; on his shoulder is a shawl, which appears to be twisted, and partly falls below, of the same pattern as the turban; under this is a green pelisse. The third opposing figure has a pink turban, with an orange top, and a yellow Spanish-looking dress; the opening of the sleeves are white, and a bluish grey shawl is thrown partly over the shoulder. In the background, to the left, are some small figures done in a very light and sketchy style, but full of grace and beauty, (especially the female,) and greatly

reminded me of some of the works of our excellent artist Mr Stodhert.

Julio Romano's copy of St John, after Raphael, the same as that in the Royal Gallery of Florence. The figure of St John is well drawn, and finely painted; a copy by such a master is really little inferior to the original; the spirit of the picture is well sustained, and there is no hesitating or awkward painting, indicating a want of knowledge or proper feeling. In the same room are Two Apostles, painted on gilded back-grounds, said to be by Michael Angelo. They do not appear very like his works; but the custodi, when he heard me doubt, insisted that they were by his hand, and exclaimed, Certo! Securamente, Signore! Nevertheless, I still kept doubting, and do to this day, notwithstanding such good authority.

Raphael.

A small Portrait of Himself, at the age of 13, and painted by himself. It is by no means bad. The colouring and effect are excellent, but of course there is a certain hesitation of pencil, which might be expected, even in a genius like Raphael's, at so early an age.

Titian.

A Family Piece, as it is called, said to be by Titian, something in the style of Teniers; a female

appears in bed, and on the fore-ground a woman is giving suck to a child. The colouring and texture are excellent; but I regretted to see that the fulness and breadth of rich colouring on this work were ill bestowed on a subject otherwise familiar in itself. It seemed as if Titian, if ever it proceeded from his hand, had been attempting a subject more properly belonging to the Dutch school.

The Dutch and Flemish masters have undoubtedly discovered that mode of pencilling and finish, which seem to be best adapted for familiar subjects, and I question whether a more elevated style would suit so well. A certain neatness and care appears indispensable, and is, indeed, one of the principal fascinations in the works of the inferior schools.

Dossi Dosso.

A picture representing an Enchantress with her spells; there is a certain grandeur and mysterious air in this painting which immediately impresses the mind. The style is not unlike that of Titian, and the landscape back-ground, which is beautifully varied with wood and buildings, is in many respects worthy of the genius of that illustrious man.

Sebastian del Piombo.

The Scourging of Christ, a small picture, said to be sketched by Michael Angelo, and finished

by Sebastian del Piombo, being the original design for the celebrated picture in the church of St Pietro Montorio. The effect is good, and the anatomy and fine detail in the breast and shoulder are quite inimitable; but the legs of the figures are confused, and it requires some time to know to which figure they respectively belong.

Raphael.

The Deposition of Christ in this master's second manner. This picture is remarkable for expression, and pleasing harmony of colour; the date, in letters of gold, is M.D. VII. Even the most celebrated painters have found it difficult to arrange the limbs of the figures, or compose them in such a way as to be agreeable to the eye. In this picture there is a want of harmony among the lines, which is the more noticeable in a work of Raphael's; no painter having studied the refinement of composition more than that great master.

Domenichino.

A Sybil; expressive of inspired and dignified beauty; her eyes, looking up to heaven, beam with intelligence. She leans on a book with a scroll of music in her hand, and the exquisite delicacy of colour and effect gives additional delight at every time we return to view this captivating picture. It is all perfection, even to the hands,

which are formed to excite even a poet's admiration, though he had been dreaming of celestial beauty.

Albano.

There are four good pictures by this master, representing the Toilet of Venus. The Goddess sporting with Cupids; Venus disarming Cupid; and Venus and Adonis. The back-grounds, which are well painted, are all too dark, and make the figures appear detached from the general composition.

Teniers.

A small sketchy picture by that master.

Two small pictures, painted on black polished stone, and highly finished, something in the style of A. Caracci. The effect is by no means pleasing, and we cannot divest ourselves of the idea of marble, which the artist has failed to combine as a harmonious and constituent part of his picture. The idea that this device was intended to save labour, is of itself sufficient to create a prejudice against the pictures. The one is a Deposition of Christ, and the other a Resurrection of Lazarus.

Titian.

The Woman taken in Adultery. This is a

fine picture; the colouring and the general effect is harmonious and pleasing; but it was hung too high to permit any examination of the detail.

Paul Veronese.

A Venus and Cupid, and a monkey-looking Satyr. The Venus and Adonis, by the same master, is badly composed, and, in point of sentiment, it is reprehensible. This is the less to be excused in Paul Veronese, whose pencil could so well pourtray the most delicate and attractive expression of character.

Titian.

Return of the Prodigal Son. A splendid picture, broad and masterly, the colours absolutely appear to be beaming with brilliancy; the figures, though separated from each other, do not seem detached, but by ingenious contrivances, are combined into one pleasing whole.

Benvenuto Gorofalo.

The works of this master always display a refined taste and correct design; the little luminous picture from his pencil in this palace is a favourite with all, and is indeed a most successful specimen.

Raphael.

Portrait of the Duke of Valintin, in his usual

style of excellence; a portrait of a CARDINAL, but not so good; it is somewhat vapid and spiritless.

TITIAN.

SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE, being two female figures sitting on the edge of a fountain, which is ornamented with bas relief. Cupid appears to be playing with his hand in the water; the back-ground consists of trees and buildings, admirably painted and well designed. One of the figures, which is extremely beautiful, is partly naked, the other is clothed; both have a modest and interesting appearance, and seem not to be expressive of the name given to the picture: indeed, I am at a loss to know in what respect the name applies. The figure, which is partly nude, has red drapery over the left shoulder, and white drapery before. The clothed figure is in white, with red sleeves and gloves, and in her right hand she holds a flower. Both seemed to me to be portraits of the same person. As a piece of colouring the picture is faultless, but I could wish the story had been more intelligible.

TITIAN.

VENUS BLINDING CUPID. It is impossible to conceive a more lovely piece of colouring. The flesh has that characteristic truth, which excites an involuntary feeling of surprise. The Cupid leaning upon the shoulder of Venus is truly matchless, so beautifully rounded, so delicate and natural, that Titian seems here to have eclipsed himself. The peachy-looking softness, the fresh pearly tenderness of those tones which escape a common eye, impress themselves upon the mind, and when we look at nature after the examination of such a picture, we descry beauties which we had never looked for, nor observed before. The countenance of Venus, however, is not very bewitching, and the perpendicular dark line to her left, will not please every eye, though it is contrived, no doubt, to destroy monotony, and produce a poignancy of effect. The drapery of Venus is somewhat slight and unfinished, but the *toute ensemble* positively commands our silence, and forbids our notice of trifling faults.

FRANCISCO BASSAN.

AN ADORATION OF THE MAGI, painted in a free and masterly manner, and not unlike a picture by Paul Veronese; the colouring is good, and no vulgarity except in some trifling details. Had Bassan painted less, and studied more, he would have been a shining ornament in art; indeed, this picture is a fine example of his powerful talent.

ANDREA DEL SARTO.

THE VIRGIN MARY, CHRIST, AND ST JOHN; by

no means a good picture; mannered, and with something of the affectation of Goltzius.

Room of Vernet's Landscapes.

These landscapes are all of an upright shape, painted on canvas, and fixed in the wall. The pencilling is free, but not referable to nature, and the compositions may be said to be absolutely bad. They are early pictures, and the shape of the pannels on which they are fixed (being four times at least the height of their breadth) is much against judicious arrangement. In one of the rooms, too, we observed a number of mirrors painted by Cerofari, representing Cupids playing among flowers: very seldom does colouring look brilliant upon glass; the reflection generally overpowers the colours, unless, at the same time, it reflects a deep and solemn shade. It is almost impossible, too, to divest one's self of the idea, that the painting, however good, is intended to hide the joinings of the glass.

The Borghese collection contains at least 400 or 500 pictures, but several of them are indifferent. I have mentioned what I consider the best, though there are many others certainly well deserving of particular notice. Many of them are taken down and placed upon the floor, as it is the intention of the Prince Borghese to have a new arrangement. The famous statue of The Hermaphrodite is in this palace, and I think eclipses the one in the Gallery at Florence. The statue of the Princess Pauline, as a reclining Venus, is not exhibited. The busts in porphyry are generally well executed, but certainly not so pleasing to the eye as marble.

LETTER XXVII.

ROME.

Ruins of Rome.—Their interest to the Antiquarian and Painter.—The use made of them by the old Masters.—The profusion of materials and facilities for composition, pointed out by Claude, Poussin, and Domenichino.—Conduct of the modern Artists.—State of the Arts in Rome.——The example of the British Painters may tend to the resuscitation of Italian Art.—Sculpture.—Remarks on Canova's and Thorwaldson's works ; a comparison between them.—Appearance of their Studios.—Gem and Copperplate Engraving.—State of Architecture.—Hints to planting in Edinburgh.

THERE are few ruins in the world more interesting than those of ancient Rome ; though it must be admitted that we meet with some which are only shapeless masses composed of brick. Independent of the historical and classical associations connected with these noble remains of Roman grandeur, they derive a powerful interest, from being recognized as the principal features in several of the compositions of the greatest landscape painters. The Temples of Concord, of Vesta, of the Sun, and the Sybil at Tivoli, the Coliseum, the triumphal arches, the magnificent mausoleums of Hadrian, Caius Cestus, and Cecilia Metella, and

the splendid columns and aqueducts, have all been pourtrayed by the immortal pencils of Claude, Domenichino, and Niccolo Poussin. The remains, too, of the tombs on the Appian way, the bridges and towers on the Campagna, have attracted the genius of Both, * Wilson, and many other celebrated painters.

Nothing, surely, can be more instructing to the man of taste and feeling, than to see how these great men have treated the various interesting objects which surrounded them, not only individually, but as parts in their beautiful and magnificent compositions. The very idea of studying from the same objects which have, as it were, inspired those mighty geniuses, is of itself sufficient to kindle the highest feeling for the beauties of nature and of art. Claude, Poussin, and Domenichino, however, have not confined themselves exclusively to the study of the ancient edifices ; but have occasionally introduced in their pictures several of the more modern structures. The buildings of the Vatican, the palace of the Medici and Farnese, together with many of the subordinate buildings, have been introduced in some of their finest compositions. Rome, indeed,

* The beautiful cabinet picture, belonging to James Russell, Esq. of Edinburgh, by J. Both, is composed from a tomb on the Appian way.

with the adjacent country, offers, to a man of talent and discernment, materials for the noblest landscape composition.

The marbles in the Vatican, the Capitol, the private palaces, and public gardens, are all accessible, and may furnish the student with every accessory that can suitably combine with his selection of architecture. The country, too, with its inimitable train of accompaniments, unites in suggesting pictures of a high and classical character,—ever varying, ever new. The mode of study followed by the ancient landscape painters is so obvious, and so distinctly pointed out by the country, and the various objects of enrichment to which their works constantly refer, that it appears very surprising that the modern landscape painters of Rome should have so far degenerated from these great standards. Why they have rejected a style so noble, comprehensive, and improving, in the midst of such august profusion, for one so diametrically opposite,—so narrow, and comparatively contemptible in its scope,—remains a problem which will not be easily solved.

The ancient painters, as well as the modern, made faithful drawings from nature ; but they seldom considered a simple study or part of a scene as a proper subject for a picture; and rarely, indeed, confined themselves to a mere view. They ranged through nature and art in general, for the ele-

ments of their composition ; and, accordingly, we find the mausoleum of Hadrian, or the buildings of the Vatican, combined with hills, lofty trees, and winding waters, amidst which are introduced figures and groupes of classical allusion. In the works of Domenichino and Annibal Caracci may be seen the tomb or pyramid of Caius Cestus, and other edifices, addressing the mind in scenes that awaken dreams of the past, and attune the soul to tender melancholy.

The palaces and other buildings of Rome are placed by the immortal Claude among shipping, and embellished and rendered interesting by the landing of a saint or a queen, while the sun, rising among the splendid edifices, reflects on the gently undulating waves, and glows on the robes of regal grandeur. And how often do we meet in his works with the beautiful temple of Vesta, or of the Sybil, gracing the most romantic scenery! Who would prefer the local or even extensive views of nature, which, at best, can only suggest a beautiful or magnificent portrait of a country, to those combinations which speak so eloquently to the soul, and exhibit in their arrangement such profound knowledge and skill? Yet true it is, that the Roman landscape-painters, and even the Germans who come hither to study, generally employ themselves in painting some ill chosen scene; and their taste is so far from being refined by the noble objects amongst which they re-

side, and the great models which the ancients have left, that the defects of the subject are studied with the same ignorant perseverance, as those parts which are most beautiful and interesting.

In landscape composition, we in vain look among the Romans for any one to rival a Turner, a Callcot, or a Thomson. The representation of familiar and rustic life, in which Wilkie rises so far above all comparison or competition, is to the Roman painters absolutely unknown. * In portrait-painting, which of them can compare with a Lawrence, a Raeburn, or a Geddes? † Or in miniature, with a Saunders or a Thomson? ‡ In the department of history, Camuccini has certainly great merit; his drawing is good, and his taste is pure; but in his works we look in vain for that depth of thought, that originality of conception, chiaro oscuro, vigour and power of colouring, which give so interesting and exalted a

---

* I am sorry to hear of the death of Mr Graham, Master of the Academy in Edinburgh, by whom Mr Wilkie, and some other eminent artists, were instructed in drawing. A report has reached us, however, that Mr Graham is to be succeeded by that excellent painter, Mr Andrew Wilson, who is well qualified to support the credit of the Academy.

† In every thing necessary to form a perfect cabinet picture, Mr Geddes is unrivalled among British artists.

‡ Mr William Thomson of Edinburgh.

Vol.I Page 323

[illegible] RAPHAEL.

as it is Exhibited in the Academy of St Luke in Rome.

ILLE HIC EST RAPHAEL
TIMVIT QVO SOSPITE VINCI
RERVM MAGNA PARENS
ET MORIENTE MORI

character to the paintings of West, Haydon, and others of our British artists.

In the beautiful art of painting in water colours, Britain stands supreme, or rather, she may be said to have appropriated it exclusively. The meagreness of style of the modern artists of Rome, in that department, and their total want of ingenuity in expressing the texture and characteristic detail of various objects, independent of their want of knowledge of colouring and effect, is not a little surprising, especially when we consider their opportunities and encouragement. Their pencil sketches, however, abating a little mannerism, are extremely beautiful.

To the works of the students in the academies, the same observations may be applied, which I have made on those of Parma, Bologna, and Florence. And although, in the Academy of St Luke's, they have had the privilege of drawing their pencils over the scull of Raphael, which is exhibited there, and of which I send you a little sketch, their works, dry and lifeless as the scull itself, show not one particle of the genius which resided once within that " palace of the soul."

From the state of the art of painting in Italy, and, indeed, I may say on the continent in general, it has little chance of being revived, except by the example of the modern British painters. Were the Italians so fortunate as to have such eminent

character to the paintings of West, Haydon, and others of our British artists.

In the beautiful art of painting in water colours, Britain stands supreme, or rather, she may be said to have appropriated it exclusively. The meagreness of style of the modern artists of Rome, in that department, and their total want of ingenuity in expressing the texture and characteristic detail of various objects, independent of their want of knowledge of colouring and effect, is not a little surprising, especially when we consider their opportunities and encouragement. Their pencil sketches, however, abating a little mannerism, are extremely beautiful.

To the works of the students in the academies, the same observations may be applied, which I have made on those of Parma, Bologna, and Florence. And although, in the Academy of St Luke's, they have had the privilege of drawing their pencils over the scull of Raphael, which is exhibited there, and of which I send you a little sketch, their works, dry and lifeless as the scull itself, show not one particle of the genius which resided once within that "palace of the soul."

From the state of the art of painting in Italy, and, indeed, I may say on the continent in general, it has little chance of being revived, except by the example of the modern British painters. Were the Italians so fortunate as to have such eminent

men, residing among them, as Sir Thomas Lawrence, Mr Turner, or Mr Wilkie, it cannot be doubted, that the effects of their example would powerfully tend to resuscitate that divine art, to which Italy, from the illustrious masters which it once possessed, still owes the main part of its interest and importance. * It is, indeed, no small proof of the fascination which the great masters of former times imparted to this seat of the arts, which their talents rendered so pre-eminent, that, even in the present degraded state to which they are sunk, the name of Italy is so inseparably interwoven with whatever is worthy of attention in the art of painting, that the wealth expended for the productions, poor as they are, of its present school, would be sufficient, if bestowed on the same arts in Britain, to give them the support which alone is required to raise them to the same eminence, that conferred splendour on the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

So inferior in the various departments of paint-

* The British artists who lately made a copy of the Transfiguration, by Raphael, and the St Jerome, by Domenichino, excited a great sensation among the Roman artists; as likewise did the celebrated Mr Geddes of Edinburgh, in copying a picture of the Venetian school in the Gallery of the Louvre—his process being quite upon the principle of the Venetian mode of colouring.

ing is the modern Italian school to that of Britain, notwithstanding the many seeming disadvantages of the latter. These very disadvantages, however, I am inclined to think, by engaging our artists in the study of nature, and the exercise of their own minds, are favourable to the developement of genius, and lead them on in the same career of improvement, by which the ancient masters advanced to their unrivalled eminence.

In sculpture, however, we are inferior to the Italians. We have not a Canova or Thorwaldson. Chauntry and Flaxman, it is true, are treading fast upon their heels; but, comparing their works altogether, their statues, basso relievos, animals, busts, and monumental works, the Italian sculptors, upon the whole, certainly have the advantage, especially in nature and delicacy of finishing. In their monumental works, in particular, there is less of that bulky or gross appearance, which we find in sculpture of that description in Britain. The statues of English workmanship, in St Paul's and Westminster Abbey, would appear heavy, unwieldy, and inelegant, contrasted with the modern statues by Canova and Thorwaldson which may be seen in Rome. Many of their works are purchased by the British nobility, but to form an accurate judgment of the talent of these great artists, their various productions should be seen, and not those in one department only.

In offering an opinion of Canova's statues, I would say, that his principal fault seems to be, introducing familiar nature in subjects which should have the elevation of ideal beauty. In two of his Muses, for instance, which he has lately finished, we think we can trace the likeness of persons whom we have seen and know; in short, they have too much of the appearance of portraits, which certainly diminishes the interest, as far as they are intended to represent beings of a higher order; there is sometimes, too, the appearance of affectation in his style. In his celebrated group of THE GRACES, delicacy seems to be carried too far, and almost amounts to insipid childishness, especially in the manner in which the figure on the right presses the head of the figure in the centre. It is delicacy, no doubt; but of a very silly kind. Canova chiefly excels in female characters, youthful figures, and children. His men are often heavy, and even somewhat clumsy. His VENUS AND ADONIS, however; his CUPID AND PSYCHE; his MAGDALENE, which conveys the idea of sincere repentance; the FAMILY OF SANTA CRUZ at the death-bed of their child, remarkable for the expression of grief and holy resignation: these, with many more of his works, stamp him as a man of great refinement of taste and feeling. Canova has not, however, succeeded so well in his figure of RELIGION, * in which expression of the highest order of beauty, united with parental kindness, was required. The figure is bulky, and the countenance is neither winning nor attractive: the mouth being open, and the eyes turned up and fixed, produces a livid, ghastly, and forbidding aspect;—surely very unlike what the figure of Religion ought to be. The pikes, too, projecting from her head, intended to express celestial rays of glory, have an alarming appearance to an approaching sinner. On the opposite side of the tomb is a figure of FAME, extremely beautiful, but perhaps the beau ideal may be rather too refined. CLEMENT XIII. HIMSELF, above all, kneeling on a cushion on the sarcophagi, is admirable in every respect, and the lions at the bottom of the tomb are quite inimitable. The whole monument, indeed, is an exquisite work of art. It has its faults, no doubt,—but what is perfect?

To give any idea of the variety of sculpture in Canova's Studio would require a volume, each subject being well entitled to particular description. I may, however, give you at least the names of a few. MARS AND VENUS, for the Prince Regent, is certainly an excellent performance. Mars is represented as a powerful youth with a helmet;

* On the Monument of Clement XIII. in St Peter's.

Venus reclines upon his shoulder, and is really a chaste and lovely figure. The God of War, indeed, appears to be perfectly conscious of her charms; it were to be wished, however, that he had not quite so dandy-like an appearance; his body is certainly too much bent for the line of grace. As a flattering compliment, the Prince's portrait is placed upon the shield of Mars.

Some of Canova's DANCING FIGURES are light and pretty, though it must be said they approach very near the meretricious action of opera nymphs. His last VENUS is more like the Venus of Medicis than his former in the Palazzo Pitti; but there is an appearance above her breasts, as if she had worn stays. HEBE is light as air: AJAX is a clumsy figure: and PARIS seems too short and heavy; nevertheless, this is an admirable statue. A colossal statue of NAPOLEON as VICTORY, is very magnificent: this statue goes to the Duke of Wellington. A reclining Venus, for the Prince Regent, is an exquisite piece of art. HECTOR, as he ought to be, is a fierce-looking fellow. THESEUS AND THE CENTAUR, colossal, will command admiration, though there appears a want of harmony in the leading lines. MARIA LOUISA, AND MADAM MERE, are in excellent taste. The numerous busts of people of all nations are full of character; yet not superior in that respect to many that I have seen by Chauntry. Canova's basso relievos rank

high in art, though they have not contributed greatly to his fame. His drawings in chalk are beautiful and carefully executed, but he should never attempt to paint in oil. A picture which he exhibits in his private room is a vapid and poor performance.

Thorwaldson's Studio does not offer such a splendid display of statues as that of Canova's; but the man of taste will find quite enough to convince him that to this great artist Canova is the only rival. PRIAM SUPPORTING THE BODY OF HIS SON,—BRISEIS LED FROM THE TENT OF ACHILLES, — JASON, — AJAX, — ADONIS, and MARS, are all noble works; but certainly not finished with such exquisite delicacy as the statues by Canova. PSYCHE, BACCHUS, AND CUPID, his allegorical representation of NIGHT, his friezes, especially of the TRIUMPH OF ALEXANDER, and other works, are all of transcendent merit. The most of this sculpture is going to England, chiefly for the Duke of Bedford, Lord Lucan, Mr Hope, and Mr Devett. For an accurate knowledge of the beau ideal, or the perfection of nature, whichever you please to call it, united with a keen discriminating eye for the beauties of the antique, yet still preserving originality, Thorwaldson, especially in his basso-relievos, is superior to Canova, who sometimes appears to copy himself. In examining the works of the former, the mind is led to ancient

days of greatness, and seems to catch a portion of that sacred light, which sprung from the genius of Phidias, Praxiteles, and Cleomenes; the latter, on the other hand, presents to you the choicest views of nature, with less acquired knowledge from ancient sources, and perhaps with less refinement of sentiment and delicacy.

The studios, as they are called in Rome, of Canova and Thorwaldson, are ranges of work-shops, filled with various statues in a state of progress; and it is curious to observe what common-looking workmen are employed in blocking out the figure from the model, till it is advanced to that state when Canova himself takes it into his hands to finish. It is so difficult to judge of a block of marble, whether it will be free of specks or blemishes, that it often happens that two or three blocks are begun upon and laid aside as unfit for use, after the figure is considerably advanced. The Graces, for the Prince Regent, have a few dark specks, which were not perceived till they were nearly finished; they certainly do not injure the pure effect of the figures; but as the Prince Regent was desirous to have them without a spot, the great artist informed us, that he would willingly give 200 or 300 sequins for the removal of each. The sum given to Canova for the group of the Graces is 3000 guineas.

The gem engravers of Rome, I think, are much upon a level with our own artists in that way; Pickler is at the head of them The engravers on copper are very far behind the British engravers, both in the historical, scriptural, and landscape departments. That beautiful style of engraving, for the embellishment of books, is quite unknown in Italy; and I should suppose, from any thing I have seen on the continent, excepting the works of Morghen, that in copperplate engraving we stand unrivalled.*

I can offer few remarks on the Roman architecture of the present day; for it is a very curious fact, that, in all the cities which we have visited in Italy, we have not seen any building going forward, except a gate at Florence, and one house in the Piazza del Popolo in this city. The architectural drawings, however, which are exhibited in the various academies, are not without talent, and occasionally exhibit a little Grecian purity. The Doric and Corinthian orders seem to be the fa-

* I have lately been much surprised and delighted with a few engravings of portraits, done by Mr Nicholson, painter in Edinburgh. That ingenious gentleman has done more in that difficult art, in a short time, than any other person; indeed, when I examine the portrait of Mr Raeburn, and reflect that it is his third or fourth attempt, I confess my astonishment has no bounds; it is full of principle, with the happy effect of concealing the mode of execution, while it presents the excellence of the likeness; and here I am happy to offer my tribute of praise to Mr Nicholson, as an artist of great ability in portrait-painting, in oil and water colours.

vourite.* This backwardness in building may be supposed to be injurious to the study of practical

* It is sincerely to be wished, that this were the case in Edinburgh, instead of the rage which displays itself for the Gothic, a style of building seldom referable to good taste. It is likewise to be wished, that there were a combination of trees, with the various streets and buildings, as we have found in many of the beautiful cities abroad. How it is, I know not, but our leading people seem to have a dislike to this beautiful accompaniment to a fine city. It was a cruel deed to cut down the semicircle of trees, immediately below the New Town, from Canonmills to the Mound which crosses the meadow from Dundas Street. I am sure no man of taste was consulted on that occasion. I might mention many other instances of such thoughtless proceeding, were I at all disposed to complain. Towns often owe a great part of their population to their situation and beauty; and were the latter properly considered and extended, it might be a means of increasing the number of inhabitants, and bringing additional wealth to the city. Let us hope, therefore, that, before any length of time is elapsed, the whole of the ground between the Old Town and Prince's Street, and the Earthen Mound itself, may be beautified with walks and plantations. The ground, too, between Queen Street and Heriot Row, so much the subject of conversation and reproach, is positively offensive to strangers and people of taste.

With regard to the first of these, the varied ground affords an opportunity of placing groups of trees, for combining with effect with the surrounding buildings; and I doubt not, but, in the hands of a man of genius, that small portion of ground might be so laid out, as to add inconceivably to the importance of Edinburgh,] in general, in a picturesque point of view; and to convert many of the houses, which, at present, are not only destitute of all interest in the scene, but positively disgusting, into pleasing objects, from the interest which they would derive. Were the grounds laid out as nursery ground and flower gardens, they, no doubt, would be more pleasing than in their present disorderly condition, which nothing but habit can possibly prevent us from viewing as a nuisance; but the open unfinished arrangement of such gardens would do little more than merely veneer the surface of the earth. In order to accomplish the desired object, trees should be planted in ample abundance, of such a nature as in time to reach the stateliest growth, for shrubs and trees of small magnitude can have no effect in the valley which separates the Old from the New Town. Were the bottom of the valley reserved for walks, interspersed with shrubbery, gradually rising, on each hand, to forest trees judiciously varied to suit the romantic and other buildings, two objects would be obtained,—a commanding depth of light and shadow in the hollow, and a substitution of neatness for what is now offensive. A similar mode of treatment might be applied to the ground which slopes from Queen Street; such, indeed, as has already taken place at the eastern end. We have reason to be grateful for the liberal provision made for the inhabitants in the beautiful walks in the Meadows, and let us hope that the same spirit which directed the public proceedings of the city at that time, may revive in ours, and convert into splendid beauty, open and free to the use of the public, what is now in itself a gross deformity.

architecture; but as architecture forms a part of the education of an Italian painter, I should suppose, that, though it may languish for a time, it may be very soon revived.

LETTER XXVIII.

ROME.

Pictures in the Gallery of the Vatican.—Michael Angelo's Fresco Painting of the Last Judgment, and his Creation of Man in the Sistine Chapel.

THE TRANSFIGURATION, by Raphael, is said to be the finest picture in the world; and I cordially agreed in the general admiration of its inimitable drawing, expression, and composition. This, however, is one of those sublime subjects to which human genius is utterly inadequate; the most skilful pencil cannot embody the grand conceptions, which the description of the Evangelist awakens in every mind; and if the picture of Raphael is not all that we are at first led to expect, it may, perhaps, be all that human art could produce. With this qualification, I would venture, in the spirit, not of candour merely, but of reverence, to animadvert on a few points, in which this wonderful master seems to have failed.

The principal subject of the picture,—the Saviour of the world in celestial glory, accompanied by three chosen disciples, and receiving the homage of the great lawgiver, and the most favoured prophet of the

old dispensation, who descended in the radiance of heaven,—is of itself so grand and impressive, that the mind is impatient of any circumstance which can tend to divide its attention and its interest. For this reason, I am inclined to object to the group at the bottom of the mount,—from whom the glorious transaction on its summit was entirely concealed, whom the painter, therefore, has been obliged to represent as utterly unconscious of it,—thus imparting to his picture all the disagreeable effect of double plan. The mount, too, seems, neither in height nor in form, to be a theatre sufficiently grand for so august a scene, while, by separating the figures concerned in this scene from the multitude below, it divides the painting into two distinct pictures. This defect is more perceptible in the original painting, than in the beautiful engraving by Morghen. In the upper division, the figure of the Saviour certainly wants the dignity with which the imagination invests the Son of God, appearing in the splendour of Divinity—but what painter would not here have failed? In the lower division, the possessed boy, who has the muscular arms of a Hercules, seems to be greatly convulsed, yet his legs are in a state of rest, and somewhat at variance with the rest of the figure. An arm, projected from a figure behind the father of the lunatic, is extremely stiff; and on the opposite side of the picture, two arms appear in a line, exactly in

the same position. The very singularity of this appearance, however, may, perhaps, contribute to the general expression; for I have observed, that in some of the greatest works of the ancient masters, repetition of attitude is by no means uncommon, when simplicity is intended. All the figures are marvellously well drawn and painted, especially the heads and hands; and the draperies, rounded and finished with the utmost care, are absolutely faultless. I could have wished, however, that the reflected lights in the shadows of the whole painting had been clearer. They would thus have produced more of the *generale* of nature:

> "For shades too dark dissever'd shapes will give,
> And sink the parts their softness would relieve."

The principal colours are blue, orange, crimson, dusky green, and cool grey. The drapery of the female figure is pink, with a blue robe over her right shoulder. The glazings are done with the local colour of the draperies, and not with brown. It is said, that this magnificent picture has suffered greatly while in the hands of the French, and that, with the exception of the head of the disciple with the book, there is little left entire. The fine impasta in several places has been rubbed away.

The MADONNA DELLA FOLIGNA. This picture is, in regard to colouring, and a happy union of all the essential parts, much superior to the Transfiguration,

the whole being painted by Raphael himself. The celestial appearance of the Virgin is one of the happiest efforts of his pencil. She is represented in the sky, surrounded by a number of cherubs in a circle of golden light. St John and St Francis are on her right, and on her left is seen a cardinal, and an aged man behind him. In the centre appears an angel standing with something like a mirror in his hand, but which formerly had contained an inscription. This figure is perfect in colouring, and highly impasted; so full and so rich, that it is like flesh itself, seeming as if it would yield to the touch. The face of St Francis beams with light and clearness, and all that bewitching colouring which captivates the mind. This celebrated work might, indeed, form a school of itself, and teach all that is noble in art. Both in the Madonna della Foligna, and the picture of the Transfiguration, the greens used in the repainting by the French have changed to blue, their yellows having failed.

TITIAN.

This celebrated picture consists of the VIRGIN MARY and the INFANT JESUS, seated in the clouds, and below them appears A POPE with ST CATHERINE, ST SEBASTIAN, and other saints. The mastery of pencil, admirable colouring, and clair-obscure displayed in this painting, may challenge any

work of art in Italy. It is placed among the works of Raphael, Domenichino, Caravaggio; and contrasted with them, furnishes an additional proof of the power of the Venetian style of painting in the hands of Titian.

In colouring, the works of the other great masters did not appear so chaste and dignified, nor recal such ideas of grandeur through recollections of grave and solemn harmony. The figure of St Catherine is almost unequalled in grace and delicacy; not even Correggio's Mary Magdalene in Parma appears superior. The purity of feeling perceptible throughout, seems to indicate that Titian must have had some principle to direct him in such a work of sentiment. It could not have been done by accident, nor could he have found such perfection in common nature. Yet has he in the same picture introduced a figure of St Sebastian, beautifully coloured to be sure, but stiff, ill drawn, and in other respects unpleasing to the eye. Is it not strange, that the same mighty genius should have produced two figures so extremely opposite in the qualities referable to good design? The pope, too, and indeed all the other saints except the divine St Catherine, have but a vulgar expression; but none more so than the pope, who looks gruff and unmannerly, compared with the delicate, the humble St Catherine, standing in the most heart-winning attitude by his side; indeed, I felt myself so much interested with this heavenly female, that for a time I was in fear lest his holiness might abruptly turn round, and injure her with his prodigious crozier. In composition, the picture is but imperfect; the architecture, which is bad, seems to divide the subject in two. St Sebastian appears a spot, and immediately catches the eye, which is so displeased with the meanness of his figure, that it cannot for a time search out for the innumerable beauties in the painting. This picture was repainted, but it is uncertain by whom; the garments of the pope were mere frippery, a thousand petty ornaments destroying the whole effect. This absurdity, however, has been removed, and the broad, masterly, and judicious pencilling of Titian is now unveiled.

Caravaggio.

An Interment of Christ. A picture, remarkable for light and shade, good colouring, roundness, and striking effect; but the figures have not the smallest appearance of dignity. Caravaggio seems to have kept close to his model in every respect. Joseph of Arimathea is positively disagreeable; the mother of Christ is represented in the character of an old country-woman, with her cloak about her; and the accompanying Marys are in similar taste. The head of our Saviour, from

its unnatural projection, wants support, and is unpleasing to the eye.

Guido.

Cupid detaining Fortune, the same subject as that of the picture in the possession of Alexander Gordon, Esq. of Edinburgh, by the same master, but with this difference, that the former holds a crown, the latter a purse in the right hand. It is light and clean, but from what I can recollect of Mr Gordon's picture, I think his has more tone, * and is in other respects fully more agreeable.

Guercino.

Christ and Thomas, a rich picture, and broad in its effect, though certainly it wants middle tint, and, from its having no decided reflected lights, is remarkably heavy. The subject, however, is well represented; the surprise of the apostle on the right of our Saviour, especially, is admirably expressed.

Paul Veronese.

A Queen meditating before a Cross. A noble piece of colouring, in a low tone. The quiet

* I have seen few small collections more select than Mr Gordon's. It has also the advantage of agreeable variety, which is not generally the case with the collections on the continent.

religious repose, so distinguishable in it, is perfectly suitable to the subject, and shews that even Paul Veronese could adapt the Venetian style to lofty sentiment.

Andrea Sacchi.

A picture, consisting of several Monks in white attire, like that of the Benedictines. This picture is justly celebrated for its good effect, although the painter had to contend with great difficulty in the management of so much light. There is no positive colour, except in the faces and hands, and a little yellow and delicate grey in the sky; the rest of the picture is finished with brown.

The painting of the Crucifixion of St Peter, by Caravaggio, has his usual good and bad qualities; the lowest nature, however, prevails.

Guercino.

Mary Magdalene and Angels, with emblems of the Cross,—full of taste, but I regret its blackness. There is also another picture by this master of a Warrior, who has assumed the habit of a monk, while the Virgin and Child, beautifully painted, are seen sitting in the sky. The Warrior, from his uncouth appearance, had better remained in the field.

Domenichino.

His famous picture of St Jerome. The dig-

nified character, the splendid and luminous effect of this picture, must surprise every beholder. In expression it is also perfect, and seems, like a central light, to radiate from the dying Saint, through all the other figures. The Priest in orange drapery is without a fault, and the figure in purple, supposed to be a portrait of Domenichino himself, is worthy of its situation in this sublime production. The back-ground, composed of buildings and trees, is perhaps unrivalled, and classes the painter with Titian in that department of landscape. The print of this magnificent work is in every person's hands.

Baroccio.

The Annunciation, a picture of great merit, especially in colouring, somewhat reminds me of Mr Geddes, especially from the bold impasta of the lights, smoothness and clearness in the shadows, and the brilliant, harmonious, and scientific arrangement of colours ; qualities which never fail to please.

The pictures in the Galleries of the Vatican are few in number ; but two of them rank among the finest pictures in the world,—the Transfiguration by Raphael, and the St Jerome by Domenichino. The many religious festivals are said to be much against the painters who attend the

Vatican,* from their being obliged to leave their work when they may be inspired, or have the feeling to proceed in their study. Sometimes there are three festivals in a week. No doubt, interruption is apt to interfere with unity of design ; but the work of copying seems comparatively so purely mechanical, that it requires nothing but a knowledge of the art to proceed in a uniform manner ; the hints of genius, on the contrary, are often so evanescent, that they must be embodied ere they evaporate, or be lost for ever. Even to those interruptions, however, Raphael (if he attended to them) was so superior, that he has been able to preserve the fire of his genius, pure, and as strong as at the first, in works which required years to accomplish, kindling, too, in other bosoms, the glow which animated his own. Indeed, the whole Italian school have laboured under interruptions, arising from fasts and religious ceremonies. Yet it is the only school, the masters of which are still unrivalled.

Sistine Chapel.

The fresco painting of the Last Judgment by Michael Angelo, in the Capella Sistina, in the

* A note from Canova entitles a person to study in the Vatican, or copy any statue or picture. This privilege is very easily obtained, by persons of any country, from that liberal and enlightened man.

Vatican, is one of those works which seem principally to address the learned few. In its present state, it is wanting in many of those fascinating qualities which attract the untutored eye; for, although the judgment of both, as the philosophic Barry observes, " may be the same, the attention of the one spectator is employed upon what the picture possesses, of the other, upon what it wants."

The colouring, from various causes, has little to recommend it. The different groupes of figures, many of which are incomparably fine, are of a dusky red, and surrounded with a cold monotonous blue, which produces an unpleasing effect. The composition, consisting of four rows of figures rising above each other, offers no repose to the eye, and as little to the mind, when it traces the singularities and inconsistencies with which this great work abounds, from the figure under the column at the top of the painting, to Charon in his boat below. It is likewise evident, that Michael Angelo does not always adapt an appropriate character to his subject. The short necks and raised sboulders of many of his figures, especially of our Saviour, St Peter, and the figures to the right of Christ, may convey the idea of strength, but not of dignity. The mode, too, in which some of the infernal spirits are represented as inflicting pain, forms a very unseemly ornament for the altar-piece of a church. There surely might have been some other

less indecent method of conveying the idea of torture. The prevailing appearance, likewise, of great bodily strength in all the figures, even to those issuing from their graves, with their heavy coats of muscles upon them, is but little compatible with the spiritual world. And what could have induced that great artist to have mixed Heathen mythology with the truths of Scripture? Surely Charon wafting the souls of the dead over Cocytus is out of place in a Christian temple. The fire, too, which is intended to represent infernal flames, would hardly boil a kettle.

But all this is the mere small talk of criticism. Michael Angelo soars far above occasional inaccuracy of pencil or of thought. He is the Homer of painting; and none but a Zoilus would chuse to dwell on slight defects, which are eclipsed by the splendour of innumerable and unrivalled beauties. The ingenious mind will rather take pleasure in deriving improvement from these inexhaustible treasures and astonishing combinations, which exhibit the most energetic mind fraught with the noblest conceptions of the sublime. Like the Iliad or the Paradise Lost, this stupendous work is not to be appreciated by a glance. The more it is examined and studied, the more will the grasp and comprehension of the master's mind appear. The originality of his composition and foreshortening is endless, and almost perplexes the mind by the vast diver-

sity of attitudes the most difficult to express. Then, too, when we consider that this great man was the first who dashed into the regions of sublimity, and (I speak of his works in general) that it was he who illumined the soul of Raphael, and taught the world ideal grandeur, it almost appears a sacrilege to presume to criticise his works. He who looks on the Creation of Man on the roof of the Sistine Chapel, must confess, that in dignity, beauty, originality, variety, and I may add colouring, * it has no equal. It is here that successive generations have been inspired, and taught to venerate the name of Michael Angelo.

But to return to the picture of the Last Judgment, it is greatly to be regretted, that it is likely to be entirely ruined by the smoke of the numerous torches which are lighted upon particular occasions; unfortunately, too, the restorers have been at work upon it, and have scratched away the dusky veil of time and accident, from between the groupes of figures, leaving about an inch or two of its former state round each of them.

This sacrilegious proceeding has destroyed the

* The back-grounds of the figures are of a reddish pearly grey, a colour which harmonizes well with the orange greens, and delicate carnations of the painting. The Last Judgment, in point of colouring, is not to be compared with the creation of man, and in some degree realizes the maxim, that what does not please the eye, will not readily gratify the mind.

unity of the whole, and the figures which do not seem to be touched, have acquired a heavy patched appearance, which they would not have had, if the general hue of darkness had been allowed to remain over the whole painting. That general dinginess, though it could not improve the picture as finished by the inimitable artist, could not have greatly injured its character of sublimity.

The lower part of the painting, however, is extremely grand, and the groupes of the second and the female figures in the third range are astonishingly fine. Comparing the Last Judgment with the Creation of Man, and the accompanying figures on the roof, the preference will be given to the latter; though, perhaps, there is in the former more originality or extraordinary invention. The general character of both, as, indeed, that of all his works, even to his Sybils, and other female figures, is grandeur, seemingly arising from size, form, and strength, more than from any superiority of mental expression.

LETTER XXIX.

ROME.

Character of the Pope.—His Situation.—His Holiness's wish to establish a Catholic Bishop at Corfu.—Mode of Introduction to the Pope.—Exiled Literary Persons.—State of Papal Revenue 1817.—*Cardinal Ruffo.—Cardinal Fesch.—Dissatisfaction in the creating of a number of Cardinals.—Vatican Library.—Propagando Fide.—Restoration of Ancient MS. to Germany.—Libraries.—Dr Sebastian's researches.*

THE present Pope Chiaramonti is of a noble family, his manners those of a well-bred gentleman, and his deportment exhibits much of that mildness which is depicted in his countenance. He is liberal and friendly to the reform of abuses, though, on some points, he retains his early prejudices, which, perhaps, he may have imbibed when in monastic orders.

His minister, Gonsalvi, is a man of enlightened views, which have rendered him obnoxious to the College of Cardinals in 1817. Ten cardinals, with the Cardinal Dean at their head, demanded an audience, (which cannot be refused to a cardinal,) to remonstrate against certain reforms proposed by Gonsalvi in the law departments, and desiring the dismissal of that minister. The Pope was somewhat alarmed at the number and individual importance of the persons who so-

licited it, but was not intimidated into any abandonment of his minister; the effect, however, of this and other combinations, has been felt in paralyzing the efforts which had reform for their object.

The papal throne is indeed at this time no tranquil seat; a part of the people of the country are still smitten with the principles of revolutionary France; other classes urge the reconsecration of every instrument of superstition. Without is a foreign power, Austria, which, after having acquired nearly the whole of Italy, looks to the possibility of the acquisition of the remainder; and, in fact, the language held out to the sovereign pontiff from that quarter, has been, since the Congress of Vienna, sufficiently imperious. Among the political speculators in Italy, it was contemplated as probable, that the temporal possessions of the pope were destined to become, within a short time, a province of the Austrian dominions, and the suggestion was received among the Romans with that expressive shrug, which always accompanies in Italians the notion of a German master. There are to be found, notwithstanding, those, who think the dignity of the papal chair still sufficient to confer lustre on the noble families who are allied to it; and a smile of marked satisfaction played on the aged cheeks of the Duke of Chiaramonti, the elder brother of Pius VII. when assured by a friend of ours, that it was impossible to mistake his family,

since his smile must remind any one of his holiness.

The territorial acquisitions of England in the Italian seas, have introduced ecclesiastical subjects of discussion between our governors and the court of Rome. Malta has a Catholic prelacy, and Sir Thomas Maitland has been engaged in a negociation with the pope, arising out of the desire of the latter for the appointment of a Catholic Archbishop at Corfu. In order to create, as might be supposed, a better prospect of success, the court of Rome offered to allow Sir T. Maitland to appoint an Archbishop of his own choice, their anxiety being to secure, though at the expence of such a concession, the creation of the establishment. The number of Catholics, however, at Corfu, was so small, that the British governor considered such an appointment as unnecessary.

On occasions when the English have been introduced to him, the pope has taken the opportunity to say flattering things respecting the English character. The number of introductions,—for few Englishmen return from Rome without having been introduced, if he is at that time in Rome,—cannot fail to be burthensome to his holiness. As England has had, since the Reformation, no accredited minister at the Roman court, the introduction of the English has usually devolved on some one of the Scotch or Irish Ecclesiastics of the Catholic Church resident at Rome. Abbe Grant of the

Scotch College long performed that office. The person to whom it now belongs is Abbe Taylor, an Irishman. To this gentleman you signify your wish, for the gratification of which, you have, however, frequently to wait some time, as his list is, in the full season, very numerous, and the pope receives only seven strangers at one time, and many days often elapse between one reception day and the next.

The necessary equipment is a court dress, sword, &c. according to instructions from Abbe Taylor; persons who have a claim to it may go in uniform, naval or military, and many do this who have no claim. The uniform of a naval lieutenant had got into the hands of a Roman tailor, who had let it out, for the occasion of an introduction to the pope, to so many of our countrymen, that it was nearly as well known at the Vatican as the habit of a Cardinal would be, and the navy lieutenant was a standing joke at Rome. To shew how often a military habit was assumed, persons who were at most only officers of local militia, or had perhaps even less connection with military affairs, I may mention the following anecdote. A post captain in the British service, a friend of ours, on his return from one of the introductions, told us that the Abbe Taylor, judging from all his flock being habited in naval and military uniforms, introduced the whole seven to his holiness, as per-

sons whose arms had assisted in his restoration: "Santo padre hanno combattate per terra e per mare." Our friend was, however, after all, the only one in the party who was not a civilian.

When the seven persons who are to form that day's party are all arrived at Abbe Taylor's, they set out for the Vatican, where they are first introduced by Cardinal Gonsalvi, and then, being first desired to divest themselves of their swords, are conducted by the abbe to the presence of the pope. Nothing can contrast more strongly with the pomp and circumstance of a royal levee than this scene. The pope sits in a sort of study at his table writing, with some books near him, his dress being quite a dishabille, somewhat like a flannel dressing gown. When the visitors enter, he rises and comes forward to the circle, and commences conversation, generally preceding it with something complimentary to the English character, and his high esteem for the nation. He observed to a friend of mine, that when he first came as a student to Rome, he scarcely remembered one chimney in the city, but that now he could count nearly 100; this he attributed to the British residents. He particularly mentioned his obligations to the English nation for the restoration of so many of the works of art recovered to Rome at their expence. The period for remaining in the papal presence is various, but generally not exceeding half an hour.

Some English ladies procured the honour of an introduction, and wore black veils on the occasion.

We have often met his holiness taking his favourite walk near the Coliseum. His morning dress is a scarlet mantle, a scarlet hat, with a very broad brim, edged with gold, scarlet stockings and shoes. When he is met by the Romans, they invariably fall on their knees, and he gives them his blessing. The British stand, and take off their hats, and their bows are graciously returned. On one of his walks, the pope threw some money on the road among some poor people, and to our surprise, they scrambled and fought for it as soon as his back was turned. *

Among literary persons, and in the liberal professions, particularly the medical, both at Rome and elsewhere in Italy, an attachment prevails to the principles of the French revolutionists, both in religion and politics. Italian physicians, exiles from their country for an adherence to republican notions, generally retire to the continent of Greece, or various parts of the Levant. The study of physic is by no means held in that esteem or respect which it meets with in Britain. The

* His holiness's carriage, which is a plain crazy-looking machine, drawn by six horses, with riders in purple livery, always follows him.

fees given to medical men are small, and few of the profession can be said to be men of wealth.

The papal revenues are considered as improving, even under the expence incurred in the accommodation given to the Austrian troops passing through the country, to and from the kingdom of Naples, which those troops occupy till the restored king is firmly seated in his government.

No fewer than three members of the Doria family are in the sacred college, an uncle and two nephews. Cardinal Ruffo, the celebrated leader of the Calabrian insurrection, resided in one of the palaces in Rome. He had much of the barbarian in him, and his campaigns resembled those of a Guerilla chief; at Rome, he hardly ever stirs out of his palace. Cardinal Fesch is an object of some curiosity from his being the uncle of Napoleon. He, too, leads a life of much privacy, which was rendered advisable by the suspicious, and not very benign eye, with which he was viewed under the change of circumstances at the Vatican. He is not esteemed as a man of talent; but his sleek face indicates some fondness for convivial pleasures, the indulgence of which has subjected him to the gout, to which the rest of the family of the ex-emperor are strangers. The fortunes of his extraordinary nephew had placed honours within his reach, before those of every member of the family. Fesch, at one time, filled the meanest ecclesiastical situations in Rome. When the insalubrity of the summer season in this city makes the Romans retire to their country villas, almost all the clergy follow the emigration; their place within the walls is supplied, and the offices of the church are administered, by those of them who are in the greatest indigence, (generally found among the priests from Corsica,) and who can be tempted by the offered hire. Fesch, it is said, was long in this needy and mercenary class.

Considerable dissatisfaction was created at Rome by the number of cardinals appointed on the return of the pope, as the new cardinals cost the public treasury a sum which could not well be spared. Four thousand crowns a-year is the lowest salary allotted to any who holds this office; and, at this time, 10,000 or 12,000 crowns is not unusually the amount. Owing to the suppression in so many countries of the benefices, from which their incomes were derived, some of the old cardinals are left almost without any income from extrinsic sources, and a considerable number of the new are likewise without the incomes required. In this case, a cardinal is authorized to draw upon the papal treasury for four thousand crowns annually; and this sum, which, in former times, was never wanted, and therefore never demanded, has, within the last three years, been drawn by numbers of the new cardinals. This cir-

cumstance made the creation of so many of these dignitaries an unpopular act at Rome. It is true, that the sacred college was in 1815 reduced to twenty-nine members, but this number has been more than doubled by successive creations between that time and 1817. There are four Catholic powers,—Spain, Austria, France, and Portugal,—which have the right each of excluding one cardinal from being pope, provided they impose the veto previous to his election; they therefore endeavour to find out who is likely to be the object of the choice of the sacred college while the conclave is sitting, that if it should fall upon a person disagreeable to them, their negative may be interposed in time. Each of these powers can name four hats; and if they ask more, they generally obtain them.

The Vatican library is closed during the summer; at other times it is open from nine in the morning till noon,—Sundays and Thursdays excepted. The Collegium de Propaganda Fide had in the beginning of 1817 no students, so dreadfully had its revenues suffered during the preceding years; the printing-press is going on, but the number of books printed is small, owing to the late disastrous times. Many of the books which are set down in this society's catalogue as printed at their press, were not to be procured, but a hope was expressed that they would soon be reprinted.

In 1815, the King of Prussia was instigated by

Baron William Humboldt, the brother of the celebrated traveller, and a zealous cultivator of ancient literature, to solicit the pope to restore to Germany a number of ancient manuscripts, of which that country had been despoiled by the Swedes in the thirty years' war, and with which Christina, on her conversion to the Romish faith, had enriched the library of the Vatican. This request, made at a period so favourable to its being acceded to, as the termination of a war, which restored Pius to his papal throne, was not refused; and several of the German universities have profited from the compliance. The lovers of letters must be pleased at the transference of so much literary wealth from Italy, into the hands of the industrious scholars and critics of Germany.

All the libraries of Italy are opened with great liberality to strangers, and are indeed much frequented by natives. This latter circumstance might create a supposition, that a passion for literature is more general in the country than it actually is; but it must be remembered, that very few private persons in Italy possess any collections of books, so that the necessary resort is to the public libraries.* Some of the scientific men complain of the

* In Rome the library called the Minerva is open from 8 to 11 in the morning, and from 2 to half-past 3 in the afternoon; that of St Augustino from 8 to 12; Sepienza from 8 to 11, and in the afternoon from 1 till 4; Collegio Romano from 9 till 1;

discouragement shewn to their inquiries by the state, which regards, as they allege, with some suspicion their physical investigations. Dr Sebastiani, the Botanical Professor, is said to be a man of considerable research and quickness; he is collecting the materials for a Flora, which will illustrate many passages in the classics, besides enlarging our information in the particular object of his studies.

---

and the Corsini from 10 till 1: the two last require an introduction, which is very easily obtained. All the other libraries are supported by government. The books are not given out; they must be read within the rooms of the library, where there is every convenience and accommodation. For admission to the Vatican library a very particular introduction is required.

LETTER XXX.

ROME.

Indolence of the Roman Nobility.—Its causes.—Malaria.—Education of the Noblemen.—Their want of dignity.—Morals of the Women.—Cavalieri Serventi.—Education of the Girls.—They go more to foreign society than formerly.—British Ladies do not associate much with the Italian Ladies.—Duke of B—'s Routes.—Dress of the Italian Ladies.—Their Manners contrasted with those of Women of other Nations.—Conversation Room.—Gaming Room.—Music Room.—English Lounging Parties.

THERE is no peculiarity in Roman manners, which is more apt to excite the surprise and the contempt of strangers, particularly Britons, than the indolence of the nobility and principal gentlemen. Yet there are circumstances in their political condition, which, when duly considered, convert our surprise into compassion, and transfer our indignant contempt from these degraded orders themselves, to the unwise and oppressive government by which they are held enthralled.

To proprietors of land, the country can present but few attractions, when industry is repressed by limitations which rob the agriculturist of the pro-

fits of his labour, and thus diminish to the landlords the value of their estates. A Roman nobleman, were he to reside among his tenantry, would find himself in the midst of wretchedness which he could not relieve,—of poverty, by which, without the pleasure of being generous, he was himself impoverished. He would see his lands lying waste, because there was no inducement to cultivate them, when the produce, without meliorating the condition of the cultivator, was only to enrich the coffers of a rapacious government; and would be solicited by a penurious peasantry for a reduction of rents, already too scanty to maintain an establishment suitable to his rank.

It is not to be wondered, therefore, that they should have no pleasure in field sports, in rural amusements, in planting, gardening, or improving their estates. Renovation must here begin with the court. When the oppressive hand of power is removed from the husbandman, and he is encouraged to labour, by the liberty of carrying his produce to the most advantageous market, and the security of enjoying, at least, the principal share of his profits, Italy will assume a new aspect; the lands which are now left uncultivated, engendering in their neglected marshes the dreaded malaria, will soon be drained, and become salubrious and productive; and the nobility, finding their seats the centre of improvement and comfort, will learn to take pleasure in occupations which are exalting them, by the increase of their revenues, in the scale of society.*

It is truly deplorable to see the Campagna Romana, a tract containing nearly a million of acres, left, not only a useless waste, but the neglected abode of that subtile enemy, which is perpetually extending its baneful influence, and has now advanced to the very walls of Rome. What can rouse a government to a sense of its own interest, which looks, with apparent indifference, on the spread of a pestilence, that is rapidly depopulating its territories, and involves high and low in one common danger?

The imperfect manner in which the nobility of Rome are educated, is likewise to be ascribed to the state of depression, in which they are kept by the policy of the court. Rigidly excluded from all offices of honour and emolument, which are entirely engrossed by the priests, they have no inducement to cultivate those branches of literature and science, which would enable them to distinguish themselves among their countrymen, and qualify them for becoming able statesmen and politicians. To pass away life in the gayest, easiest manner,

* Besides many other restrictions on the corn market, a tax of eighteen per cent. is imposed by government on all agricultural produce, exported from the Roman territory, except to the province of Bologna.

seems the grand object, to which they believe that all their education ought to be directed. Gallantry, intriguing, gaming, and fiddling, are, therefore, their favourite accomplishments; and their character is marked by all the frivolity and meanness, which are the natural result of such an education, and such circumstances.

From their number, many of them are miserably poor; yet, too proud to engage in any honourable pursuit, they become indolent dependents and sycophants. They will let their palaces and houses, and generally endeavour to take advantage of a stranger, if they are not bound by a written agreement; it would be folly to trust to their honour. I speak of the mass; no doubt, there are many upright and virtuous individuals among them, but almost none who have that dignity of character, which we find in the same class in England.

Their whole system of morals, both with the men and women, is well known to be highly reprehensible, and greatly at variance with our views of correct conduct: one would think they made scarcely any distinction between virtue and vice. Domestic comfort there can be little, and, I should think, as little affection. The husband must be uncertain, whether the children that his wife presents to him, be his own. She is never without her cavaliere servente at her toilette, or in

her airings in the Corso, * attending to all her capricious whims. The husband, a cavaliere servente himself, performs the same offices to other women. Is it not disgraceful, that men of rank should be thus employed, instead of attending to the general good of their country?

Ladies of the higher class seldom nurse their own children, nor do they occupy themselves with their education. The boys are educated by the priests, and the education of the girls is left to the nuns of a convent, who, from their situation in life, cannot be well informed; they read no books but those of their religion. Prejudice and superstition form part of their creed, and are enjoined as indispensable to the true Catholic. But what must the girls think of those rules of self-denial which they are taught, or even of religion itself, when they perceive the conduct of their parents? Must they not suppose them fetters assumed merely for a time, which they are at liberty to cast away at the moment of freedom, the happy period of marriage and *cicisbeism?*

The girls did not formerly mix in society; but, in consequence of the number of strangers with their families who go to the semi-Italian society, the Duchess of F—'s, the Duke of B—'s, (Torlonia the banker,) R—'s, &c. they occasionally appear; but

* The Corso is the principal street.

it does not seem that the young people form any intimacy with each other. The English ladies, in particular, with few exceptions, keep at a very respectable distance, perhaps too much so, * for with all their extraordinary conduct and customs, the best of the Italian women, who mingle in society with strangers, are far from being immodest or unpolite in their manners.

At Torlonia's, the Duke of B——, one of the principal resorts of the English, a suite of rooms is appropriated to different games, (faro, cards, &c.) music, conversation, and promenading. The Duchess is extremely gracious and polite in her manners, mingling among stars, ribbons, and diamonds, with great facility, conversing with ladies of various nations, with a cardinal,† a prince, an ambassador, an English nobleman, or a Greek, with considerable spirit and address. The Italian princesses and nobility are not remarkably splendid or imposing in their appearance. I have seen a group of them sitting together, and they might have

* This, it has been said, proceeds from their not knowing the languages sufficiently for conversation, and I am the more convinced of this, as I perceive that those few British ladies who speak Italian fluently, are very much in their society.

† Not above three or four of the cardinals go into society, and these are censured by the very strict ones. If at an entertainment where a ball is to be given, they retire when it commences. Gonsalvi, the prime minister, is the only cardinal who invites strangers to dinner.

been mistaken for people of a very middling rank in life. I should, however, mention that they were considerably advanced in age; the younger women of rank are occasionally very magnificent, wearing a profusion of diamonds. There is, however, always something wrong. Like their palaces, they exhibit too great a profusion of ornament, not in the purest taste; a certain tawdry, untidy character prevails more or less in all.

Naked arms and bosoms, and short petticoats, are not in favour in the Italian circles. Indeed, I remember a little censure was passed upon a young stranger, who appeared at a party rather too much in a state of nature; and I believe some time elapsed before it could be believed, that the innocent creature was perfectly modest. The multiplicity of these seminudes, however, appearing from the same nation, removed the prejudice; but the Roman ladies have not adopted the fashion. Neither do the Italian women mount the backs of the filthy guides, who shew the dark and subterraneous places, such as the Grotto of the Sybil on Lake Avernus. Nor do they elbow and battle, laying aside all female delicacy, among the crowd, to obtain situations at the public spectacles. Italian ladies might perhaps act differently abroad. People remaining but a short time in a place must exert themselves, and consequently may often appear to disadvantage in their eagerness to see public sights, and to obtain in-

formation, while the same people might be perfectly correct at home.

The Roman ladies, when they get together in private, or in the drawing-room, speak very loud, not in the most agreeable tone of voice, and with considerable action and expression. The *talking-room*, for conversation is seldom there, unless you allow a few detached sentences and remarks to be such, is more amusing to the eye than the ear. The general buzz of various languages and voices is not referable to any thing very refined. Many of the Roman ladies are rather elegant in their manners, without that fidgeting and restless disposition which is often perceptible in our British circles. Some of our pretty belles, I perceived, were squeezing here, and edging there, for the dues of the evening, and *Bella! Bellissima!* might be heard from the Italian noblemen in an undertone of voice, as they stood in groupes, or sat in the hollow of the windows. In comparing our own countrywomen with the Roman ladies in courtly parties, they have beyond all doubt greatly the advantage in point of beauty, and dignity of carriage; but the Italian women have a gentle softness of manner, perfectly free of hauteur or self-sufficiency; their walking step is easy, without that start or tread, which perhaps bears too much the character of confidence.

The *cutting system* (as it is called in Britain) is

quite unknown in Rome. Poorer relations and friends may safely look up to the richest, without being repulsed by the frown of disdain. The frosty look of a colder climate is unknown in Italy. How beautiful and grateful it is to a benevolent mind, to see even those of low condition step up with confidence and kiss the hand of a prince, secure of meeting with gracious smiles! This general urbanity and propriety of feeling admits of no particular sets, and eyeing, selfish, quizzing parties; nor is modesty or backwardness allowed to brood in a corner upon its own reflections. A landlord or landlady may do much in promoting ease and general happiness in society, but something is also required from the guests.

The faro and other gaming tables offer excellent opportunities for the study of physiognomy. Nature, generally mistress of herself, appears through various grimaces and affected smiles, which poorly hide the emotions of the soul. Persons of all ranks, nations, sexes, and ages, flock about them, and dignity and polished manners give place to anxious eagerness and hurried action, quite unbecoming a polished people. Beauty, wit, and talent, are seldom noticed among heaps of gold. It attracts all eyes, and intrudes upon the best affections of the heart.

The music-room is generally crowded, and,

what may appear to you a little singular, the performers are attended to, and can be heard, without the accompaniment of whispering and endless talking. The music is pleasingly varied, but the *Buffo* style is the favourite with the Italians. Little applause is given, even should a Duchess play; but I recollect when an old superannuated male Soprano, not unlike a large baboon, sat grinning at the piano-forte, accompanied by a bass and fiddle, every one laughed, every one was delighted, though sing he did not; he merely talked to the instrument in a low tone of voice, and occasionally raised his head with a satyr-looking expression; and when he concluded, bravos and expressions of applause resounded from every mouth: some of the audience, indeed, must have had very long ears, to have heard his almost inaudible voice, at the distance from whence the shouts of praise proceeded. For my part, I could not hear a single syllable, being near the door; yet all around me were testifying their approbation. The Countess M.——— played such sweet and tender strains upon the harp;* and the

* I have often observed that the business of screwing and tuning is rarely practised in the presence of an Italian audience; perhaps the air may not have the same influence upon the strings as in colder climates; it certainly is a happy relief from that tiresome proceeding.

Countess C.——— sung such heart-touching melodies, that, to this hour, I grudge the little old Italian Soprano the commendation which was lavished on him.

All Europe allows to Italy the decided superiority in vocal music; and it certainly is exquisitely pleasing, not only from the very great beauty of composition, but from the sensibility with which it is sung. Partial as I am to our own melodies, I must not compare them with those of Italy; nor is our language, or any language, so admirably fitted for giving effect to musical sounds. Yet when one examines the words to which the greater part of their melodies are sung, it is impossible not to regret the great inequality of the match, for they are as destitute of poetry as the ditties of Vauxhall, and silly in the extreme. To what an immeasurable height does Burns soar above the versemen of Italy! and if his heart-touching strains, with our own sweet melodies, had the advantage of being sung in the same skilful and impressive manner, and with that fine enunciation of the words which so eminently distinguish Italian singers, they would electrify all hearers. While we admit the inferiority of our music then, compared with that of the Italians, they must yield the palm to us, in what constitutes at least half the interest of a song, the POETRY: and

thus, I think, Scotland very fairly balances the account. *

The concert-rooms are emptied and filled with successions of new visitors at every act, or great pause in the performance. The pressure and stream of company which this occasions in the various rooms, is itself amusing, though, I must confess, delicacy and refinement took no part in the general squeeze. The parties in the talking, promenading, and music rooms, moved away about eleven o'clock. The gamesters were not so easily dispersed: when we took our last and scrutinizing look, we perceived a hundred eyes fixed upon a heap of gold, which the *table had honourably* acquired. No parting adieus; it would indeed be a sad want of good breeding, to interrupt a duchess in the middle of her game.

---

* Every admirer of Scottish music and song will acknowledge his obligations to Mr George Thomson of Edinburgh, who has done more than any other individual to produce this happy union of our most touching national melodies, with poetry in every respect worthy of them. He has not only collected and published the finest old airs, with the songs originally adapted to them, when these were deserving of publication; but, by engaging men of genius to tune their harp to the most inspiring of these airs, he has been the means of bringing a most valuable accession to the poetry of Scotland. To him we are indebted, in this manner, for many of the happiest lyrical effusions of Burns, which were produced expressly for Mr Thomson's work.

A certain countess being extremely anxious to have something very select, attempted to exclude all those who had not some pretension to the proud and half-formed smile of consequential rank. But it would not take. The high and mighty travellers found that they could have enough of that at home. The affable and condescending D—s of D— displays more judgment, however, in the arrangement of her parties;—her Grace brings together the proper ingredients of good and enlightened society. We find under her hospitable roof people of high distinction, fashion, and talent. They are received by the accomplished Duchess herself, a lady of the most agreeable and affable deportment. Gambling or music form no part of the entertainment; but rare books, antiquities, and various works of art, may be found in different rooms. Among persons of high and varied accomplishments, the subjects of conversation are alike instructive and entertaining, and are in general delicately and skilfully touched, without being dwelt upon long enough to exhaust the general vivacity. Men of genius and talent are particularly introduced to those who may be of service to them, and are spoken of in the most agreeable terms. The hearts of all, in short, seem to expand with generous sentiment, and devotion towards the amiable Duchess. The use, and, I would say, morality of such parties, must be obvious,—surely more im-

proving to the heart and mind than the select or excluding system, the rattling of a dice-box, or the mere gratification of the ear. The smile of the excellent Duchess, like the light of heaven, beams on all around!

LETTER XXXI.

ROME.

Ball at the Neapolitan Ambassador's.—Character of a Roman Masquerade.—Want of Hospitality.—Character of a Conversatione.—Improvvisatores.—Amusements of the Peasantry.—Love Epistles written by people who make a Livelihood by them.—Fighting with Knives and Stones.—Contrasts in Rome.

THE ambassadors of various nations residing in Rome occasionally give balls and entertainments, but especially Count Blacas, the French ambassador. When an entertainment is given in honour of their sovereign, it is expected that the visitors shall attend in court dresses; but this is not strictly insisted on, owing to the number of foreigners at present in the imperial city. The other evening we went to a ball given by the Neapolitan minister, in honour of the birth-day of the king of Naples, in the famous Palazzo Farnese. The company was very great; a prodigious line of carriages of princes, nobility, cardinals, and dignified clergy, moved slowly forward with flambeaux and attendants, and successively dashed with thundering rapidity into the court of the palace. After

ascending the great stair, which was lined with guards, we entered a large gallery crowded with innumerable domestics. On going into the introduction-room, we found the minister of his Neapolitan majesty, covered with decorations, amidst a group of nobility of various nations.

The ball-room was the famous Farnese Gallery, the roof and walls of which were painted by A. Caracci and Domenichino.* Those magnificent frescoes, perhaps, never appeared to more advantage; art, indeed, may be fairly said to have triumphed over meretricious splendour; notwithstanding the superb dresses and orders of distinction, diamonds hardly seemed to shine in their presence; all eyes were fixed on those justly celebrated works, which seemed to be improved by the gorgeous assemblage. †

Our countrywomen, as usual, eclipsed in beauty all the foreign fair, but not in sumptuous dress. Some of the Italian princesses were almost covered with diamonds; still, however, lovely nature commanded the admiring eye. The dancing was extremely

* Some account of these pictures will be given in a future Letter.

† The noble fresco paintings on the roofs and walls, in the great apartments in many of the Roman palaces, excite emotions of melancholy, when we cast our eyes from them to the miserable brick floors, and the few solitary individuals which are occasionally seen in them.

bad. Out of compliment to the British ladies, the Italian gentlemen attempted country dances, in which they absolutely failed, hopping, as it were, with one leg across the other, and occasionally losing themselves in a maze of intricacy. Their intention, however, being so polite and good, our lovely belles merely smiled at their confusion, and assisted them as well as possible. In the waltzing they made amends, and elegance and ease changed place with awkwardness. In the gaming-room we saw no fortunes lost or won: the stakes were small, but always gold; curiosity was so busy, for that evening, that music lost its charms, and for the same reason, conversation took the shape of the trifling questions and nothings of a promenade.

The masquerade in Rome is little more than a mob of masks; character is never well sustained; the same unmeaning squeaking voice, the same childish mask, constantly annoy the eye and ear.

There is occasionally some good music in the theatres, and tolerable comic actors; but, generally speaking, the theatricals are very indifferent.

The Roman nobility and gentry have little of that social spirit which characterizes the British nation. They rarely give dinners or petit soupers, —very seldom, indeed, to strangers. Their fortunes do not permit any great display of hospitality, and, perhaps, it is wise in them not to enter the lists

with the expensive and affluent foreigners. It would require, indeed, a very princely revenue to entertain the hordes of strangers from every country in Europe, that are incessantly pouring into Italy. Yet, though foreigners have little reason to extol the hospitality of the Italians, they have as little reason to complain of their want of politeness. They are remarkably affable and attentive, and, like the French, abound in protestations of friendship, which are supported by numberless little kind offices, and the sincerity of which, therefore, it is unnecessary to scrutinize with too much rigour. Real friendship is every where a plant of rare growth; and it would be unreasonable to expect that it should spring up in the course of a casual and short acquaintance between foreigners, who may never meet again. But surely some praise is due to that polite accommodation, which suits itself for the time to the circumstances of every visitant, and seems to take pleasure, as far as it is called upon, in enabling him to accomplish the purposes for which he travels.

The very few *Bas Bleus* who have conversaziones after their drive in the Corso in the afternoon, are not the most agreeable ladies in Rome, nor is their entertainment of the first order. Some wretched scribbler may recite his compositions, and flatter, and be flattered by the silly women. The disgusting venal praise, and unremitting gallantry of

the men, would not be tolerated any where but in Italy. Here, however, it is enjoyed, and seems to give great delight. In their conversaziones, they have no books, music, cards, prints, or refreshments; so that there is no alternative but to talk. This forced chit-chat, however, often languishes, and resolves itself into what is really very unworthy of the name of conversation.

One of the principal amusements in Rome is listening for a whole evening to an improvvisatore or improvvisatrix. These exhibitions, notwithstanding the affectation of inspiration, violent contortions, and grimaces, are certainly very curious and amusing; and occasionally their extemporaneous verse and prose is found to have considerable beauty; but I believe no one has ventured to say, that, taking them altogether, they are fit productions to be offered to the public. Signor Tommaso Sgricci takes the lead; and next to him, Signor Biondi, Signora Orfèi, Signor Ferretti, and lastly, Signora Taddi. With the exception of Signor Sgricci, their recitations are accompanied by the piano-forte; but Sgricci performs, like an actor, without any such assistance; and without any hesitation, composes a play with a chorus, and acts the whole in a very superior style.

When we saw this celebrated man, a small temporary stage was erected for him, about eighteen inches in height from the floor. He is young and interest-

ing in his appearance, about the middle size, with a very intelligent expression of countenance. He mounted the stage, and requested the audience to give a subject; when several persons, English, French, and Italians, wrote one each on various slips of paper, to the amount perhaps of a dozen. These were put into a hat and shuffled together, after which they were taken out, with the exception of three, by other persons of the audience; the remaining three were given to him in the hat, into which he put his hand, and took out one of the slips of paper, on which was written *Medea*. The other two subjects were the Rape of Europa, and the Sacrifice of Abraham. There could be no deception.

He placed his hand upon his forehead, thought for a moment, and then proceeded in his recitation, receiving the plaudits and cheering shouts of the company; and more than once he completely electrified them. At the end of each act, he appeared among the nobility, and was most graciously received by a couple of elderly Italian Princesses, who almost overwhelmed him with their caresses. With all his talent, he had an ungraceful manner of treading the stage, apparently as if he felt the floor to be hot beneath him, raising his feet with haste, and putting them down in a similar manner. It appeared to me, too, that there was a want of flow of language, the words were all pronounced in a measured style, with an equal

emphasis on each, and the expression was given more at the end of the sentiment, than diffused throughout. The R's were sounded strongly, and, as they often occurred, they produced a most unpleasing monotony.

His power of acting was very considerable, but I cannot say that his expression was always good or natural. The exhibition, however, altogether, was certainly very astonishing. He shewed great warmth of fancy and rapidity of thought, and if he even had availed himself of a little previous study, our surprise would not have been at all diminished: especially as he was requested once or twice to change the measure of the poetry, which he did with the utmost ease.

Signora Taddi, whom we have likewise seen, bears no comparison with Signor Sgricci. Her manner was very unpleasing, reminding us of the boy possessed with devils, in the picture of the Transfiguration of Raphael. Her voice was hollow and unearthly; and why she threw herself into such a variety of strange contortions, I have yet to learn. With all these disagreeable accompaniments, she, nevertheless, got through her work without uttering any absolute nonsense, and occasionally advanced a pretty thought.

The amusements of the inferior class of people seemed to me to be chiefly dancing, serenading, and promenading; the game called Morra, or count-

ing of fingers suddenly; Punch's opera, the dancing bear, swinging, and playing at bowls, and bull baiting; but this is only on festal days, which certainly occur by much too often. Every saint, indeed, seems the patron of idleness, a third part of the year being shut out from industry.

In their dress the women are somewhat gaudy, but the attire of the peasantry, when they appear on market days, is often extremely picturesque; the panno and spelio are very becoming, but you may judge for yourself from the drawings of Penelli, who is an artist of great ability in painting Italian costume. The figures of men and women are very fine, and often graceful, and in their manners, there is an ease which seems to indicate a little taste. All, however, are said to follow the example of their superiors in laxity of morals, and I have heard some instances that would shock your ear. Yet the streets are never crowded with vicious women, nor do the theatres present such disgusting sights, as may be seen in Drury Lane or Covent Garden.

From the ignorance of the lower ranks, many of them not being able to read or write, their love epistles are written by scribblers, who make a livelihood by such writings. The sum given is regulated according to the number of words or flattering compliment; in general, they do not exceed the sum of 2d. 3d. 4d. or 6d. each letter; if the

ITALIAN PEASANT AND CHILDREN.

ing of fingers suddenly; Punch's opera, the dancing bear, swinging, and playing at bowls, and bull baiting; but this is only on festal days, which certainly occur by much too often. Every saint, indeed, seems the patron of idleness, a third part of the year being shut out from industry.

In their dress the women are somewhat gaudy, but the attire of the peasantry, when they appear on market days, is often extremely picturesque; the panno and spelio are very becoming, but you may judge for yourself from the drawings of Penelli, who is an artist of great ability in painting Italian costume. The figures of men and women are very fine, and often graceful, and in their manners, there is an ease which seems to indicate a little taste. All, however, are said to follow the example of their superiors in laxity of morals, and I have heard some instances that would shock your ear. Yet the streets are never crowded with vicious women, nor do the theatres present such disgusting sights, as may be seen in Drury Lane or Covent Garden.

From the ignorance of the lower ranks, many of them not being able to read or write, their love epistles are written by scribblers, who make a livelihood by such writings. The sum given is regulated according to the number of words or flattering compliment; in general, they do not exceed the sum of 2d. 3d. 4d. or 6d. each letter; if the

ITALIAN PEASANT AND CHILDREN.

Lizars Sculpt

ITALIAN COSTUMES.

ITALIAN PEASANTS.

writers, however, be employed by a person of any respectability in life, they rise in their demand.

In their quarrels, the men of the inferior class used to fight with knives. In their attack, they wrapped up their left arm in their cloak, and held the knife about a couple of inches from the point. They seldom kill each other, but they often inflict desperate wounds. Knives, at present, are not permitted to be worn, in consequence of the horrible practice of fighting with them. They therefore have recourse to stones, and are very dexterous in hitting their mark.

It has been said that it is dangerous to walk in the streets of Rome at night, in some of the subordinate parts of the city. Perhaps it may, but we have heard of no unfortunate accident having taken place, though we have now been in Rome a considerable time; and strangers are out at all hours.

The country, however, especially between Rome and Naples, is far from being free from robbers and murderers; and we have heard of such atrocious deeds as would make you shudder, and place the worst of men much below the worst of savage brutes. A band of these wicked wretches surrendered themselves the other day to the papal government. At present, they are confined in the castle of St Angelo; every one goes to see them, and we have been there among the rest. We found them with their captain at their head, in

writers, however, be employed by a person of any respectability in life, they rise in their demand.

In their quarrels, the men of the inferior class used to fight with knives. In their attack, they wrapped up their left arm in their cloak, and held the knife about a couple of inches from the point. They seldom kill each other, but they often inflict desperate wounds. Knives, at present, are not permitted to be worn, in consequence of the horrible practice of fighting with them. They therefore have recourse to stones, and are very dexterous in hitting their mark.

It has been said that it is dangerous to walk in the streets of Rome at night, in some of the subordinate parts of the city. Perhaps it may, but we have heard of no unfortunate accident having taken place, though we have now been in Rome a considerable time ; and strangers are out at all hours.

The country, however, especially between Rome and Naples, is far from being free from robbers and murderers ; and we have heard of such atrocious deeds as would make you shudder, and place the worst of men much below the worst of savage brutes. A band of these wicked wretches surrendered themselves the other day to the papal government. At present, they are confined in the castle of St Angelo; every one goes to see them, and we have been there among the rest. We found them with their captain at their head, in

the chapel of the castle, praying fervently. They had nothing savage in appearance, not even the captain, who boasts of having murdered more than thirty persons with his own hands. They were strong healthy-looking country men, the captain seeming the most insignificant of them all; his lady, however, is perhaps the most beautiful creature now in Rome. These banditti have wives and children, and they seemed, when we saw them a second time, to be very happy. They are reported to have plenty of money, and are constantly receiving presents. The captain's *beauty* was presented with a valuable necklace from an English lady of rank. Lucien Bonaparte, and the Princess S— C—, were likewise very generous to her. These men are almost all murderers; yet (is it not surprising?) they are to have their freedom in a few months. Government allows about 2s. 6d. per day to the captain, and 1s. 6d. to the common robbers; the former will be at large in three months, the latter in six. There are other bands of robbers infesting the roads, but they will not surrender, even upon these mild terms.

This holy city abounds in contrasts. St Peter's, while it displays the power and ingenuity of man, contains within itself a lamentable sign of his weakness; the foot of the bronze statue of the patron saint is almost kissed away through bigotry and superstition. From the top of St Peter's, we perceive the late inquisition on one side, and on the other the Vatican, with all its treasures of literature, sculpture, and painting. Then casting the eye to the distance, there appears a contrast between the Coliseum and the triumphal arches; —the former having lowered man to the brute creation—the other having exalted him as a god. I may even mention the great bell of St Peter's, * vibrating in the air, and seeming to shake the heavens, contrasted with the little pitiful bells tinkled at the garments of the priests; the churches covered with gilding, and the people with rags; the cruelty of putting fire on the backs of the horses, to impel them onwards in the race at the carnival, in this *seat of piety*. There is one sublime contrast, however, which I wish we had in our own country,—and that is, the prince and the beggar kneeling at the same altar. †

* The solemn tone of the great bell produces a pleasing effect of melancholy on the mind; we hear no beat or strike of the hammer, it is a simple sound, but very mournful; and the emotion it excites is greatly heightened, on reflecting that we are in the city of the Cæsars.

† This last contrast might teach a useful lesson to our good people in Edinburgh, where the poor are in a manner secluded from some of our churches,—as if all were not worshippers of that impartial Creator, who pays no respect to persons.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

Printed by George Ramsay and Company,
Edinburgh, 1819.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

Mineralogical Report, made by the Chief Engineer of the Grand Duke of Tuscany to his Serene Highness, respecting Elba.

Portoferraio and the forts of La Stella and Il Falcone are built upon a hill of grey argillaceous schistus, as may be easily observed on the sea-side.

On the right of the road from Portoferraio to Rio, a short distance from the Porta del Ponticello, is a hill of indurated clay, containing crystals of quartz, some cubical some irregular. In many places the rock has crumbled into a common clay, in which the quartz crystals are scattered unaltered.

Advancing towards Rio along the sea-shore, we pass the salt-works of Portoferraio. The hills are still composed of argillaceous schistus, covered at the summit by limestone. Rio itself stands upon a hill, in which the schistus and limestone are disposed in alternate beds.

Between Rio and Portolongone the only subject of interest is the mine of Terra Nera, which lies to the south-east of the latter city.

Between Longone and Capoliveri lies the plain of Mola, which, although the most fertile soil in the island, is abandoned to stagnant waters, and consequently to malaria, which renders it uninhabitable.

Capoliveri stands upon an argillaceous schistus, over the surface of which lie fragments of serpentine and limestone. In the vicinity is the Monte Calamita, or mountain of loadstone, so famous all over Europe, and which, if well managed by the government, would alone ensure a subsistence to the wretched inhabitants of the island.

In the district of San Peiro, to the west of Capoliveri, is the great granite quarry of Sacchetto, whence, it would appear, that the ancients drew many of their columns. Three of the columns in the portico of the Parthenon are of a similar stone. There still exist on the spot, in an unfinished state, several columns inscribed Opera Pisana, and a basin of great diameter.

Marciana is built upon the prolongation of the Granite Mountains, now sinking under the schistus. The mountains inland from it are the highest in the island, and so rugged as to be nearly inaccessible. Proceeding round to Portoferraio, we find nothing but the argillaceous schistus.

Small as the island is, it contains minerals which might produce an immense revenue.

Its mines of gold and silver may be overrated, but the granite and marble quarries are of immense value, and copper and sulphate of iron form two lucrative branches of trade. The loadstone of Capoliveri, and the iron of Terra Nera, might be worked to any extent, did not the government throw obstacles in the way of exportation.

The small Island of Pianosa, immediately adjacent to Elba, now entirely uninhabited, might be cultivated to great advantage. The ancient roads still remain, as also the ruins of baths. It has a great extent of land fit for the plough;

600 head of cattle might find pasture; and the olive and vine thrive well. Napoleon had begun to repair the harbour, and build a fort to protect it from the Algerines, and at the same time cleared out the fountains still in existence. Now, however, all these improvements are abandoned, and Pianosa remains uninhabited.

APPENDIX, No. II.

THE ruins of the Coliseum, as mentioned at p. 300, cover more than five acres of ground. This space has, in the course of ages, become, as it were, a natural botanic garden; so numerous and so various are the plants which flourish there. I am happy to be able to present the following list of them, drawn up by Dr Sebastiani of Rome. To the botanical reader, who may propose a visit to the ancient capital of the world, and to this, the most glorious of its remains, the list must be particularly interesting. It is a remarkable fact, that, out of 261, no fewer than 148 (marked with an asterisk) are natives of the British Islands; a fact which should teach us not to slight our own Flora. Several of the shrubs or trees, such as the fig, the olive, and the mastick, are to be regarded as accidental intruders, unless, perhaps, they may have been planted by the hermit who got the charge of the ruins after their consecration by Pope Benedict XIV. The spot, it may be remarked, is remarkably rich in Trefoils; for, including those ranked under the title Melilotus, no fewer than sixteen species occur. At the top of the list, which is in alphabetical order, the mode of arrangement being a matter of indifference, stands Acanthus mollis, the plant whose leaves accidentally springing up around a basket, are said to have given to Callimachus the first idea of the Corinthian capital.

Enumeratio Plantarum sponte nascentium in ruderibus Amphitheatri Flavii.

A

1 Acanthus mollis of Linnæus.
2 Agrostis miliacea do.
3 * Alsine media do.
4 Allium album.
Scapo nudo obsolete triquetro ; foliis radicalibus lineari-lanceolatis, canaliculatis, carinatis, umbella capsulifera ; petalis ovatis ; staminibus simplicibus. Flores candidi. Aprili. Perenn.
5 ——— subhirsutum of Linnæus.
6 ——— porrum do.
7 * ——— vineale do.
8 Ammi majus do.
9 * Amaranthus blitum do.
10 ——————— retroflexus do.
11 * Anagallis arvensis do.
12 * Anchusa angustifolia do.
13 Anemone hortensis do.
14 * Anethum fœniculum do.
15 * Anthemis tinctoria do.
Floret Maio ad totam æstatem, atque etiam Autumnum.
16 * ——— arvensis do.
17 * ——— cotula do.
18 * Antirrhinum majus do.
19 * ——————— cymbalaria do.
20 * Arenaria serpyllifolia do.
21 * Arenaria tenuifolia do.
22 Arnopogon picroides of Willdenow.
The Tragopogon picroides of Linnæus. Flores lutei. Aprili, Maio, Junio.
23 * Artemisia vulgaris of Linnæus.

24 Arum Italicum.
(Acaule ; foliis albo-venosis, hastato-sagittatis, lobis auriculatis divaricatis, spadice clavato, spatha breviore. Willdenow.) Flores luteo-virides. Aprili. Perenn.
25 Asphodelus fistulosus of Linnæus.
26 * Atriplex patula do.
27 * Avena fatua do.
28 ——— fragilis do.
29 ——— neglecta.
Panicula densa, spiculis glabris nitidis, subsexfloris, glumis apice bifidis, foliis planis pilosis mollibus. Floret Maio, Junio, Autumno. Ann.

B

30 * Ballota nigra of Linnæus.
31 * Bartsia viscosa do.
32 * Bellis perennis do.
33 ——— annua do.
34 * Borago officinalis do.
35 Briza eragrostris do.
36 * Bromus sterilis do.
37 * ——— diandrus of Sir James Smith.
38 * ——— mollis of Linnæus.
39 ——— racemosus do.
40 ——— ligusticus.
Panicula contracta, nutante secunda, pedunculis dilatatis, valvula calycina altera vix conspicua. Circa finem Aprilis.
41 ——— trivialis
42 ——— distachyos of Linnæus.
43 * ——— pinnatus do.

C

44 Calendula officinalis of Linnæus
45 Campanula erinus do.

46 * Cardamine hirsuta of Linnæus.
47 Capparis spinosa do. Also Capparis inermis.
48 * Carduus marianus do.
49 ——— pycnocephalus do.
50 * ——— nutans do.
51 * Centaurea calcitrapa do.
52 * ——— solstitialis do.
53 * Cerastium vulgatum do.
54 ——— campanulatum, Viviani.
Corollis campanulatis, petalis semibifidis, calyce duplo longioribus. Initio Aprilis ad Augustum. Ann.
55 * ——— semidecandrum of Linnæus.
56 * Chenopodium album do.
57 * ——— hybridum do.
58 * ——— vulvaria do.
59 * Chærophyllum sylvestre of Linnæus.
60 * Cheiranthus cheiri do.
61 ——— maritimus do.
62 * Chironia centaurium of Sir J. Smith.
63 * Cichorium intybus of Linnæus.
64 * Clematis vitalba do.
65 ——— flammula do.
66 * Cnicus lanceolatus, the Carduus lanceolatus of Linnæus.
67 * Convolvulus arvensis of Linnæus.
68 * Cotyledon umbilicus do.
69 Colutea arborescens do
70 * Conyza squarrosa do.
71 ——— sordida do.
72 Coronilla securidaca do.
73 ——— cretica do.
74 * Cratægus oxyacantha do.
75 Crepis scariosa of Willdenow.
76 ——— stricta.
Foliis radicalibus sinuatis, caulinis sessilibus sagittatis,

basique laciniatis; caule erecto, paniculis sparsis, nubilibus nutantibus. Flores lutei. Aprili, Maio, Junio, frequens. Ann.
77 * Crepis fœtida of Linnæus.
78 ——— setosa of Haller.
79 Chrysanthemum myconis of Linnæus.
80 Cucubalus Italicus do.
81 * Cynosurus echinatus do.

D

82 * Dactylis glomerata of Linnæus.
83 * Daucus carota do.
84 Delphinium peregrinum do.
85 * Dianthus prolifer do.
86 * Draba muralis do.
87 * ——— verna do.

E

88 * Echium vulgare do.
89 * ——— violaceum do.
90 Epilobium pubescens
91 Ervum uniflorum.
Tenore Flor. Napol. Distribut. III. p. 42. Flores subrubri. Maio. This plant grows also here and there among the ruins of the Baths of Dioclesian.
92 * ——— hirsutum of Linnæus.
93 Erodium malacoides of Willdenow.
94 ——— Romanum do.
95 * ——— moschatum do.
96 * Erigeron Canadense of Linnæus.
97 * Erysimum officinale do.
98 * Euphorbia peplus do.
99 * Euonymus Europæus do.

F

100 * Festuca myuros do. Also a variety, glumis hir-

suto-ciliatis. Hæc varietas promiscuè crescit cum specie ; differt statura minori et glumarum hirsutie.

101 Festuca arundinacea
102 Ferula communis of Linnæus.
103 Ficus carica sylvestris do.
104 * Fumaria capreolata do.
105 * ——— officinalis do.

G

106 * Galium aparine do.
107 * ——— mollugo do.
108 * Geranium rotundifolium do.
109 * ——— molle do.
110 * ——— Robertianum do.
111 Gnaphalium montanum of Willdenow.
112 Gypsophila saxifraga of Linnæus.

H

113 * Hedera helix of Linnæus.
114 Hedypnois Monspeliensis of Willdenow.
115 * Helminthia echiodes do.
116 Heliotropium Europæum of Linnæus.
117 * Hypericum perforatum do.
118 * Hypochæris radicata do.
119 Hyoscyamus albus do.
120 Hyacinthus Romanus do.
121 ——— comosus do.
122 ——— racemosus do.
123 Hieracium tuberosum, the Leontodon bulbosum of Linnæus.
124 * Holcus lanatus of Linnæus.
125 * Hordeum murinum do
126 ——— bulbosum do.

I

127 Inula viscosa of Willdenow.
128 * —— dysenterica of Linnæus.

L

129 * Lagurus ovatus do
130 * Lamium amplexicaule do.
131 ——— lævigatum do.
132 * Lactuca scariola do.
133 Lavatera triloba do.
134 Lepidium graminifolium do.
135 * Ligustrum vulgare do.
136 Linum strictum do.
137 * Lolium perenne do.
138 * ——— temulentum do.
139 * Lonicera caprifolium do.
140 * Lotus ornithopodioides do.
141 * —— corniculatus do.
142 * Lychnis flos-cuculi do.
143 * —— dioica do.

M

144 * Malva sylvestris do.
145 —— Mauritiana do.
146 * Medicago lupulina do.
147 ——— maculata of Willdenow.
148 ——— denticulata, do.
149 ——— tribuloides of Willdenow.
150 ——— minima do.
151 ——— sphaerocarpos
152 * Melilotus officinalis.
153 ——— Italica.
154 ——— Indica
155 Melica ciliata of Linnæus.
156 ——— ramosa of Willdenow.

157 Melissa calamintha of Linnæus.
158 ——— cordifolia
159 * Mercurialis annua of Linnæus
160 * Myosotis arvensis
161 Myagrum rugosum of Linnæus.
162 ——— erucæfolium

O

163 Olea Europea of Linnæus, also a variety, Olea sylvestris.
164 * Orobanche minor
165 * ———-- ramosa of Linnæus.
166 Ornithopus scorpioides do.
167 * Origanum vulgare do.
168 Osyris alba do.
169 * Oxalis corniculata do.

P

170 * Panicum viride do.
171 * Papaver somniferum do.
172 * ——— Rhæas do.
173 Phyllirea media do.
174 Phalaris bulbosa do.
175 * ——— paradoxa do.
176 * Picris hieracioides do.
177 Pistacia lentiscus do.
178 * Plantago lanceolata do.
179 ———- psyllium do.
180 * Potentilla reptans do.
181 * Poterium sanguisorba do.
182 Polygala Monspeliaca do
183 Portulaca oleracea do.
184 * Poa trivialis do.
185 * —— annua do.
186 * —— rigida do
187 * Polycarpon tetraphyllum do.

188 * Prunella vulgaris of Linnæus.
189 * Polygonum convolvulus do.
190 * ———— persicaria do.
191 * ———— aviculare do.

R

192 * Ranunculus bulbosus do.
193 * Raphanus raphanistrum do.
194 Reseda undata do.
195 Rhamnus alaternus do.
196 Rhinanthus trixago do.
197 Rosa sempervirens do.
198 * Rubus fruticosus do.
199 Rumex pulcher do.
200 Ruta chalepensis do.

S

201 * Salvia verbenaca do.
202 * Sambucus ebulus do.
203 * Saxifraga tridactylites do.
204 * Scabiosa columbaria do.
205 Scolymus Hispanicus do.
206 Secale villosum do.
207 * Sedum dasyphyllum do.
208 * ——— reflexum do.
209 * Senecio vulgaris do.
210 * Sherardia arvensis do.
Flores rubro-cœrulei. Aprili, Maio. Ann.
211 ———— muralis do.
Flores lutei. Aprili, Maio. Ann.
212 Seriola Ætnensis do.
213 * Sisymbrium irio do.
214 * ———— tenuifolium do.
215 Sideritis Romana do.
216 * Sinapis alba do.

217 Sinapis erucoides of Linnæus.
218 * Smyrnium olusatrum do.
219 * Sonchus oleraceus do.
220 ———- tenerrimus do.
221 ———- picroides do.

T

222 * Thlaspi bursa-pastoris do.
223 * Thymus vulgaris do.
224 * Tordylium maximum do.
225 Tozzettia pratensis of Savi.
Tozzettia, spica ovata, valvis calycinis compressis carina pilosis, arista articulata, vagina superiori utriculata. [It is the Phalaris utriculata of Linnæus. It flowers in April, and is a perennial.]
226 Tribulus terrestris of Linnæus.
227 Trigonella corniculata do.
228 Trifolium hybridum do.
229 * ——— repens do.
230 * ——— pratense do.
231 ——— pallidum do.
Flores albo-virides. Circa finem Aprilis. Ann.
232 ——— lappaceum of Linnæus.
233 ——— angustifolium do.
234 * ——— scabrum do.
235 * ——— maritimum of Sir James Smith.
236 ——— supinum of Savi.
Flores purpurascentes. Junio, Julio. Ann.
237 ——— resupinatum of Linnæus.
238 * ——— fragiferum do.
239 * ——— filiforme do.
240 * ——— agrarium do.
241 ——— aureum
Flores aurei. Floret circa finem Aprilis. Ann.
242 * Tussilago farfara of Linnæus.

U

243 Urtica membranacea
244 * ——— pilulifera of Linnæus.
245 * ——— dioica do.
246 * Valeriana olitoria of Willdenow.
247 Valantia muralis of Linnæus
248 * Veronica agrestis do.
249 * ——— hederæfolia do.
250 ——— cymbalaria of the Italian botanists, a rare plant; flowers white. It flowers in February, March, April, and in Autumn, and is an Annual. *
251 * ——— arvensis of Linnæus.
252 ——— acinifolia of do. A common plant about Rome
253 * Verbena officinalis of Linnæus.
254 Verbascum sinuatum do.
255 Viburnum tinus do.
256 * Vicia cracca do.
257 * —— sativa do.
258 * —— hybrida do.
259 —— Bithynica do.
260 * Viola odorata do.

X

261 Xantium spinosum of Linnæus.

---

* Bertoloni describes this species, Veronica folii cordato-rotundatis, subseptem dentatis calycibus fructus patentibus, laciniis ovatis, capsulis hirsutis.

ERRATA.

VOL. I.

Page	10,	line	9,	*for*	Vangoen	*read* Vangoyen
	21,		25,	—	406	—— 1406
	73,		26,	—	appear	—— appearing
	84,		2,	—	notches	—— niches
	86,		19,	—	della Bella	—— delle Belle
	81 to 84,		title,	—	STATUES IN THE PALAZZO VECCHIO *read* STATUES IN THE PIAZZO DEL GRANDUCA	
	87,		28,	—	impression	*read* expression
	113,		19,	—	Caracaggio	—— Caravaggio
	121,		26,	—	Subterman	—— Subtermans
	176,		10,	—	Serventi	—— Servienti
	204,		7,	—	Piombino	—— Piombino
	217,		2,	—	Aleatico	—— Areatico
	250,		18,	—	Piano	—— Pian
	254,		7,	—	Cartona	—— Cortona
	266,		8,	—	gameos	—— cameos
	340,		6,	—	clean	—— clear
	363,		3,	—	other women	—— another woman
	383,	last note,		—	secluded	—— excluded.

VOL. II.

Page	13,	line	1,	*dele*	and termini	
	31,		8,	*for*	Glanber	*read* Glauber
	40,		16,	—	inaccurate	—— accurate
	45,		3,	—	La Pache	—— La Pace
	84,		6 *from bottom*, *for*		grain	*read* green
	104,		7	do.	*before* dome	*insert* part of
	137,		8,	*after*	red	*insert* earth
	151,		7,	*for*	repeatedly	*read* rapidly
	156,		11,	—	finer	—— firmer
	182,		1,	*dele*	ore	
	240,		6 *from bottom*, *for*		about	—— above
	260,		5	do. *for*	two roads divide	—— three roads meet
	263,		9	—	plain	—— site of
	275,		6 *from bottom*, *for*		muczzim	—— muezzin
	297,		12,	*for*	bereft	—— deprived
	332,		1,	—	siroo	—— siroc
	333,		8 *from bottom*, *for* of classic buildings *read* and other classic buildings.			
	407,		2,	*for*	Zante	*read* Patras

DIRECTIONS FOR PLACING THE ENGRAVINGS.

VOL. I.

Design for a Cemetery, *frontispiece to Vol. I.*
Sketches from Italian Cottages, to front page 63
Fire at Pietra Mala, - - 72
Sketches of Italian and Grecian Chimneys, - 75
Fortress at Porte Ferrajo, with the Palace of Napoleon, 206
Fac-Simile of a Sketch by the Emperor Napoleon, 235
Sketch from the Skull of Raphael, - - 323
Italian Peasant, - - - 380
Italian Peasant and Children, - - ib.
Italian Costumes, - - - ib.

VOL. II.

Portrait of the Priest of Delphi, *frontispiece to Vol. II.*
Castle of Otranto, - - to front page 145
Medals emblematical of the Ionian Islands, - 189
Do. do. - - ib.
Greek Dance, - - - 225
Caloyer Priests of Daulis, - - 268
Etchings of Leaves, - - - 283
Grecian Melodies, - - - 368
Greek Costumes, - - 370

945.01 W673
Williams,
Travels in Italy.
270

VOLUME 2

TRAVELS

IN

ITALY, GREECE, AND THE

IONIAN ISLANDS.

Vol.II.Page 245.

PORTRAIT OF

THE PRIEST OF DELPHI

TRAVELS

IN

ITALY, GREECE, AND THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

IN A

SERIES OF LETTERS,

DESCRIPTIVE OF

MANNERS, SCENERY, AND THE FINE ARTS.

By H. W. WILLIAMS, Esq.

WITH ENGRAVINGS FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO. EDINBURGH;

AND HURST, ROBINSON, AND CO. 90, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

1820.

PORTRAIT OF
THE PRIEST OF DELPHI

TRAVELS

IN

ITALY, GREECE, AND THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

IN A

SERIES OF LETTERS,

DESCRIPTIVE OF

MANNERS, SCENERY, AND THE FINE ARTS.

By H. W. WILLIAMS, Esq.

WITH ENGRAVINGS FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO. EDINBURGH;

AND HURST, ROBINSON, AND CO. 90, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

1820.

945.01
W672
v.2

TO

GEORGE THOMSON, Esq.

EDINBURGH,

TO WHOM THEY WERE ORIGINALLY ADDRESSED,

THE

LETTERS FROM GREECE

ARE INSCRIBED,

BY HIS SINCERE FRIEND,

H. W. WILLIAMS.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

LETTER XXXII. Page

ROME.—The Buonaparte Family, - - 1

LETTER XXXIII.

ROME.—Statues in the Vatican.—Their effect upon the mind.—Criticism.—The Statues seen by torch light, especially the Apollo.—Laocoon.—General observations on the Statues.—Canova's Gladiators.—Unarranged Marbles, - - - - 7

LETTER XXXIV.

ROME.—Pictures and Marbles in the Capitol.—Statues in the Villa Albani and Villa Ludovisi.—Guercino's Aurora, compared with Guido's painting of the same subject.—Observations on the Frescoes of the greatest Masters, - - - - 18

LETTER XXXV.

ROME.—DUTCH AND FLEMISH SCHOOL.—Cardinal Fesch's Collection, - - - 30

LETTER XXXVI.

ROME.—ITALIAN AND OTHER SCHOOLS.—Cardinal Fesch's Collection of Italian, Venetian, and French Masters.—Madame Mere's (Napoleon's Mother) Pictures, and Lucien Buonaparte's, Prince of Canino, 45

LETTER XXXVII. Page

ROME.—Fresco Paintings in the Palazzo Costaguti.—The Poniatowski Collection.—Description of the Ancient Painting called the Aldobrandini Marriage.—Ancient Paintings in the Baths of Titus.—Prices given by the Ancients for Pictures.—Statues of Castor and Pollux.—Prices given for Colossal Statues.—Michael Angelo's Statue of Moses in the Church of St Peter in Vincoli, - - - - - 62

LETTER XXXVIII.

ROME.—Paintings in the Doria Palace, - - 73

LETTER XXXIX.

ROME.—Pictures in the Colonna Palace.—Description of the Gallery.—Corsini Collection of Pictures.—Corsini Villa, - - - - 79

LETTER XL.

ROME.—Paintings in the Spada Palace.—Statue of Pompey, supposed to be the Statue at which Cæsar fell by the arm of Brutus.—Collection of Pictures in the Sciarra Palace.—Barberini Pictures.—Frescoes by A. Caracci.—The Farnese Palace, - - 88

LETTER XLI.

ROME.—THE CARNIVAL.—Amusements of the Carnival.—Rules to be observed by the People.—Religious Ceremonies in the Holy Week.—Illumination of the Dome of St Peter's.—Music called the Miserere.—Beautiful Effect in St Peter's.—Silence and Temperature, &c. - - - - - 98

LETTER XLII. Page

ROME.—Raphael's Frescoes in the Lodges of the Vatican, and in his Villa.—Epitaphs of Salvator Rosa and Claude Lorraine.—Music at the Chiesa del Giesu.—Holy Staircase.—Tivoli and other Towns near Rome.—Adieu to Rome, - - 106

LETTER XLIII.

NAPLES.—Journey to Naples.—Mount Vesuvius.—Herculaneum.—Pompeii.—Collection of Paintings and Antiquities in the Museum at Portici.—Goitres between Naples and Portici.—Amusements at Naples, 114

LETTER XLIV.

NAPLES.—Journey to Pæstum.—Character of the Temples.—Return to Naples.—Statues in the Studii.—Antiquities.—Pictures.—Papyri or Herculaneum MSS.—Departure from Naples, - - 124

LETTER XLV.

CORFU.—Journey to Otranto, - - 133

LETTER XLVI.

CORFU.—Voyage to Corfu.—Albanian Shore.—View in approaching Corfu.—Arrival at Corfu.—Hospitality of Sir Thomas Maitland, Governor-General.—His Character, - - - 150

LETTER XLVII.

CORFU.—City of Corfu.—Castradis.—Cottage of the Governor-General.—Ship of Ulysses.—General Appearance of the Island.—Village of Potamo.—View from the Mountain of St Salvador.—Ball.—Laxity of Morals.—Aristocracy divided into Russian and English Parties.—Assassination.—Superstitions and

Page

Immorality of the People.—Events in the Ancient History of Corcyra, - - 157

LETTER XLVIII.

Zante.—Islands of Paxo and Zante, - - 170

LETTER XLIX.

Cephalonia.—Mount Ænos.—Town.—Malaria.—Vines.—Fine Arts.—Ancient Cities.—Temple of Jupiter.—Tombs.—Cyclopean Ruins.—Hills.—Propensity of the Natives to Navigation, - - 188

LETTER L.

Ithaca.—Sail to Ithaca.—Counterfeit Coins.—Cave of Dexia.—Guiteria.—Palace of Ulysses.—Relics of Antiquity.—Rock of Corax.—Fountain of Arethusa.—Hills composed of Limestone.—Homer's School.—Vathi.—Population.—Climate.—Wines, - 192

LETTER LI.

Patras.—Doubts concerning the Antiquities of Ithaca.—Appearance of the Ionian Islands from the Sea.—Knavery of our Greek Skipper.—Land on the Coast of Albania.—River Achelöus.—Skipper's hatred of Ali Pasha.—Coast of the Gulf of Lepanto.—Appearance of Patras from the Sea.—Tomb of St Andrew.—Greek Festival.—Costumes.—Streets.—Slovenly Disposition of the Inhabitants.—Steam Bath.—Fragments of Marbles.—Ancient Gate at Ephesus spoiled of its Ornaments.—Port of Patras.—Trade.—Consuls.—Expence of Living.—Climate.—Malaria.—Plague.—Greek Wedding, - 202

Page

LETTER LII.

Patras.—Procession of a newly-married Lady to her Husband's House.—Greek Fast of Lent.—Turkish Fast of Ramazan.—Honourable dealings of the Turks contrasted with the Knavery of the Greeks.—Indolence of the Turks.—Mode of Sepulture.—Cemeteries.—Greek Dances.—Female Slaves.—Partiality to the English.—Views from Patras.—Annual Procession to the River Meilichus.—Mode of Building.—Intermarriages of Turks and Greeks, - - 221

LETTER LIII.

Vostizza.—Journey from Patras to Vostizza, anciently Ægium, - - - 230

LETTER LIV.

Delphi.—Voyage to Scala, and Journey to Delphi, 238

LETTER LV.

Delphi.—Reception on our arrival at the Priest's.—Description of his House.—Castalian Spring.—Chapel of St John.—Monastery of Panagia.—Village of Castri.—Stadium.—Sepulchres.—Site of the Temple of Apollo.—Desolation of Delphi.—Rocks and Scenery, - - - 243

LETTER LVI.

Livadia.—Journey along Parnassus to Livadia, 258

LETTER LVII.

Livadia.—Ancient Lebadea.—Archon.—His Family.—Manners.—House of the Archon.—Cave of

Page

Trophonius.—Fountains of Memory and Oblivion.—Town.—Orchomenus, - - - 264

LETTER LVIII.

Thebes.—Journey from Livadia to Thebes, - 273

LETTER LIX.

Eleusis.—From Thebes to the Plain of Platæa and Eleusis, - - - 279

LETTER LX.

Athens.—From Eleusis to Athens, - - 287

LETTER LXI.

Athens.—Pnyx and Parthenon, - - 294

LETTER LXII.

Athens.—Colouring of the Temple of Minerva.—Panorama from the Top, &c. - - 300

LETTER LXIII.

Athens.—Temple of Minerva Polias, Erectheum, Pandroseum, - - - - - 305

LETTER LXIV.

Athens.—Temple of Theseus.—Dislocation of Columns by Lightning.—Church of St George.—Situation of the Temple.—Grandeur and Beauty independent of Association, - - - 311

LETTER LXV.

Athens.—Reflections regarding the breaking and pounding of Sculptured Marbles by the Turks, - 316

LETTER LXVI. Page

Athens.—Observations on the Character and Expression of the Doric Order, - - 324

LETTER LXVII.

Athens.—The Arts.—Character of the Drawings of Haller, Lusieri, and Fauvel, - - - 328

LETTER LXVIII.

Athens.—Circuit of the Town and Acropolis, to establish the finest Points of View.—Necessity of such a Circuit.—Effects of near and distant Views.—View from Lycabettus.—Effects of Clouds.—Skies the principal Machinery of Nature.—Waiwode and Wives.—Monument of Philopappus, - - 336

LETTER LXIX.

Athens.—Continuation and conclusion of the Circuit of Athens, which includes Jupiter Olympius.—The View from Hagio Asomato and Mount Anchesmus, Colonus Hippius, and the Academy.—Tomb of Pericles, - - - - - - - - 344

LETTER LXX.

Athens.—Description of the Streets, Markets, and Dance of Dervishes, - - - 351

LETTER LXXI.

Athens.—Continuation of the description of Athens.—Philomouson Society.—Grecian Music.—Games.—Dress.—Usury.—Weather.—Report of the Plague.—Ignorance of the Greek Physicians.—Opium-Eater.—Preparations for Departure.—Resolve to visit Cape Colonni.—Apology for Signor Lusieri, - - 365

LETTER LXXII. Page

CORINTH.—Departure from Athens.—Piræus.—Cape Colonni.—Temple of Minerva Sunias.—Views in sailing up the Gulf of Ægina.—Island of Ægina.—Singular mode of Rowing.—Isthmus of Corinth, &c. - 378

LETTER LXXIII.

CORINTH.—The Temple, and Views of the Town, - 392

LETTER LXXIV.

PATRAS.—Journey from Corinth to Patras, - 396

LETTER LXXV.

PATRAS.—Necessary preparations for Travelling in Greece.—Baggage.—Servant.—Hiring Vessels.—Money.—Presents.—Medical Directions, - 405

LETTER LXXVI.

Departure from Greece, and Return to England, 411

CONCLUSION, - - - - 417

APPENDIX, - - - - 421

No. I.—Description of Signor Pizzamano's Medals, 423

No. II.—Revenue of the Ionian Islands, - 425

No. III.—State of the Island of Ithaca, 1816, - 427

TRAVELS

IN

ITALY, GREECE, AND THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

LETTER XXXII.

ROME.

The Buonaparte Family.

The members of the Buonaparte family at Rome consist of the Princess Pauline, married to Prince Borghese; Louis Buonaparte, the Ex-King of Holland; Lucien, the Prince of Canino, and his family; and lastly, the mother of Napoleon Buonaparte. The first of these personages was the favourite sister of the ex-emperor, and during his residence in Elba, he was in the habit of placing her close to him when they were in company; he would sometimes turn round while at dinner, and desire one of his officers to compose some quatrain in honour of the princess's charms, and to recite it to her at the table. One of those officers, who accompanied him to Elba, shewed a friend of mine several verses, that had been composed by himself in obedience to his master's injunctions.

The princess lives separate from her husband, but she is allowed to occupy the splendid building of the Borghese palace at Rome. At present the prince resides at Florence. Napoleon, during his supremacy, had endeavoured to bring him forward in some public capacity, but the attempt is said to have failed; his inattention rendering it necessary to withdraw him from the situations to which he was appointed. The Princess Pauline is fond of society; she is, indeed, said to display much of the coquetry and vanity of a French woman of fashion. Canova has executed a statue of her, the symmetry and luxurious attitude of which is much admired. One evening she issued invitations for a large rout; the form of the invitation expressed her hope, that she should have the company of such and such persons, "to see the statue by Canova lighted up."

Persons sufficiently well acquainted, by the length of their intercourse, with the Buonaparte family, to describe the characters of the different members of it, gave the reputation of superior amiableness to two other sisters of Napoleon, Madame Baiocchi and Madame Murat; the former is always mentioned with particular respect.

Lucien carefully abstains from shewing himself in public, though he admits such English society as are introduced to him. He never touches on political

subjects, or can be betrayed into conversing upon them when introduced by others, who are desirous of learning his opinion. He affects an occasional air of frivolity in conversation, probably as a veil to the serious designs, with which he has been said to be occupied respecting his brother. However that may be, it is said to be a difficult matter to draw him out into giving his opinions on any subject, whether political or not. He had commenced farming, partly after the English manner, at his country villa La Rufinella, supposed by some to stand on the scite of Cicero's Tusculan villa. His passion for agriculture had, however, much cooled, and was succeeded by a passion for astronomy. He is in possession of a fine telescope, and some other optical instruments by Dolland, but I learned that he was fickle in all these different pursuits, and soon abandoned them. His dwelling in Rome is sufficiently handsome, and he has often small parties in the evening for music or dancing; two of his daughters play and sing prettily, and express a partiality for Scotch music, especially that published by Mr George Thomson of Edinburgh: one of their favourite airs is, "Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled." His eldest daughter (the fruit of his first marriage) was married to a Roman nobleman. Her uncle had, at one period, designed her to become the spouse of Ferdinand, the present King of Spain, but afterwards

altered his plan, thinking that something more was necessary to secure the full dependence of Spain upon his own power.

The mother of Napoleon, formerly dignified by the title of *Madame Mere*, resides, together with her brother Cardinal Fesch, in the Palazzo Falcone. She lived in seclusion, and was even said to have become a devotee. Only one of her former ladies of honour remains with her; she occupies, however, a fine suite of apartments, very handsomely furnished, and with a greater attention to comfort than is usual in Italian houses. She affects none of the reserve of Lucien on certain subjects, but speaks with tears in her eyes of the ex-emperor, displays the feelings of a mother in her language respecting him, and laments that he has not written to any of his family since his being at St Helena, fondly cherishing the hope, (which appears to prevail among the adherents of Buonaparte,) that the English government would finally set him at liberty; and generally concludes with some strong encomiums on the character of the English nation, with the generosity of which she declares herself well acquainted. Madame Mere has evidently been a very fine woman; at her advanced period of life she still looks well, through the aid of her toilette; her manners are even dignified. She appears a queen, and refutes, as do her daughters, those notions of the vulgar manners of

the ladies of the Buonaparte family, which were so easily accredited in Britain. In one of the rooms in Lucien's palace is a bust of Niccolo Buonaparte, the father, which exhibits a countenance of remarkable expression; finer, indeed, than that of Napoleon or any of the family.

Rome at this time, 1817, is the residence of other princely families. The abdicated King of Sardinia, the Ex-Queen of Etruria, and the former King of Spain, Charles. The first of these personages lives pretty closely the life of a devotee; but the King of Spain intermixes with his religious offices a very tolerable attention to the pleasures of the table.

The Prince of Peace retains with Charles that influence which has been fatal to his interests and those of Spain; the minion still of Charles's queen, his presence is considered necessary to the royal happiness. "I could not support existence without that dear man," was the expression of King Charles to a Roman physician, from whom we had the anecdote. The prince possesses a fine palace, with a collection of pictures, said to be very valuable: he has recently married his natural daughter advantageously to a Roman nobleman.

The allowance made by the court of Spain to Charles is sufficiently liberal, and beyond his apparent means of expenditure; it was estimated at

about L. 10,000 a month, but complaints were made that it was not regularly paid. His brother, the King of Naples, possesses considerable property at Rome, as the inheritor of the property of the Farnese family. As part of this inheritance, many of the celebrated antiquities and statues now in Naples were carried thither from Rome.

LETTER XXXIII.

ROME.

Statues in the Vatican.—Their effect upon the mind.—Criticism.—The Statues seen by torch light, especially the Apollo.—Laocoon.—General observations on the Statues.—Canova's Gladiators.—Unarranged Marbles.

In walking through the Galleries of Statues in the Vatican, which are of prodigious extent, I felt an emotion of reverence in viewing those works which have been handed down to us through so many ages. A similar sentiment, indeed, seemed to influence the minds of all; for, although a considerable number of people were present, none spoke aloud;—all whispered as they walked among the representations of the gods of the ancients, together with those works amidst which they presided of old. This feeling of veneration and respect, joined to the excellence of the sculpture, disposed us to admire beauty rather than to discover faults. Some hardened critics, however, familiar with these wonders of art, prevailed upon us to listen to their discourse. At first, it was

with reluctance, but at last we ourselves presumed to criticise. Then dropped the enchanted veil, and enthusiasm and deference gave place to cold examination. The eye that had been enraptured with innumerable beauties, sought for defects! and, as a punishment for such ingratitude, the graces fled, or left a faint impression on the mind.

In addition to our repeated morning visits to these inimitable statues, we have likewise seen them by torch light, and surely no exhibition could possibly be more interesting. I would fain attempt to describe it to you, were I not sure that I should fail. Let me remind you how jealous Apollo has always been of his own honour, and that of all under his protection, and be satisfied that it will be wise in me not to attempt any thing further than the merest hints; for, might I not incur displeasure, should I fail in doing justice to his statue, and the innumerable others over which he presides? What, were I to speak in the language of the critics, and say that one of his legs is longer than the other, or that his head is strangely placed between his shoulders?* If, too,

* Barry says, "That the right clavicle and shoulder wants magnitude to correspond with the other parts; and that, whether owing to the legs having been broken off above the ancle, the ends of the tibia and fibula, which form the inner and outer ancle, do not seem to be in their proper places."

Barry, Vol. I. p. 449.

I should say that the Laocoon shews more expression of bodily suffering than of feeling for his children, would I not have cause to tremble? Are there not *serpents* still that might writhe and twist about me?

Let me briefly say, then, that when our conductors were preparing their torches in the hall of the Egyptian sphinxes, we observed the most singular and bewitching effects imaginable. The numerous figures, seen in mysterious shade, appeared like the ghosts of the ancients, raised by the spell of a sorcerer; the sphinxes in dark shadow opposed to them, being perfectly in unison with the enchanted-looking scene, and affording at the same time the finest contrast of light and shade. In the full blaze of light, too, the whole looked well, and many subordinate objects were revealed to our admiring eyes. From this situation we ascended to the Rotundo; and thence from one museum to another, filled with statues of astonishing excellence, and almost overpowering to the mind, till we came to the room of Apollo.

From every point of view, and under every effect, this matchless statue appeared divine! But when the great light was placed behind, he seemed as if advancing from the sun, the golden rays falling on his godlike countenance, and tipping his shoulder and quiver, while reflected light played among his limbs in tones of pearly grey,—exciting in the be-

holder the idea, that this inimitable work was claimed at once by heaven and by earth!

The LAOCOON did not appear to such advantage as by the morning light; though some learned judges will insist, that this group must have been purposely made to have a superior effect by such illumination, having been found in a niche in an apartment in the baths of Titus, where no day-light could enter. This, I think, is carrying hypothesis as far as it will go. The group, which consists of numerous parts, requires a powerful light to give it the proper simplicity and breadth; in side lights, the shadows were dark and opaque, and every particular seemed to intrude upon the general effect; the beard looked shaggy, and too much divided into black divisions. When the whole lights, however, were in front, every defect of this kind was removed; and, as seen from within an adjoining apartment, in all this splendour of light, there certainly is no work of art, excepting the statue of Apollo, to compare to it. This magnificent group is more expressive of nature than of the beau ideal: at least, comparing it with the statue of Apollo, it does not indicate so great an exertion of the mind. But what a splendid example of selection! what knowledge of bodily and mental suffering, penetrating through every fibre, and commanding our spontaneous sympathy!

The famous TORSO, so much admired by Michael

Angelo, is remarkable for muscular expression. The enlightened Mr John Bell, who accompanied us, and whose knowledge in anatomy is pre-eminent, considers it as a wonderful production in that respect. The fragment is placed in the centre of a room among other splendid and invaluable remains of antiquity, and never fails to recal recollections of past greatness, and to draw forth sighs for its degradation. From this situation we walked down, and returned through the long Corridor, which of itself contains so many works in all the departments of sculpture, that to describe them would require a volume; and from thence paid a second visit to the Rotundo, which we had left, being anxious to see the Apollo and Laocoon first. This arrangement also permitted us to see them with less fatigue, than if we had previously examined a multiplicity of other objects.

In the Rotundo, the statues are all very fine, but they do not rank in the highest class. We were much pleased with a SACRIFICING PRIEST in that apartment, though we wished that he had not been so overloaded with drapery. A DISCOBOLUS has simple beauty; PHOCION is admirable. There is a second DISCOBOLUS in a momentary action, throwing the discus; the body is remarkably fine, but the disagreeable position of the left leg, with the toes strangely drawn up, has not a pleasing effect. Canova is of opinion, that if such an attitude were

attempted in the present day, the sculptor would be supposed to be out of his senses. There is likewise a statue of a PHILOSOPHER and an APOLLO, extremely beautiful.

In an apartment, in which there are two sarcophagi in porphyry, are some exquisite busts and statues. Among the former is a colossal head of SERAPIS, very fine. Next to it is an OCEANUS or NEPTUNE, blended with the characteristics of Bacchus; his eyebrows represent vine leaves; he has grapes in his hair, and dolphins in his beard, the lower part of which is waved like the sea. Then follow an ANTINOUS, full and voluptuous in expression, the hair hanging in ringlets behind, like those of a woman's; the side view is beautiful, but the front not so pleasing: HADRIAN, full of character and expression: CLAUDIUS, a magnificent bust, and not unlike Napoleon: JUPITER, a singular conformation of head; indeed, none of the busts of Jupiter I have ever seen give any idea of Homer's Jove; they are all too fat, bulky, and without mental expression.

In the room of APOLLO AND THE MUSES, many of the statues of the muses are undoubtedly fine, and others but indifferent. Apollo, though an admirable figure, may be mistaken for one of them, being very like a female in appearance and dress; but as the muses seem to be on good terms with him, it is not for me to make farther observations.

The busts and termini of poets and philosophers, between the statues of the Muses, are full of nature and exquisite art.

In the *Hall of Animals* are some admirable specimens of animals, such as lions, tigers, goats, greyhounds, birds, and fishes; and a most remarkable representation of a lobster. A sweet little fountain delighted us all; it is composed of a ribbed shell, with a duck reclining in it; the whole of these ancient works seem as if they had just come out of the hands of the sculptor.

From the *Hall of Animals* we again passed the rooms containing the Laocoon, the Apollo, and Torso, and came to the statue of MELEAGER, which is a beautiful youthful figure, (though not of the highest class,) with drapery twisted round his arm. The dog on his right seems as if it were stuffed; it has no articulation of the joints, or characteristic markings.

In the room called Canova's room, we saw his statue of PERSEUS, and also TWO GLADIATORS. Canova is much beholden to the Apollo for the former; indeed, it is a palpable imitation. The Gladiators are vulgar and disagreeable in expression. The hand of the gladiator who tore out the heart of his opponent should have been horizontal; * it is impossible to conceive how it

* According to the story from which this sculpture is taken, two Gladiators had mutually boasted that they would dis-

could enter between the ribs in its present position. They are by no means agreeable figures, and certainly excited little interest, which of them should be first in the work of butchery. How easy it is to discover faults, more especially when they are opposed to so many beauties as may be found in Canova's works! Passing from these, we saw a fine figure of ANTINOUS, different from the one in the Capitol; a piece of drapery is twisted round the left arm, the right is broken off.

An apartment, called the *Statue Gallery*, contains innumerable statues. The reclining figure of ARIADNE, and a figure of ADONIS, struck us as being particularly beautiful; the former, I find, has been studied by N. Poussin. Two Greek poets, supposed to represent POSIDIPPUS and MENANDER, are good statues. Farther on, among inconceivable busts and various fragments, appears a statue of JOVE, who seems to be weighing his thunder in his hand,—not a very superior work of art. In another apartment is a beautiful stooping VENUS; the left leg, however, seemed a little faulty. In the same room is a FAUN with glass eyes, suggesting the idea of a cat in the dark; but in every other respect it is an admirable

patch each other by a single effort; agreeing that the mode of attack should be left to the choice of each. The one is in the attitude of striking a downward blow; the one thrusts his hand into the breast of his antagonist, and tears out his heart.

statue. The rooms of *Vases*, *Candelabra*, *Mosaic*, and *Inscriptions*, united with the great mass of sculpture in the Vatican, are quite overwhelming, and when I look at a few sheets of letter paper, and think, too, of the limited time I can bestow on any attempt to describe them, I confess I am obliged to drop the subject in despair.

The principal advantage in examining the ancient statues with torches, seems to be the variety of effect which it affords, allowing us to examine them in any light best adapted to disclose their general character. I cannot help thinking, however, that the shadows want that clearness which is desirable, and that the details are often too perceptible, and break in upon the general effect: this could be avoided by a variety of torches, but daylight surely would be preferable. The moon was a mere crescent when we passed along the open gallery, which contains some of these divine works; and we could not but admire how completely she transferred one of the statues into the goddess Diana, by appearing just above its head. The stars, too, as it were, played among them, while the limpid fountain fell in trembling lines of silver light.

Through permission given to us by Canova, we have seen the prodigious collection of unarranged marbles in the lower part of the Vatican, for which a gallery is preparing by the present Pope.

Among them may be seen several excellent statues, and other precious relics of antiquity, highly deserving of careful study. The famous statue of the River Nile presides over these, as Apollo does over the matchless collection in the galleries above. This statue was in Paris, and considerably injured, but it is now repaired, and does not seem to be much the worse for its tedious journey. The figure, which is in a recumbent attitude, has the very look of plenty. Various cherubs (sixteen in number) are climbing about him, indicating the various stages of the mighty river. His cornucopia teems with the fruits of the earth, and his countenance looks content.

This collection, among other things, informs us, that female vanity is confined to no particular age. Eve herself is represented by Milton as conscious of superior charms, when she viewed her countenance reflected in the waters of Eden. It is, however, not so easy to determine, at what moment vanity leaves the fair on this side the grave. The Roman sculptors of antiquity represent a female of the Manilian family, at least sixty years of age, as *Venus*, in the same attitude as Venus de Medicis,—with all the expression, too, and air of a girl of sixteen. It was difficult to suppress a smile at this grotesque and unnatural union. The folly of such pretensions can never be more severely satirized. Would some of our British

dowagers hold the mirror up to nature, and see themselves as others see them, they would feel the ridicule of so feigned a character, and descend from the car whereon they had once triumphed, when their age of victory had gone by. Another elderly female, Julia Pia, was represented with the skin of a lion, and the club of Hercules! more formidable and *striking*, surely, than amiable and winning.

In one of the apartments of this great repository are innumerable heads lying upon the floor, as if they had been thrown down in cart-loads, and it was not a little ridiculous to observe many busts and statues in a state of preparation to receive new ears and noses. Of these, indeed, there is a regular manufactory in the Vatican, together with legs, arms, and hands, and all the details of the human figure.

LETTER XXXIV.

ROME.

Pictures and Marbles in the Capitol.—Statues in the Villa Albani and Villa Ludovisi.—Guercino's Aurora, compared with Guido's painting of the same subject.—Observations on the Frescoes of the greatest Masters.

THE collection of paintings in the Museum of the Capitol is very small, and not very select. Those by Domenichino, Guercino, and Guido, are by much the best, but none of them are entitled to rank higher than second-rate works.

In the first room is a painting of BACCHUS AND ARIADNE by Guido. The figures are certainly well drawn, but in colouring they are pale and vapid. Bacchus is introduced to Ariadne by a beautiful nymph ; but one would think, from his dancing-master-like attitude, that it was the first time he had been in good company. A sword and sash lie at his feet, which possibly he may have taken by mistake from some other god. Several drunken children appear to be drinking wine, and except this circumstance, the picture has no other reference to Bacchus. Indeed, we were grateful for not being so situated as to be obliged to praise it.

The celebrated SYBIL by Guercino, which has been copied a thousand times, and of which there is a good engraving, is undoubtedly a beautiful picture, but it has the appearance of a portrait, more than of an elevated ideal character. From the little knowledge I have of physiognomy, I should not expect much more than a pretty billet-doux, or a simple sonnet from her pen. The Sybil by Domenichino, in the same apartment, is in a much higher style, and her countenance beams with intelligence.

JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES appears to be a duplicate of the famous picture by Guido, in the possession of Mr Alexander Gordon of Edinburgh, but by no means so splendid.*

In the picture of ROMULUS AND REMUS by Rubens, the colouring is very rich, but the children appear to be too pink and raw. They are well relieved, however, by the figure which represents the River Tyber ; the wolf is excellent ; some birds appear to be picking cherries, to assist the wolf to feed his precious charge ; this, though totally absurd and inconsistent with nature, is perhaps not more so than the story of the wolf itself.

These few pictures seemed to me to be the best in the first apartment.

---

* The Romans are sparing of their varnish, and, consequently, some of the finest pictures look opaque and heavy.

In the second room is a painting by Guercino, of St Prunello, a good picture in many respects, but without any apparent plan of light and shade. There are also some clever sketches by Guido, and a picture of Europa, said to be by Paul Veronese.

The collection of statues is very considerable in number, and admirable in character. The Dying Gladiator ranks at the head of the first class, which embraces the Antinous, Alexander, Zeno, Cupid and Psyche, Juno, and many others. The Dying Gladiator is, indeed, wonderfully fine; the faintness of death is admirably expressed, and the first glance banishes all hope. It were to be wished, however, that such excellent and scientific workmanship had been given to a more elevated subject than a slave, whose low condition is fixed upon our notice by a rope about his neck. From the peculiarity, and, I may say, mannerism, of the knuckles, I am inclined to think that this statue was executed by the same sculptor who made the statue of the Knife-Grinder, exhibited in the Tribune at Florence.

The Antinous, as it appeared among the other statues, seemed straight and meagre; the legs, especially, are by no means so finely formed as in many other statues in this collection. The head, as you know, is inimitable. The Cupid and

Psyche are extremely beautiful; the chaste sentiment which they express, must captivate every spectator of feeling. The haunch of Cupid, perhaps, is too like that of a female's, but he is represented at an age when the difference of sex on the contour of the external form is scarcely distinguishable.

To give a particular description of these precious marbles would require a longer letter than I can afford to send you at present. Indeed, were I to enter into minute details, you might not be much amused with them; for, I believe there can hardly be any thing more tiresome, than to read what is called a *catalogue raisonnée*. As a curious specimen of ancient art, however, I may mention an admirable statue of a Faun, in the *Stanza del Fauno*, and a Centaur in redstone, with glass eyes. The former is truly exquisite; nothing can exceed the fine manly proportion of the figure, the beautiful expression of the muscles, and the articulation of the knees and joints. The latter is remarkable for spirited action and perfect truth, combined by the most pleasing and elegant taste.

There is a pretty good ancient copy of the Venus de Medicis in the *Apartment of the Gladiator*, and that leads me to observe, that this statue has been repeatedly copied. It seems, indeed, to have been as great a favourite with the ancients as with the moderns; but it rarely happens

that these representations are good; indeed, I may say the original figure is inimitable; compared with it, all the copies are heavy and bulky. I do not remember seeing any ancient representation of the Apollo Belvidere, (except one,) or any figure that could lead to a discovery of the subject of the famous Torso; a circumstance that inclines one to suppose that they were not held in so high estimation.

The innumerable excellent busts, and other precious relics of Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman sculpture, present a collection for study, which would afford endless amusement and improvement. The square of the Campidoglio, or Capitol, contains the finest equestrian statue in the world. MARCUS AURELIUS, AND HIS ANIMATED CHARGER, compel us to do homage to the splendid talents of the ancient Romans, and to regret, that the same high mind and discriminating eye have ceased to distinguish their successors in that fine department of art. In short, the prodigious variety of sculpture which we pass with a glance in Rome, from the eye becoming fastidious on examining the more perfect remains, would be studied and greatly admired in countries where sculpture is rarely to be found.

Among the private collections of marbles, the finest, undoubtedly, are those at the *Villa Albani*, and the *Villa Ludovizi*. The *Villa Albani* belongs to a prince of that name, and is seated on a

gentle rising ground at no great distance from Rome. The views from it are quite Italian; the long horizontal line of the Campagna, bounded by Soracte and the Alban Mount, unite to admiration with the cypress and the pine; and the classical statues are always at hand to furnish superior interest to the fore-ground. Viewed from a little distance, the villa does not seem to so much advantage; the marble statues, scattered about, give a spotty appearance, and interfere greatly with simplicity. The gardens too are extremely formal; but while we walk in them, and find that the numerous statues, river-gods and goddesses, and busts, are chiefly ancient, subordinate circumstances give way to amazement, and any want of taste, displayed in laying out the grounds, is entirely overlooked.

The profusion of marbles, indeed, is quite astonishing: Even in the walls of the casinos may be seen several precious relics of antiquity, while within the palace are seen some of the finest specimens in Rome, of almost every description of sculpture, from the Etruscan to the most refined specimens of Grecian and Roman art. Here the student may see the progress, from the stiff execution and narrow views of nature, to the flowing lines of grace, and the comprehensive and magnificent views of art. An alto relievo of ANTINOUS, in one of the apartments, is perhaps unrivalled, and certainly stands at the head of the collection.

In a VICTORY, the delicacy, and exquisite attitudes of several female figures, are inimitably fine. In the representation of a BATTLE, in which a HORSE appears, character and spirit is sustained to admiration. The statue of FAUSTINA, seated in her chair, challenges any similar work for ease and beauty; and her feet—nothing was ever more exquisite! But it is wrong to name a few, when there are many that are so perfect; indeed, for the artist or connoisseur, there is, perhaps, no place which affords a greater variety of select and precious works than the *Villa Albani*.

In the *Villa Ludovizi* is a noble statue of MARS REPOSING, which may rank among the greatest works of sculpture. He is represented sitting, and the figure is youthful, yet expressive of manly beauty; his hands rest on his left knee, which is bent; his shield is on his right, and his sword is in his left hand, and Cupid appears smiling at his feet. It is a naked figure, with only a little drapery over the right knee. The figure is full, and perhaps more expressive of a magnificent youth, than of the God of War. A group, said to be PAPIRIUS pretending to disclose the secret of the senate to HIS MOTHER, cannot fail to charm the beholder. Papirius is a lovely figure, in an easy and natural attitude; his mother gently leans upon his right shoulder, and appears to coax him in so tender, persuasive, and bewitching a manner, that it is impossible to believe that he could have deceived her.* The sculpture is by Menelaus. A statue of BACCHUS holding up his right arm squeezing a bunch of grapes into a cup, is truly excellent, presenting a better idea of the God of Wine, than the swelled and bloated-looking monster which we generally find him represented to be. Two figures, supposed to be PAETUS supporting his WIFE ARRIA, after her having mortally wounded herself, form a splendid group, full of expression

* The story which forms the subject of this group is generally known. His mother endeavours to learn from Papirius, a youth introduced by his father into the Senate House before the proper age, what were the deliberations of that august assembly, proving, that, in those patriotic days of Rome, female curiosity was chiefly concerned about matters from which the *Spectator* would have debarred his fair contemporaries. With the caution of a young statesman, Papirius amused his mother with a delusive answer, calculated to operate on her feminine feelings. He told her, that the question which occupied the attention of the senate, was: Whether one wife should be allowed to have two husbands, or two husbands to have one wife. The alternative was alarming. The dreadful dilemma was communicated to the Roman matrons, who, with one voice, petitioned the senate next day, that the wives might be allowed to have two husbands each, rather than that two wives should be condemned to one husband. The senators, amazed at the petition, on learning the cause of it, passed a decree, that no youth, under a certain age, should be admitted into the Senate House, except the prudent young man Papirius.

and elevated character. Moulds from this group, and from the statue of Mars and Papirius and his mother, were forming for casts to be presented to the Prince Regent. There are also in this collection some excellent colossal busts of JUNO ; a beautiful statue of AGRIPPINA, and many other statues and marbles in exquisite taste, and of the most perfect workmanship.

In the same villa is the magnificent fresco painting of AURORA, by Guercino, which, for powerful richness, freshness of colouring, and fine poetical conception, claims unbounded praise. Aurora, from the bed of Tithonus, sits in her car scattering flowers, indicating the sweetness and freshness of the early morning. Female figures, representing the hours, are in advance, and are putting out the stars with their hands. A sweet little cherub behind the golden car of Aurora, seemingly shivering with the cold of the dewy dawn, yet, with the earliest gleam of the sun's light upon his infant shoulder, conveys a fine idea of the tenderness of infancy, susceptible of the first rays of the rising day.

The fresco painting by Guido, in the Casino, in the garden of the Palazzo Rospigliosi, is differently treated. Instead of Aurora, we perceive APOLLO in a blaze of light, drawn in his car by four horses, with beautiful female figures, representing the hours, dancing merrily round, and

preceded by Hesper and Aurora scattering flowers. Guido has chosen a more advanced period of the morning ; the sun has risen in splendour. Guercino, on the other hand, has preferred the first appearance of morn, contrasted with the grey hues of departing night, uniting the attributes of coolness and freshness, and there is something extremely pure and beautiful in the idea of the hours putting out the light of the stars. It were to be wished, however, that the composition of the picture were more justly conceived, and that the figures had exhibited more of ideal beauty. The exquisite drawing and fine taste in Guido's painting, (with the exception of the figure of Apollo,) the perfect and magnificent whole, the joyous emotions which are excited in the heart, by the assurance of a glorious day, make it difficult to draw the line between the comparative merits of these great painters. Guercino's painting, I would say, seems to be more the work of a poet, and Guido's that of a learned painter.

Besides the exquisite picture of Aurora, in the *Villa Ludovizi*, there is a fresco picture of a FAME with snowy wings,—perfectly divine. Comparing the different great masters in fresco painting, in regard to colouring, I know none who gives more force, richness, and clearness, than Guercino ; and perhaps he is, in that respect, quite unrivalled. The frescoes of Raphael, in the Vatican, are undoubted-

ly much superior in dignity of style and exquisite drawing and expression, but perhaps not in colouring. Michael Angelo's Creation of Man in the Sistine Chapel is admirable, but weak in colour compared with Guercino, though it must be confessed it does not seem to require much additional power. Domenichino's celebrated frescoes, especially those in the church called S. Luigi de Francesi, and St Andrea della Valle, as also his St Sebastian in the church of the Madonna degli Angeli, rank very high. Those in the church St Luigi degli Angeli, in delicacy and finishing, approach to oil, and shew that fresco painting admits of considerable finishing; those in St Andrea della Valle are broad and light in colouring.

All these frescoes are extremely different in their style. Guido occasionally has too much of a dull red on his flesh; even Raphael and Annibal Carracci are not without that defect. Domenichino's colouring is generally sober and quiet; but in the pictures in the spondrils of the dome in St Andrea della Valle, it is bright, and not so pleasing to the eye. Taking the merits of the finest fresco paintings, as to what must always be considered the great characteristics of a sublime work of art, there can be no doubt that Michael Angelo is entitled to take the lead; then follow Raphael, Domenichino, Parmagiano, Annibal Caracci, Guido, Guercino, &c. The

general effect in all the best frescoes, in point of colouring, is considerably below the power of oil painting, from the colour sinking into the lime, and the want of a vehicle to sustain its richness.

LETTER XXXV.

ROME.

Cardinal Fesch's Collection.

DUTCH AND FLEMISH SCHOOL.

No where more than in Rome does the stranger enjoy the important advantage of a ready access to the collections of works of art. Cardinal Fesch is peculiarly obliging, and even permits strangers to see his private cabinet, while he may be there himself.

After seeing so many pictures of the Italian school, which consists chiefly of scriptural subjects, it is an agreeable relief to renew our acquaintance with familiar nature, and enjoy those pastoral scenes, which at all times give delight.

We begin with the furthest off room.

A picture by Paul Potter of considerable size, very highly finished. The under wood and extricacy of the scenery is well expressed, though perhaps the labour is too apparent. The cattle are small and not well painted; the picture, indeed, is merely curious for its minute detail. The sky is certainly not in harmony with the landscape.

Backhausen, a clever little picture, and full of nature. Two small scriptural subjects by Teniers, uncommon pictures for the master; nevertheless, they have great merit, and are almost completely free of that manner by which we can discover his pencilling and conception of the figure.

A Vargoen, very poor.

A landscape by Glunber, most minutely finished. To go beyond the finishing of Claude's finest pictures seems quite superfluous, and a waste of time, and what indeed is worse, it generally deteriorates the sentiment of the picture. Unnecessary labour can never be indifferent in its consequences, and we may lay it down as a maxim, that what does not tend to ameliorate, will be injurious. The trees are of good forms, and a beautiful distance appears between them. A paleness, inclinable to chalk, is perceptible throughout the whole; yet the colouring is inoffensive and pleasing. I could have wished, however, that the picture had had a little more spirit and richness; this would not have been incompatible with the subject, but, on the contrary, improved it much.

Vandyke.

Sketch of a Man in Armour on a White Horse, spirited and free; there is no mistaking it, the masterly hand, and high toned feeling of Vandyke, is perceptible in every part.

VANDER MULLEN.

A BATTLE, in a pleasing landscape, in which a White Horse gives great point and effect; it is, indeed, a perfect little gem.

PAUL POTTER.

CATTLE, with a kind of close woody back-ground, seemingly painted from nature. The landscape is the best part of the picture; the cattle are bad, and not like the pencilling and accuracy of the master; I should suppose them to be by a different hand.

SNYDERS.

A BOAR HUNT, quite perfect; conveying a terrible idea of this amusement, if such it may be called, when life is in constant danger. The action and spirit of the dogs cannot be surpassed, yet they evidently have the worst of it; their teeth seem to make but small impression on the tough hide of the ferocious animal. This admirable painter, who may be said to stand alone in painting animals in action, with so much truth, must have been able to seize every evanescent gesture, with a facility quite surprising, and make them all subservient to the inventions of a poetical mind.

WIENIX.

A picture of an OLD MAN AND A YOUNG

WOMAN WITH GOATS, admirably painted, but very indelicate. Indeed, I was surprised to see such a picture in the Sanctum Sanctorum of the cardinal, but it must be presumed, it is the exquisite art which it displays, and not the sentiment of the subject, that gives the picture a place among crucifixes. Possibly, when his excellency wishes to avoid looking at any objectionable part in it, he may put up his hand before his eyes, like the young woman in the picture, but, no doubt, with his fingers a little closer together.

In an adjoining apartment, which is the cardinal's bed-room, there is a fine bust of NAPOLEON, crowned with a wreath of gold. There are also several good pictures; among the best is, a MARY MAGDALENE by Vandyke, sweetly coloured, but a little deficient in beauty. The countenance, however, expresses great grief and true repentance.

TENIERS.

A CAVERN SCENE WITH MONKS: one of them, near the front of the picture, is seen washing cabbages, and very fine ones they are. Teniers is fond of cavern scenes, and I have more than once thought, that he has introduced figures in them which have no connection with such situations. The picture is painted with great spirit,

and the vegetables evidently seem to have been done from nature.

Rubens.

A small Scriptural subject, remarkably rich in colour, and carefully executed.

Karil du Jardin.

Christ upon the Cross, well painted, well drawn, and with good effect. The finishing has no fault; the Virgin, however, in her stiff stays, looked somewhat out of character.

Vandyke.

A Resurrection. The figures are dark on the fore-ground, which adds to the splendid effect on our Saviour, who is rising surrounded by a glory.

Gerard delle Notti.

Robbers and Soldiers playing Cards by Candle-light; a noble picture, and said to be his masterpiece. It is certainly full of character, and well composed. The shaded figure, with his back towards the spectator, is admirably contrasted with the brightest light, and contributes greatly to produce the luminous effect for which this picture is so celebrated.

Peter Neifs.

Interior of a Cathedral; like most of his other works, hard and disagreeable.

Rembrandt.

A picture of our Saviour, rather larger than life. The head and shoulders are very obscure, and the expression of the countenance somewhat vulgar; though freely painted, that is not a sufficient compensation for the total want of good drawing. This picture is said to be by Rembrandt.

In the third room there is an exquisite little picture by Albert Cuyp,* consisting of a few Boats and part of a Dutch Town. The aërial tone is of a warm yellowish hue, beautifully sustained throughout the picture. The scientific mixture of warm and cool pearly greys is perfectly captivating. To the left, a dark boat, with figures opposed to the strongest light, gives great point and effect to the landscape, and delicacy to the sky. You, my good friend, † would have dwelt upon this fascinating production of art, with the glistening eye of de-

---

* The farther off sails of the boats were of a yellow cast, upon a light silvery sky, though warm. Opposed to the yellowish sails, were others of a dark greenish brown. The town illuminated, very rich in colour, something of the hue of burnt Terra de Sienna; the shadows of the buildings were grey. The small dark boat had a figure in red, and others in brown. The water reflected the various objects, and was lower in tone of brightness than the sky.

† These letters were addressed to the Rev. John Thomson of Duddingston.

light; indeed, on studying the sky, I perceived much of your feeling and fine discriminating taste for those delightful and pure tones, which entirely escape the common observer of nature.

Van Huysum.

Two upright Flower Pieces, finished to the last degree of delicacy, with a surprising expression of beauty and truth.

Scalkin.

A Candle-light Piece, very perfect.

Teniers.

Inside of a Cow-House, the Cattle ill drawn, but well coloured. The figures, which consist of a woman pouring out milk, and an old man behind her, are in his light manner, and freely painted.

Isaac Ostade.

A picture of transcendent merit. The composition consists of a Landscape, with pollard-looking trees, Dutch houses and horses, sheep, and figures. It is accurate, rich, and full of character. The lights are all opaque upon transparent ground, of a lucid amber tone, strengthened in advancing towards the bottom of the picture. This colour of ground, or rather shadow of the various objects,

is a favourite one with the Dutch and Flemish schools, and generally it is left transparent, or slightly scumbled with opaque colour. It never fails to produce a pleasing unity, and, indeed, has even a happy power of combining the most opposite and powerful colours in agreeable harmony. Whether this method has been adopted by accident, the transparent colour suggesting ideas of beauty, as the painter proceeded in his subject, or whether it has been adopted through long experience, it is difficult to conjecture. It is certainly mannerism, so far at least as it is not strictly referable to the authority of nature; but who would find fault with the method, when the result fills the mind so completely, and offers a finer and more agreeable harmony, than we generally find in nature? It may, however, be carried too far, as we have, indeed, occasionally observed in the works of Hobbima, Bergham, Ruysdaal, Vangoen, &c.

Ruysdaal.

A Landscape, with green stumpy trees, opposed to a cool cloudy sky; a very dark tree appears on the fore-ground, and produces a fine effect; perhaps the picture is a little heavy and cold, but it must be mentioned, that it was hanging near the beautiful rich picture by Ostade.

In the same room are also several pictures by Wienix, a small Teniers, and a painting of

a Female by Vandyke. In the cardinal's study there are some very choice specimens of Dutch and Flemish art.

Wouvermans.

An upright picture of considerable size, truly exquisite in design and colouring. A Lady, in an orange dress, is sitting on a white horse, with many other figures, and black and brown horses near her, forming an interesting group. A mass of rich yellow cloud, which approaches near the centre, forms the principal light in the sky, which is blended with innumerable delightful tones of cool greys. The blue in the sky is pure, especially under the great mass of cloud; the distance is of a bluish grey, and retires in the finest manner, carrying along with it the sweetest harmonizing colours of landscape scenery; the whole effect is so skilfully treated, that nothing individual appears, though the objects are very numerous; the trees are touched with a free pencil, both in the great masses and in the external leafing. The foreground, composed of stumps and plants, and varied broken ground, is managed in the most judicious manner, and is connected artfully with the subject and incidents in the picture. There is likewise another picture by this inimitable master, in which, as usual, a white horse forms the principal point of the picture, and beside him stands a picturesque

figure adjusting the stirrup. The purple brown saddle-cloth harmonizes with the light and grey shadows of the horse, and the opposing figures which are out of the mass of light. The sky, too, takes its part in the fine effect, and indicates innumerable ideas of purity and perfect art. A couple of ducks, nibbling on the fore-ground, are not without their use; the touches of colour on their wings assist in sustaining the brilliancy and spirit of the whole.

Adrian Vanderveldt.

A picture six feet in length, (an uncommon size for the master.) It appears to be a Caravan with loaded camels, cattle, and numerous figures. The back-ground has nothing like an eastern appearance, nor have the cows, which are Dutch-looking animals, in as fine condition as any I ever saw. In short, this master, so excellent in familiar scenes in pastoral life, has found himself a little out of his element, in this, I suppose, Egyptian subject; there are several other pictures by Vanderveldt, but none equal to what I have seen in England.

Teniers.

Christ Crowned with Thorns. A gross familiar conception of a subject greatly too dignified for a Dutch pencil.

BERGHEN.

A COURT-YARD, WITH HORSES, an agreeable specimen of the master.

PYNACKER.

Two LANDSCAPES. Indifferent pictures.

METZU.

A SLEEPING GAMEKEEPER, perfect in colouring and finish.

ROCKMAN.

A good LANDSCAPE, in a style between Rubens and Rembrandt; travelling gleams of light are well represented behind the stems of some aged trees, and lead the eye into mysterious glades.

HOBBIMA.

A local scene, freely and firmly painted, with an inaccurate discernment of the detail of nature.

EVERDINGIN.

This picture represents a WINDY DAY. The trees are waving in the wind, and the water is greatly agitated. The sky is cool and clear, and well contrasted with autumnal colouring; the shadows are thin, merely a slight glazing, the lights are opaque, but not of any considerable body, yet there is no appearance of change in the picture.

It is seemingly as fresh and clear as the day it was painted.

KAREL DE MOOR.

A sweet little picture; the only one I ever saw of the master. It represents a LADY PLAYING ON A GUITAR. The landscape back-ground is exquisitely finished, mellow, and rich, to the last degree; yet pleasingly subdued. Near this small painting is a delightful picture by Ostade, and some portraits by Rembrandt and others.

RUBENS.

A sketch of PLUTO AND PROSERPINE, very masterly, a fine flow of line, but perhaps his system is too perceptible. It is, however, a fine lesson for a painter.

GERHARD DOUW.

A good picture.

WOUWERMANS.

A BATTLE-PIECE, from four to five feet in length, and high in proportion, certainly a curious picture, highly finished, admirably painted, and the horses in every attitude are full of spirit; yet the picture is not pleasing. The horses are too much detached, the want of a whole affords no rest to the eye, and though many of the groupes are well contrived

as groupes, it must be confessed, they add little to the general effect. In short, the picture is a failure.

Vander-heyden.

If any painter had a right to make a display of his finishing it was Vander-heyden; it is truly exquisite, and all referable to truth, yet does that excellent master wisely keep it subservient to the whole, which is always broad and masterly. His pictures are like those modest characters which do not shew their various excellencies at first, but improve upon acquaintance, and display innumerable traits of talent. The buildings in this picture are quite a deception, and a little red draw-bridge is well introduced for the purpose of giving relief to a mass of green.

Rembrandt.

A sketch in brown and yellowish white considerably subdued. The subject, I believe, is St John Preaching. The expression and character of the various persons in this crowded scene are diversified and appropriate.

Vandyke.

A picture of the Graces, not very pleasing. The Grace to the right is rather bulky, and theatrical in her attitude, and the Grace to the left

seems as if she had usurped her situation; she certainly has but little of the beau ideal in her person; nevertheless, she is sufficiently beautiful for her admirers, Mercury and his companion, (in shepherd's dress,) who really are, to speak the truth, a pair of very mean-looking fellows.

Cuyp.

A group of Two Cows, painted in a firm and lucid manner. The cow which is lying down is black and white, the one standing behind is white and red. The harmony is good, and greatly assisted by the warmth of the sky. Another picture, by Cuyp, of an oblong form, represents Dutch Fishermen drawing a net, and two horses, apparently introduced to fill up his composition. It is a good picture, but not equal to the Boat scene by the same master.

Rubens.

The Adoration of the Magi, a picture of a very high class, no mannerism. The drawing is good, and the figures to the right are perhaps equal to any thing painted by his magic hand; the light and splendour have seldom been equalled by any painter.

Snyders.

A Boar Hunt, a painting of great excellence.

The boar is dark in the middle of the picture, and produces a good effect, not unlike the disposition of light and shade in many of the pictures by Rubens, with light and splendour, playing, as it were, round a central shade. In the same room with this picture are others by the same master, especially a Fox HUNT, and some pictures of Waterfalls by Ruysdaal, and Cattle pieces by Bergham.

I have only noticed the leading pictures in the Dutch and Flemish schools; there are many others which will arrest the discerning eye, and afford a mental feast.

LETTER XXXVI.

ITALIAN AND OTHER SCHOOLS.

ROME.

Cardinal Fesch's Collection of Italian, Venetian, and French Masters.—Madame Mere's (Napoleon's Mother) Pictures, and Lucien Buonaparte's, Prince of Canino.

SEBASTIAN DEL PIOMBA.

THREE pictures in fresco, in a very low tone of colouring, and varnished. They were formerly in the church called La Pache ; and altogether (for they seem to have belonged to one picture) represent the SALUTATION OF ELIZABETH. The style is solemn and grand, but I do not see why the subject should have such a dark and melancholy cast. The single figure in one of the frescoes is admirably drawn ; the head, in the corresponding fresco on the right, leads me to suppose that the picture, of which the head is a part, has never been finished. A small picture in oil, comprehending the whole subject entire, serves as a key to these interesting and certainly noble efforts of the pencil.

Annibal Caracci.

Our Saviour and the Virgin Mary; a picture of a high class. A St John, by Schedoni, in a grand style, and not too dark; and a Holy Family, by Sasso Ferrato, are all good pictures.

Francisco Mola.

Jephthah's Daughter meeting her Father, after his rash Vow. A small picture. The colouring of this picture is superior to the expression, which does not touch the soul.

There are two modes of glazing in finishing a picture, the one by using a general harmonizing colour, such as asphaltum, and the other with the local colours of the various objects; the former is generally the most successful in giving a pleasing effect, but the latter, when judiciously managed, produces a brilliancy and clearness infinitely beyond the former. And I could desire no better instance than this little picture of Francisco Mola's, as a proof of the superiority.

The companion to this picture is Moses striking the Rock, but not so agreeable in any respect, though a beautiful painting.

Spagnoletto.

A Philosopher, well painted, but without any mental expression, and too like a mendicant.

Correggio.

A Madonna and Child, a sweet picture, without heaviness; the infant is innocence itself.

Salvator Rosa.

Tobit and the Angel, freely painted, and good effect of colour.

Domenichino.

Adam and Eve. Not an agreeable picture; the landscape is too dark, and not composed in his usual judicious and pleasing manner.

Julio Romano.

Neptune and Venus. A fresco, varnished and glazed, finely drawn, and well coloured. It might be mistaken for a painting in oil.

Domenichino.

Love Triumphant seated on an Eagle. A picture not equal to that great master.

Raphael.

Several portraits, said to be by this hand.

Leonardo da Vinci.

Joconda. The picture of a female, said to have been his mistress. We were informed it was painted for Francis I., but refused by him, as not

being quite to his taste. It is the portrait of a smirking loose-looking woman, naked down to the elbows. How Leonardo da Vinci, with his noble grave countenance, and fine white beard, could have painted such a subject, I must confess surprises me. Were it possible the smirking lady could speak, she certainly would, from her appearance, say something very disgusting to a modest ear.

Andrea del Sarto.

A Holy Family. A picture of great reputation. It is very much glazed, and the figures are seen through a very considerable medium of transparent colour, as it were "through a glass darkly." When the style of painting is calculated for such an effect, it rarely fails to please, as it destroys any thing like pretension to gaudy colouring.

Georgione.

A Portrait of Himself, (a young-looking man,) in a singular dress, something like a loose flannel jacket, and red pantaloons. The picture of his wife, or mistress, hangs in the opposite corner; both portraits have a good effect, but they are hung so high, that I could not see the details of finishing.

Carlo Dolci.

A small picture of St Sebastian. The face is

beautiful, and the colouring of the whole clear and captivating, but the hand and arm is badly drawn.

Raphael.

Christ upon the Cross, said to be painted when Raphael was only 18 years of age; the drawing is very hard and unpleasing, and the faces are much alike, with little expression of nature, but there are undoubtedly signs of talent and future promise.

Annibal Caracci.

A small picture of the Death of Christ, sweetly painted. The Virgin Mary reclines, or rather lies, by the side of Jesus, with her arm round his neck. Two Angels appear to be weeping, which, perhaps, is not altogether in character; at least, one would suppose that our Saviour, who had left this wicked world, would not be dead to celestial spirits.

Leonardo da Vinci.

A long picture of the Last Supper, painted from the noble fresco by that master. It is indifferently done, and certainly not original. The feet are ill drawn and badly painted, and the whole picture is too red.

Titian.

The Doctors of the Church. I have been informed that this picture is suspected not to be an original; be that as it may, it ranks among the finest paintings in Cardinal Fesch's collection. The Doctors have much the appearance of being portraits; St Gregory represents a Pope, and St Girolomo a Cardinal; the latter, a grave, sensible-looking person, is explaining a point in the Catholic ritual, regarding the Virgin Mary, who is seated above. The Pope does not seem to comprehend the Cardinal's reasoning, and really, from the stupidity of his countenance, he does not seem likely to be soon convinced. The picture is unquestionably fine in the principal attributes of a splendid work of art,—grandeur of style, expression, good colouring, and effect.

Perino del Vaga.

Immediately opposite to this painting is a picture by Perino del Vaga, representing St Sebastian and other figures; murky darkness prevails too much, but there is a certain dignity which is very appropriate and pleasing.

Gaspar Poussin.

A noble upright landscape, descriptive of A Storm; the air of the composition is very classical and grand; lightning flashes through a troubled

sky, gilding the tops of distant mountains, and discloses various temples and buildings on the distant plain; a waterfall hurries itself into obscurity, and the trees appear as if they groaned in the blast; a huge branch is torn down and laid prostrate on the earth, and figures and cattle are struck by the lightning. The picture has great harmony, which is produced by simple means; there is no great variety of colour, and greens are totally excluded; yellow, brown, and grey, seem to be the only variety. The figures are not by Gaspar or Niccolo Poussin; they have nothing of their manner, nor are they sufficiently characteristic of such a noble subject. Common cows and horses, with rustic figures, would have been more appropriately represented in familiar local scenery. It has been said that this picture is not by Gaspar, from some trifling weakness to the right of the waterfall. I confess it did not strike me; the whole completely filled the mind, and pronounced the painter, whoever he may have been, to be possessed of transcendent skill. Gmelen of Rome has engraved a composition by Gaspar Poussin of nearly the same subject, with the exception of the figures, which he calls Il Temporale del Poussino. There are several pictures by Titian, Paris Bourdon, &c. and we remarked a very striking picture of St Carlo Boromeo.

GUIDO.

An ASCENSION OF THE VIRGIN; quite a masterpiece, and a happy medium of richness, in his light and silvery style; nothing can exceed the beauty of the Virgin.

GUIDO.

A ST SEBASTIAN, remarkable for effect and anatomical accuracy. The picture has the appearance as if it had been painted by candle-light.

ALBANO.

Two pictures by this master, well painted and carefully finished; but Albano occasionally wants nerve, and often reminds me of truth spoken in a whisper. His Time carrying away Cupid from an aged Venus, is amusing and good.

MURILLO.

A small picture of a HOLY FAMILY, exquisite in colouring, but deficient in spirit. Murillo was afraid of those occasional cutting lines which give character and energy. Without a little sharpness, softness sinks into insipidity; Raphael Mengs also is very defective in this respect.

DANIAL DE VOLTERRA.

A SALUTATION, a picture of great merit.

FRENCH SCHOOL.—NICCOLO POUSSIN.

The DANCING HOURS, (engraved by Morghen,)

a picture full of spirit, and beautifully coloured. Apollo appears seated in his car, preceded by Aurora scattering flowers. Niccolo's classical taste is very conspicuous in this small but perfect work. The DELUGE, by the same hand, is not so successful; the figures are all too mean and familiar to excite that interest which such a subject demands; the effect, however, is in his usual classical taste.

CLAUDE.

Four LANDSCAPES, said to be by this inimitable master; none of them have the veritable stamp of originality; the finely depicted nature in Claude's paintings is not to be mistaken.

GASPAR POUSSIN.

There are no less than fifteen pictures by this master, but none very good; indeed, I suspect several of them not to be original. They all, however, though black and heavy, abound in good subordinate parts.

WATTEAU.

Two large paintings by this master, beautiful, but not so splendid as many of his smaller pictures; the light and colour on one of them is carried from figure to figure like a wreath of flowers; the contrivance or conceit is pretty, and seems to be expressive of the bloom of youth and its short-lived hours of joy. Watteau had a neat and elegant

touch, and coloured to admiration, and when these qualities were united to grace, his pictures are truly fascinating. He thought for himself, and though a great admirer of Rubens, his combinations of colour are original and always pleasing.

Borgognone.

The pictures by Borgognone seem to indicate a warlike mind. There are several of his battles in this collection, and every thing in them appears to be fighting, horses, men, and skies. *

David (a Modern Master.)

A picture of St Jerome, an indifferent performance, without any of the attributes of a good picture; ill conceived and coloured, tame, without clearness or surface.

Gruize.

There are several heads painted by this master; they have all a French cast, and abound in trifling conceits, rosy lips, languid eyes, &c. united to a kind of mawkish affectation of sensibility or delicacy which is quite unsufferable; they are, however, extremely well painted.

---

* Borgognone's pictures strongly remind me of the spirited sketches of battles, by Sir James Stuart, Bart. of Allanbank, who, had he devoted himself to painting, might have rivalled the greatest masters in that department.

Sablet.

Several pictures of familiar subjects, by this master. The colouring is in general excellent, and the pencilling free. Nature is not overlooked, and occasionally the expression is unaffected and agreeable.

The works of the modern French painters, as works of imagination, are deficient in energy of design and composition; even their drawing is defective. They rarely venture on any bold foreshortening; and from not attending to the ingenious mechanism of the ancient masters, their colouring may be said to be very unscientific; it never has that characteristic splendour which distinguishes the immortal works of the old Italian school. Chiaro-oscuro, too, is so little understood, that it may be said they are entirely ignorant of its principles. It does, indeed, appear very singular and unaccountable, that, with such a collection as that of the Louvre, which was at all times excellent, the French masters should have made so little progress; especially, too, as it does not seem that there has been any want of encouragement to the fine arts in France.

Madame Mere's (Napoleon's Mother) Pictures.

We were informed that Madam Mere's collection of pictures, though small, is very select. We,

however, were greatly disappointed. She has no pictures of any consequence. A few views of Venice by Canelleti, a pair of pictures by Rosa of Tivoli, a painting said to be by Julio Romano, a Le Seur, and some other inferior productions, is all that the empress-mother can boast of. The busts in marble are chiefly of her own family.

The Prince of Canino's (Lucien Buonaparte's) Paintings.

The Prince of Canino, in whose palace we now reside, has but few pictures, perhaps not exceeding thirty; but they are very select, and such a choice little collection we enjoy more than an extensive gallery, which generally fatigues the mind before it can be half examined. It is, however, difficult to obtain permission to see them, as the family inhabit the rooms in which they are hung, the rest of the palace being let to strangers.

In the first room there is a picture of Mary Magdalen ebefore our Saviour, by Annibal Caracci, quite a masterpiece. The simple dignity of Christ is finely opposed to the admirably depicted expression of sorrow and repentance in the countenance and figure of Mary. There is also a splendid painting of Christ Healing the Blind, by Ludovico Caracci; and a painting of Christ Raising the Widow's Son, by Agostino Caracci. This last painting is remarkable for expression; returning life, dismissing the shades of death, cannot be better expressed, and must surprise every beholder. Perhaps the effect of the picture might have been improved, had the right knee of our Saviour been lighter, and likewise the hands of the widow; the *toute-ensemble* of light and shade would have been more agreeable to the eye. The painting of Christ before Pilate, by Gerrard della Notti, is certainly the finest picture I have seen by that master; we were very much struck with the resignation, and dignified expression of Christ; it is a candle-light piece of great dimensions, and yet all is in the most agreeable harmony, without any affectation in the management of the light and shadow. Domenichino's picture of St John, looking up to the Virgin Mary in Heaven, with Two Priests in the attitude of adoration, is finely painted, but not very interesting.

In the second room is a Christ on the Cross, said to be by Michael Angelo, but the pencilling and colouring shew that they are by a different hand; the delicate finishing is the work of a master who must have had great practice in painting in oil. It may, however, have been done from a drawing by Michael Angelo. There is too much agony and pain expressed in the countenance and figure of our Saviour, and I could have wished the body had been less twisted.

A Portrait of the DUKE D'URBINO, by Raphael, is exquisitely painted, and true to nature.

CHRIST AT THE WELL, by Julio Romano, is a fine picture.

In a small picture of the BIRTH OF CHRIST, by Simon da Pisaro, the illumination of the subject is from the infant, as in the celebrated Notte (night piece) of Correggio.

DIANA AND ACTEON is a small exquisitely painted picture, said to be by Titian, of the same composition as that in the Marquis of Stafford's. The contrivance, and fine combination of light and shade, the chiaro-oscuro, and purity of colouring, are entitled to high admiration.

A MADONNA AND CHILD, by Raphael, is one of the finest pictures in the collection. The ideal beauty of the mother, and the innocence and sweet expression of the child, are extremely captivating.

The MURDER OF THE INNOCENTS, by N. Poussin, is a picture, which, in colouring, composition, and expression, may be said to be without a fault. But the nearer such a subject approaches to nature, the more revolting it must appear to be; one shudders at the horrible sight of a soldier, with his foot on the neck of a child which he has stabbed with his sword, in the presence of its mother. The frantic agony of her expression is wonderfully expressed. The whole, indeed, leaves such an impression on the

mind, that we have less pleasure in examining other works of art immediately after it. In the Vatican, there is another of these disgusting subjects, painted by N. Poussin, representing a wretch pulling out the entrails of a saint; it is, indeed, surprising that a painter of such classical taste could have brought down his elegant mind to such an exhibition of human depravity.

There is a picture by Teniers of an OLD WOMAN, with a knife in her hand, stalking among all kinds of monsters, and Cerberus growling in shade. She has nothing infernal in her countenance, more than the look of a scolding termagant, which, perhaps, is quite sufficient even for the torment of the damned. It is a good picture, and there is no mistaking it to be by the hand of the master to whom it is ascribed.

A COLOSSAL VENUS, by Alexander Allori, is well painted, but by no means agreeable, at least not more so than the real exhibition of such a giantess would be; we lose sight of that delicate and feminine softness which captivates all hearts.

MODESTY AND VANITY, by Leonardo da Vinci, is said to be the original of the same subject in the Sciarra Palace; the one in the Sciarra is supposed by many to be a copy by Luini. Luini made many copies of Leonardo da Vinci's works; indeed, he was a professed imitator of his style, and several of his pictures have been taken for

Da Vinci's; but, with respect to the picture in the Sciarra Palace, and that belonging to the Prince Canino, I must confess I can give no additional information. They are extremely similar, and both admirably painted; the latter seems to be somewhat lighter, but I could perceive no other difference; no touch is perceptible in either. It seemed to me that there is a little confusion of hands, and that they are too light for the subdued colour of the heads, and so arranged, as if to produce too much the appearance of a display of beautiful fingers. Modesty is nature itself, and Vanity is almost faultless; she has the same smirk which we find in all Da Vinci's female heads, but in her it is not unappropriate.

Then follow a PORTRAIT, by Vandyke, in his best manner:

A PORTRAIT OF A LADY, by Rubens, exquisitely painted, and not unlike a picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds:

A PORTRAIT OF A LADY AND HER LAP-DOG, by Moro, perfect nature:

A fine PORTRAIT by Holbein:

A PORTRAIT by Ludovico Caracci, freely painted:

An admirable PORTRAIT by Cristofano Allori:

A ST CECILIA by Guido, a good picture, but not in his best manner:

Several HEADS by Van Mol, seemingly representing various ages, but called Diogenes looking for an Honest Man; a very superior work of art; the pencilling is as free as possible, very expressive of nature, both in colour and drawing. A youthful face, opposed to an aged head, is quite divine.

The Prince Canino is likewise in possession of several antiques; a bronze APOLLO, found at Tusculum, very fine; a Font or Cistern from the same place, perfect in the execution, besides many other relics of considerable beauty.

LETTER XXXVII.

ROME.

Fresco Paintings in the Palazzo Costaguti.—The Poniatowski Collection.—Description of the Ancient Painting called the Aldobrandini Marriage.—Ancient Paintings in the Baths of Titus.—Prices given by the Ancients for Pictures.—Statues of Castor and Pollux.—Prices given for Colossal Statues.—Michael Angelo's Statue of Moses in the Church of St Peter in Vincoli.

Palazzo Costaguti.

There is no collection of pictures in the Costaguti Palace, but the fresco paintings in the ceilings by Domenichino, Guercino, Albano, and Lanfranc, are worthy of study. That by Guercino, in particular, is remarkably fine, and, in point of richness and powerful colouring, is not inferior to his Aurora in the Casino in the *Villa Ludovisi*. The subject is, Rinaldo in a Car, drawn by six Dragons; he is asleep, and Armida is gazing upon him. The figure of Armida is incomparably fine. I cannot say so much for the work of a greater master, Domenichino. It is, indeed, surprising to see how unequal in merit the pictures of the same painter are compared with each other, and even with inferior

artists; there cannot, indeed, be a more striking instance of it, than the comparison of Domenichino's fresco of Apollo in the Chariot of the Sun, with the fresco of Rinaldo and Armida. The horses seem to have greatly puzzled Domenichino; the picture principally represents horses' legs, at least they are the only part of it that arrests the eye. But some little Cupids or Boys, in the same apartment, make amends for our disappointment with the principal subject; some of them are very beautiful, and well coloured; one is playing with a dog, others with a crook, the club of Hercules, a lion's skin, or a bow and arrow, &c. A little cherub, however, which caught my eye, seemed a little out of character, skimming through the air with a fiddle in his hand. Lanfranc's painting represents Justice and Peace, and in colouring, is not unlike the splendour of Guercino's picture. Albano's Hercules and Dejanira is but indifferent.

In one of the apartments, the whole walls are painted in the style of a panorama by Gaspar Poussin. The design, which consists of a mixture of sea ports, is wretched in the extreme, and seemingly coloured with an unmeaning and uneducated eye; such an exhibition, from the hand of a master who afterwards did so much honour to the pencil, must be encouraging to a beginner in landscape-painting.

In the Poniatowski Palace are many paintings of various schools, but very few above second-rate. I may mention them as follows: A good Head by Giorgione; A Venus by Agostino Caracci, the upper part of her figure in shade; A Female Head by Guercino, most beautiful, but too brown in the shadows; A Head by Leonardo da Vinci; A Sea Port by Bergham, a very uncommon picture of the master, and characterized by clever pencilling and smartness of touch; A Holy Family by Schedoni, black and heavy; Diana and Endymion by Rubens; Diana, like one of his Dutch acquaintance, is without the slightest indication of the beau ideal; yet the painting has many of the attributes of a fine picture; An Adrian Vanderveldt, consisting of Two White Sheep, admirably finished, but rather vapid; A painting by D. Teniers, of Two Pilgrims with our Saviour, greatly out of the line of his study—we have no sublime associations connected with Dutch boors. Then follow, a picture by P. Wouwermans, consisting of a number of Figures and Horses, carefully finished, but too dark; his favourite white horse is awanting to give it point and effect; A picture by Peter de Laer of Sumpter Mules, treated in a style above the subject; An Old Head in Mosaic, extremely clever, with all the freedom of a painting in oil; A delightful small picture of a Holy Family by Ludovico Caracci, mellow and sweetly coloured: A Head by Titian, full of spirit: A small Rembrandt: A Vanderheyden, with exquisite detail and general effect: Pots and Pans by D. Teniers: A Satyr by Rubens, remarkably free: Some Figures represented near the sea, by Salvator Rosa, a picture full of light and effect. This list comprehends most of the painters in this small collection. I have made few remarks on them, because, in this letter, I wish to give you some account of the very ancient paintings in fresco, in the ruins of the Baths of Titus, and a picture called the Aldobrandini Marriage, in the collection of Signore Nelli.

The Aldobrandini Marriage is a celebrated relic of antiquity. It was sawn or cut out from a wall, forming part of the Baths of Titus, and has been often copied by celebrated painters, especially by Niccolo Poussin: a very beautiful picture from his pencil of this precious bequest of time may be seen in the Doria Palace. The ancient painting consists of ten figures, all of them female, with the exception of the bridegroom, at the bottom of the couch of the bride, who is sitting beautifully attired in white drapery, accompanied by a female, who seems to be addressing her; three other females appear on the left, (on looking towards the picture,) then follows a nymph near an altar, in

an attitude of pouring liquid from a small vase to offer to the bride; on the right of the bride-groom are three figures, seemingly preparing for ablution; and near these is a figure close upon an altar, succeeded by another in a beautiful easy posture, holding a harp of seven strings. The whole painting is in a light sketchy style; the shade of flesh is hatched, or done in lines with a reddish purple, heightened with a warm brown. The only colours used are red, approaching to a crimson brown, (which, indeed, prevail throughout the picture,) greens, inclining to the hue of verdigris, brilliant orange, purple, and a beautiful white. These colours are almost exclusively on the drapery of the figures. The back-ground is principally taken up with a screen, which is of a whitish purple, the vacant ground being surrounded with a pale green. As a work of art it has great merit, chiefly for the purity of taste which it displays; and when we consider that it is but a specimen of the house-ornament painting of ancient times, it certainly excites our surprise in a very high degree, and seems to prove that the ancient painters are justly entitled to the great name which they had acquired, since they excelled in the essential and mental part of the art.

The Baths of Titus are full of curious examples of ancient painting, from simple ornament, and fanciful figures, which even Raphael has deigned

to study in his more carefully finished paintings. But I shall lead you regularly through these ancient ruins, till we come to the apartments where the finest ornaments and pictures are to be seen. The earth and rubbish had nearly filled the galleries and chambers of these baths: the walls near the roof, and the roof itself, in some places, are written over with innumerable names. They have, however, been lately excavated, and exhibit apartments of considerable size. In one of these, which is open to the light of day, there is a collection of various articles found in clearing away the rubbish, such as amphorae, terra cotta ornaments, colours in vases, fragments of columns, capitals, glass, bricks and jars, with the maker's name distinctly stamped upon them, such as AVRILLA BASCANI, C,CLVENTI, AMPLIATI, &c. The ancient ornament painting in the inferior or smaller divisions of the building is by no means good, nor is it well coloured—red, orange, and blue predominate.

From one apartment we were led to others, and found the painting improved as we advanced. The roofs being at least 30 feet in height, and no daylight being admitted in the apartments, a person held up wax lights on the top of a pole, and by these we examined the pictures. A Muse of the most graceful form, with a musical instrument in her hand, delighted us much: some Cattle, too, grouped together, in the style of Cuyp's etch-

ing, were very natural. A BACCANTE, full of ideal beauty, and a NYMPH AND FAUN, are in the finest taste. SHEEP AND LIONS, and various ornaments, prettily designed, commanded our admiration; these, together with the various figures, are all painted on a white ground. The gallery discovered in the time of Raphael, is extremely interesting, not only from his having improved his mind in studying there, but because the painting is perhaps superior to what we found in the other chambers. On the roof is a picture, which has been copied by Annibal Caracci, said to represent CORIOLANUS AND HIS MOTHER, quite upon the principle of a finished painting: the figures are highly relieved upon a dark ground; the moisture, which was dropping from it through a fissure, enabled us to see it as if it were varnished, and we found the colouring and drawing extremely beautiful. In the same apartment is A WINGED MERCURY, and a figure of VICTORY, both in excellent taste. I have mentioned only a few of the subjects in these chambers; there are many others that equally exhibit refinement of mind. These invaluable remains, when seen by the eye of genius, after the arts in Italy were again rising from the shade of barbarism which had been cast upon them, must have elicited ideas of grace and beauty, and afforded a glimpse into the region of perfection. We know not, indeed, how much we are indebted

to these, and similar paintings discovered in Herculaneum: no one can examine even the prints from them, without confessing the superiority of taste discoverable in ancient art. We unfortunately know nothing of the merits of their more elaborate and highly finished pictures, further than what is handed down to us by various writers of antiquity; the remains, however, in the Bath of Titus, the Aldobrandini painting, and the pictures discovered at Herculaneum, are sufficiently striking examples of what they were capable of performing, especially when we reflect that all these were painted on walls, and many of them in subordinate buildings. The great sums which both the Grecians and Romans gave for paintings, must have stimulated the ancient artists to every exertion of the mind, to the poetry, to the acquisition of that heavenly fire which kindled the purest feelings of the soul, and enabled them to call upon the voice of fame to sound their praise through endless generations!* To those pecuniary en-

* Pliny, speaking of a picture of Aristides, says it was bought or redeemed by King Attalus for 100 talents, L. 19,375.

When the Romans became acquainted with the value of pictures, the Medea and Ajax of Timomachus were bought by Julius Cæsar for 80 talents, L. 15,500. Hortensius paid for the Argonauts of Cydias L. 1162, 10s.

The Venus Anadyomene, by Apelles, was valued at 100 talents, (for so much tribute was remitted for it,) L. 19,375.

couragements must be added the incentives of emulation, and the light of science. The Greek artists glowed with a republican love of glory, and were conversant at the same time with a refined philosophy. Their genius was elevated with the most sublime ideas of perfection, and they had thus the power of combining those high views of art, which individual nature does not present.

The public colossal statues of CASTOR AND POLLUX, said to be by Phidias and Praxiteles, on Monte Cavallo, are superior to all the statues of that description which I have seen in Italy. Both of the figures are in the act of guiding their horses, and are remarkable for lightness and manly beauty; suggesting no idea of huge blocks of marble, as most of the colossal statues do. The proportions of these figures are exquisite, and from certain points they appear little inferior to the finest statues in the world. The horses, however, are not so well proportioned. That the sculptors might give dignity to the figures, they

Apelles was paid for his Alexander holding the thunder (which was put up in the Temple of Diana at Ephesus) 20 talents of gold, which, according to the decuple proportion, is L. 38,750. It would come to more, if reckoned according to our proportion betwixt gold and silver.

Nicias the painter refused for Necromantiæ Homeri 60 talents, L. 11,625.—*Arbuthnot's Tables of Ancient Coins, Weights, and Measures, &c.*

have made the horses comparatively small,—a liberty which will not be condemned by the judicious critic. The ancients do not appear to have given so great sums, comparatively speaking, for their colossi, as for their paintings. The colossal statues, considering the length of time required to finish them, have been but indifferently paid. *

The famous statue of MOSES, by Michael Angelo, in the church of St Peter in Vincoli, is one of those works which startle the beholder, and will always excite a diversity of opinion. The daring boldness and seeming defiance of public sentiment is very striking. That it is a magnificent work, at the head of modern art, cannot be denied. It is grand, and the display of anatomical knowledge is astonishing; the whole is complete, every part is in unison; but the union is so uncommon, that it leads us always to hesitate and doubt, though we feel and know it to be a great performance. The

* The Colossus of the Sun at Rhodes, made in twelve years, by Chares of Lindus, was 105 feet in height, and cost 300 talents, or L. 58,125. The statue of Apollo in the Capitol, brought from Pontus by Lucullus, 45 feet in height, cost 150 talents, L. 29,062, 10s. The Mercury of Zenodorus, set up in the city of Auvergne, which, Pliny says, exceeded all the statues of his time in magnitude, and the making of which occupied the artist for ten years, cost only 400 sestertia, or L. 3229, 3s. 4d.—*Arbuthnot's Tables of Ancient Coins, Weights, and Measures*, pp. 166, 167.

figure is somewhat colossal, in a sitting attitude; his forehead is furnished with horns, and his prodigious flowing beard would reach to his knee, were he to stand upright. His right arm rests on the Commandments, and his left hand presses on his belly, as if he were suffering from pain. The lower part of the figure is clothed in drapery, not so simply treated as perhaps the figure demands; and the legs, from the peculiar way in which they are clothed, comparing them with ancient statues of warriors, have a martial appearance. Viewing the statue from the right, on the left hand of the beholder, the countenance is pleasing and mild, from the front it is severe, and from the left it has a very particular and goatish look. In point of execution the sculpture is perfect, bold, and decided, and the deep chiselling in many parts gives great relief to the larger folds of the drapery; a part of the neck is left unfinished, but this does not in the slightest degree interfere with the general effect.

LETTER XXXVIII.

ROME.

Paintings in the Doria Palace.

In the Doria Palace are several landscapes in size colours, painted on the walls. The best are by Gaspar Poussin. Their character is lightness and freedom of pencilling; but, with few exceptions, they have a chalky appearance, and seem more like preparations to receive rich glazings, than paintings intended to remain in their present state. Indeed, by painting first with opaque water colours, and afterwards varnishing and finishing with oil colours, a greater degree of splendour may perhaps be obtained, than by painting wholly with either kind. By this method, innumerable beautiful and natural tones are obtained; the accidental varieties are continually suggesting hints, of which a skilful artist will know how to avail himself. This method seems, besides, to have the advantage of checking the mannerism of style, which a painter is likely to acquire, by keeping wholly to one mode of paint-

ing. Indeed, the curious and successful experiments which you yourself have made, together with those of Mr Geddes and Mr Andrew Wilson, are sufficient to prove the advantages arising from uniting the captivating qualities of oil and water colours.

But to return to the Doria Palace, the collection of pictures there is among the first in Rome; varied with landscapes of Gaspar Poussin and Claude, and pictures of the different schools, it excites an interest peculiar to itself. The first room is wholly covered with landscapes in size colours, by Poussin, Ciccio Napolitano, and Rosa. The second apartment, which is of considerable dimensions, is likewise filled almost exclusively with large pictures by Poussin. None of them, however, are very good ; they are ill composed, black and heavy: but as no landscape by Gaspar Poussin can be wholly without attractions, we discovered many beautiful episodes or subordinate parts. One of his subjects in water colours, consisting of a few stems of trees, with a winding road towards some poplars, is likewise painted in oil ; but the former is infinitely superior, and seems to have retained its colouring without any change whatever, while the latter has entirely lost its brilliancy.

The third, fourth, fifth, and sixth rooms contain many pictures by Titian, A. Caracci, Caravaggio, Bassan, Rubens, Vandyke, Francisco Mola, Holbein, and others : none of these, however, are entitled to be classed with the high productions of art. The great gallery, however, abounds in admirable and choice works, chiefly of the following masters: Raphael, Claude, Velasquez, Titian, the Carraccis, Domenichino, Fra. Bartolommeo, Guido, Parmigiano, Paul Veronese, Leonardo da Vinci, Guercino, and N. Poussin. It were vain to attempt to describe this great collection ; I shall therefore only notice the principal pictures by Claude Lorain, and perhaps one or two others. You must, indeed, be heartily sick of the monotonous and tiresome remarks which I have already sent you, remarks which can give no idea of the beautiful and interesting works to which they allude, and which I fear it may have been presumptuous in me to offer.

There are five Claudes in this gallery, two large and three small. The former, which are the best, and are of the highest class, are both engraved by Viveres ; the one is called the MULINO, and the other the TEMPLE OF APOLLO, in the island of Delos. The former consists of a beautiful expansive river, over which is a bridge of many arches, and near the eye are several fishing boats; to the left, among some ruins of ancient edifices, the mill appears, which gives the name to the picture; on the right some temples, with a sacrifice, grace the opposite bank; and behind is part of a city stretching towards the distant mountains, which are connected with a sloping hill and beauteous waterfalls ; nearer the eye, towards the

mill, is a lovely group of trees pleasingly diversified by various foliage; below there is a small bridge with cattle drinking, and immediately on the fore-ground are several figures, a dance, and a display of silver urns. The figures are partly in light and partly in shade, under the branches of magnificent spreading trees, whose deep shadows, with the dark green ivy on their stems, suggest ideas of freshness, and of a cool retreat from the heat and splendour of an evening sun. The general effect is luminous and rich, and the pencilling of the trees is without a fault. The air, too, which envelopes the distance, is of the purest tone,—a tone of pearly clearness, which can only be seen in this delightful country.

Were I to offer any censure upon this beautiful painting, I would say, that perhaps there is some thing heterogeneous in combining mills with classic temples, and fishing and dancing with sacrifices. I might likewise observe, that, from the few openings among the foliage, there is an appearance of heaviness in the trees, which is not improved by the repeated glazings. The picture of the Temple of Apollo is the finer composition of the two ; but it is not so pleasing in point of colouring, the sun being in the centre, beaming among few but noble objects, a greater degree of splendour might have been expected. On the right appears the temple, a beautiful building, and evidently suggested by the

Mausoleum of Hadrian as it was in ancient times. Near the base of this building the horizontal line of the sea runs with little interruption to the opposite side of the picture: below the horizon (for the point of sight is high) are various ruins and interesting objects enveloped in mysterious air, the sun revealing, but sparingly, their local colours: near the middle of the picture, a stately group of trees rises over a bridge with characteristic figures. The fore-ground (different from the print) is simple ; a few figures in the deepest shadow are sitting near some noble stems on the left, which reach to the top of the picture, and afford points of the deepest shade and colour, to contrast with the splendour of the sun. The whole is natural, without any great effect of colour, the sun claiming the greatest field of light, and giving but little to the edges of the varied objects. *

A Landscape with Figures, by Annibal Caracci, which hangs near the landscape by Claude, appears cold and chalky contrasted with it, though in colouring it is rich. The brilliancy of light in the

* In my letter from Florence, (page 108,) I promised to give you some of my remarks on the compositions of Claude Lorain, after seeing the pictures by that master in the Doria Palace in Rome. I have since preferred introducing these remarks in my letter on the use which the great masters have made of the edifices in Rome, (page 321, Vol. I.)

skies of Claude's pictures gives a value to every hue. One of the finest pictures in the gallery is that of Pope Pamphili by Velasquez,—a duplicate of the picture in Mr Alexander Gordon's collection; the mind of the man seems to be beaming from his countenance, which is characteristic in the highest degree. I have seldom seen a picture that pleased me more ; it has all the truth of Raphael, combined with the facility of Rembrandt. The works of this master are by no means common in Italy ; but when they do occur, they are greatly prized. Some small landscapes by Domenichino are truly excellent, rich in colouring and finely generalized. A Virgin and Sleeping Child, by Guido, is inimitable in the expression of quiet and repose. It is in his light manner, and always has a circle of admirers about it ; beauty of colouring pleases every eye. Belisarius, by Salvator Rosa, is a picture that would do honour to any master; it is rich and grand without mannerism. I am greatly tempted to speak of a beautiful drawing by Correggio, and many excellent pictures by the various masters, but for the reason already stated, I must at least delay till I have an opportunity of describing them to you in person. Besides, it is natural to suppose, that you may wish to know something of the collections in the other palaces in this interesting city.

LETTER XXXIX.

ROME.

Pictures in the Colonna Palace.—Description of the Gallery.—Corsini Collection of Pictures.—Corsini Villa.

In the anti-room of the splendid Gallery of Colonna Palace, there are many pictures in size colours by Gaspar Poussin, Horizonti, and others. Gaspar Poussin's are infinitely the best, though somewhat raw and green, and with the same chalky effect of those in the Palazzo Doria. They are all sketchy and slight, with a happy union of nature and science in the various compositions : a straight and uninterrupted line seems to be a favourite feature with this great master. In the same apartment, there is a large landscape by Claude Lorain, but neither the colouring nor composition are to be compared with the Mulino or the Temple of Apollo ; the trees too at the top, especially the one nearly in the centre of the picture, are by much too heavy. Claude's usual taste is not perceptible in the forms of his stems, nor is his choice of his buildings good ; altogether, indeed,

it is unlike a work from his sunny mind and luminous pencil. Opposite to this painting is a picture by Berghem, of the ANGELS APPEARING TO THE SHEPHERDS. Nothing can afford a more convincing proof than this picture, that common nature is unequal to these sublime representations. The cattle, sheep, and figures, are all painted in Berghem's usual manner: but one can hardly believe that an angel would be seen among objects so familiar. Bassan's style, low as it occasionally is, would be more appropriate for such a subject, which seems to exceed the powers even of Berghem's admirable pencil. The angel might be brushed out, and the picture would remain a pretty little Cattle-piece.

The cabinets in this apartment, which are superbly rich with carved ivory and precious stones, attract more eyes than the pictures: indeed, I have often observed, that paintings have little chance of being admired, especially by the fair sex, when rubies and emeralds are beaming before their eyes. In looking up the Gallery, which is certainly the finest we have met with in Rome, we were struck with its superb appearance. Between two noble columns of yellow antique, (a rare and valuable stone,) the magnificent apartment, finished in a similar manner at the opposite end, but with numerous steps ascending to a high room, is seen to great advantage. On the roof of the

gallery, is painted the Battle of Lepanto, and not an inch of it is uncovered with painting or with gold; the brackets which support the noble cornice are all highly ornamented and gilded, and the pilasters, twenty-four in number, are of the yellow antique. Trophies in gold are placed between each pilaster, and the numerous mirrors are painted by Carlo Maratti. The tables are of Pietra Dura, entirely of precious stones. The floor is composed of various and uncommon marbles, curiously ornamented. From the roof are suspended thirty-two splendid lustres. The furniture is of satin and gold, and the whole, with the pictures and antique statues,* forms an extraordinary assemblage of riches and taste. A subdued amber light over all produces a captivating appearance, and the highly polished marble floor reflects every object, and keeps up the general and splendid effect. There are but few paintings, for which, indeed, the profusion of ornament leaves little space; at each end, however, there are some by Guido, Salvator Rosa, Tintoretto, Spagniolet, Travasane, Guercino, &c. And in the upper room, at the head of the Gallery, are a few by Titian, Albano, Bor-

* A statue called Homer's Venus, a Nymph, and a statue of Diana, are among the best; Venus is dividing her hair with both hands; the figure is heavy, and the drapery, which is modern, bad. They are all supposed to be of Grecian art.

gognone, and Paul Veronese; but they are not pictures of distinguished eminence.

The St Sebastian, by Guido, in the Great Gallery, is splendid in effect and colour; two females appear to be picking out the darts from his side. The subject cannot be said to be a pleasing one, but, as treated by Guido, it is not offensive. Salvator Rosa's St John Preaching in the Wilderness is full of character, and painted with all the power of the master. Guercino's pictures are not so pleasing. The Family of Colonna, by Paul Veronese, and a picture by Titian, of a Family in Heaven, both in the higher room, are excellent pictures; but I still object to the common portrait in vulgar attire, being surrounded with angels and celestial glory.

In the upper apartments are some landscapes in size by Gaspar Poussin, but not so good as those below.* A Female Head called the Cince, said to be by Guido, but more like a picture by Guercino, is extremely beautiful and much admired. The story attached to it gives it interest; it is supposed to be the portrait of a Girl who murdered her Father while he attempted to offer her violence: she has a white turban on her head, and appears about fifteen years of age, with a melancholy yet pleasing countenance. The finest picture in the Palace is a Magdalene by Guido; her hands are placed across each other, and her golden hair (a colour in great favour with the poet and the painter) flows in lovely ringlets. The countenance is divinely beautiful, and perhaps would have been rendered still more so by the introduction of a tear.

* Landscapes in water colours, by Gaspar Poussin, are not confined to the Doria and Colonna Palaces; many of them are likewise to be seen in the Church of the Carmelites, with figures said to be painted by Niccolo Poussin. These have lately been etched by a Roman engraver, but the designs, though they have the character of Gaspar's compositions, are not remarkably good.

The various apartments are filled with pictures. The best are a Virgin and Child in Raphael's second manner; A Man Eating Macaroni by Annibal Caracci; A Dead Christ by G. Bassan; The Head and Shoulders of an Angel by Guercino; Two Saints, said to be by Carlo Dolci; Two of Backhausen's Sea Pieces; as many of Zeeman's; and Pope Corsini by Rosalba. There are innumerable pictures by Lucatelli and Horizonti. The latter, an imitator of Poussin, makes great use of the Roman buildings in his compositions, but they are seldom introduced in a natural manner, generally appearing forced and out of place.

Corsini Palace.

The Corsini Palace contains a few Landscapes

by Gaspar Poussin. Many of them are undoubtedly fine, but not to be compared with several in the private collections in England. The best is engraved by Gmelen, and is called RINALDO AND ARMIDA. The composition consists of beautifully wooded mountains, and rocks crowned with buildings, below which appears a waterfall. The fore-ground is composed of broken ground, with a winding road, and on each side of the picture are lofty trees. The fault in this painting is the total want of clearness in the shadows. It makes a beautiful print, but the engraver has given more distinctness to the detail than is perceptible in the painting. The small landscapes of romantic scenes by Poussin are fresh and vigorous, without the defects in Rinaldo and Armida. In one instance, he has left the canvas uncovered, for the colour of the shadows of the rocks; in effect, at some distance it answers very well, but on examination it appears slight and unsatisfactory. Two or three small pictures, by Salvator Rosa, are very pleasing compositions; they are chiefly painted with a brownish colour, with warm yellowish lights, and but little grain on the vegetation. A HEAD OF CHRIST CROWNED WITH THORNS, by Guercino, is an astonishing and an affecting picture, remarkable for expression; indeed, it is the best I have seen by that master. It cannot fail to command the admiration of every beholder. A MOTHER AND

CHILD, too, by Caravaggio, has great effect, with all the simplicity of nature. Fra. Bartolommeo's picture of a HOLY FAMILY is splendid in colour, and full of classical conception of character. There is likewise in the same room a pretty little upright picture with a white horse, by Both; it is sweetly pencilled, but somewhat foxy in the general colouring. POPE JULIUS II. by Raphael, makes the third original picture of this subject, viz. one in the Tribune in Florence, another in the Palazzo Pitti, and a third in the Corsini Palace; they are all three extremely like each other; indeed, I could not perceive any material deviation. The only difference that occurred to me, on comparing this picture with the impression which the others have produced on my mind, is, that the hands seem somewhat colder in the colouring. Pictures by Bassan are numerous in this palace; indeed, they are everywhere, as well as the works of Rubens. By the latter master, there is here a splendid TIGER HUNT full of spirit. The ferocious animal has sprung upon a man on horseback, and there is something so dreadful in the conflict, that we involuntarily start back. Rubens always addresses the mind. One of the apartments contains a painting of VENUS in a reclining attitude, surrounded with satyrs and dogs; it is a good picture, but the principal lights are too much detached from each other. The landscape back-

ground is gloomy and grand, indicating the first appearance of the rising day. On asking the custodi, whether he thought it an original painting, his eyes started in his head, and he bellowed *Secura, originalissimo signore !*

In the green room there is a pretty picture of a VIRGIN AND CHILD by Murillo, but very tame, compared with Fra. Bartolommeo's painting of the same subjects. The harmony of colouring, however, is pleasing, and is as follows. First, white and flesh; next, leaden-coloured grey, crimson, pink; then a return of flesh, blue, purple, and brown. Brueghel is a master of great repute in Italy: there is no collection without one or two of his works, and certainly they are superior to any thing I have seen from his pencil in England. In this palace there is a BOAR HUNT of his painting; the colouring of the figures and the fore-ground are quite inimitable, and not unlike the best pictures by Watteau: the rural beauty perceptible in the subordinate parts of the distant scenery is extremely fine. The red room exhibits some small pictures by Guido, and a painting of CHRIST IN THE GARDEN, which the custodi said was by Correggio; but on looking him in the face, and repeating his word *originalissimo*, I received no answer. I required none, the picture being evidently an indifferent copy. A painting, by Salvator Rosa, of a Vulture tearing out the entrails of a Human Being,

(TITYUS AND THE VULTURE,) only excited disgust and horror, and I may add regret, that such a master could employ his splendid talents on a subject so revolting.

I have mentioned but a few of the paintings in the Corsini Palace; there are many others worthy of notice, by Italian, Venetian, and Flemish masters.

In the Villa Corsini we were much gratified by the basso relievos of Canova, representing PIETY, A MOTHER TEACHING HER CHILDREN, together with some allegorical subjects. In one of the rooms we perceived a very glaring instance of bad taste,—some busts painted in the ceiling with their faces downwards, presenting a very ridiculous and unnatural appearance. The views from the villa are beautiful; especially as we look towards St Peter's, the combinations of wood and building form the finest pictures.

LETTER XL.

ROME.

Paintings in the Spada Palace.—Statue of Pompey, supposed to be the Statue at which Cæsar fell by the arm of Brutus.—Collection of Pictures in the Sciarra Palace.—Barberini Pictures. — Frescoes by A. Caracci. — The Farnese Palace.

THE paintings in the Spada Palace are all of an inferior class. They have great names, but the originality of most of them may be doubted; at least, if they be original, they only prove that good painters have produced very indifferent works. There is, however, a clever sketch or two by Annibal Caracci and Salvator Rosa. The pictures of JUDITH and of LUCRETIA appear to be copies of the celebrated pictures by Guido, in the collection of Mr Alexander Gordon of Edinburgh. As these pictures have been much admired for their harmony of colouring, I have made a note of it. The harmony of Judith is as follows: White against flesh; then follows blue with a border of gold, on a drapery which inclines to dark grey, opposed to blue, and succeeded by orange: a dark olive-green curtain appears in the back-ground, and is a pleasing relief to the whole. In the picture of Lucretia, white is also opposed to the flesh colour; next to which is a greenish grey, succeeded by blue, crimson, and purple, with a curtain behind, of the colour of red lake.

There are likewise two other pictures, said to be by Guido and Guercino; the one the RAPE OF HELEN, and the other the DEATH OF DIDO; both pictures have considerable merit in painting, but the subjects are poorly treated. Indeed, the beholder can hardly imagine any thing more absurd or out of character than the former. Helen is proceeding down the steps of a palace, with her hand in that of her lover's, while her female attendant (more beautiful than herself) is carrying her lap-dog! a Boy, too, appears below with her monkey and a snarling cur! Dido by Guercino, upon her funeral pile, has a sword like a huge spit through her body, yet there is no expression of pain in her countenance, or any indication of approaching death. What painting could be admired with such inconsistencies?

The principal attraction in the Spada Palace is the STATUE OF POMPEY, said to be the identical statue at the foot of which great Cæsar fell. * It is colossal, about nine feet in height; the figure rests

* "The history of this statue," says Eustace, "deserves to be recorded. It was first placed, during Pompey's life, in

upon the right leg, the left having been drawn back; the right hand is extended, as if about to

---

the Senate House which he had erected; and when that edifice was shut up, it was raised, by order of Augustus, on a double arch or gateway of marble, opposite the grand entrance of Pompey's theatre. It was thrown down, or fell, during the convulsion of the Gothic wars, and for many ages it lay buried in the ruins. It was at length discovered, I believe, about the beginning of the seventeenth century, in a partition wall between two houses. After some altercation, the proprietors of the two houses agreed to cut the statue asunder, and to divide the marble; when fortunately the Cardinal de Spada heard the circumstance, and, by a timely purchase, prevented the accomplishment of the barbarous agreement, and the destruction of one of the most interesting remnants of antiquity.

Another danger awaited Pompey's statue at a much later period, and from an unexpected quarter. While the French occupied Rome in the years 1798-99, &c. they erected in the centre of the Coliseum a temporary theatre, where they acted various republican pieces, for the amusement of the army, and for the improvement of such Romans as might be disposed to fraternize with them, and to adopt their principles. Voltaire's Brutus was a favourite tragedy; and, in order to give it more effect, it was resolved to transport the very statue of Pompey, at the feet of which the Dictator fell, to the Coliseum, and to erect it upon the stage. The colossal size of the statue, and its extended arm, rendered it difficult to displace it; the arm was therefore sawed off for the conveyance, and put on again at the Coliseum; and on the second removal of the statue, it was again taken off, and again replaced at the Palazza de Spada."

Classical Tour, Vol. II. p. 32, 33.

give action to speech, and the left holds a globe, expressive of dominion; a belt appears round the body suspending a sword, and a little drapery hangs over the left shoulder as low as the groin; all the rest of the figure is nude. Speaking of it as a work of art, I would say that it is heavy in appearance. The anatomy, nevertheless, is well expressed, and the limbs are in good proportion; but, in expression, the countenance is gruff and disagreeable.

This celebrated statue is an illustrious instance of the triumph of art. While the race of the Cæsars has been for many centuries extinct, and even their empire exists only in the page of history, this work of art still survives, to attract the curiosity of the scholar and the connoisseur, and to teach the politician an important lesson of the vicissitudes of human fortune, the nothingness of human grandeur. Yet, though the lords of mankind have passed away, they have, as patrons of the arts, secured to themselves what may almost be called an immortality upon earth: we tread with veneration where they have trodden, and view with regard the magnificent works which were executed under their direction. The youth, the hero, the statesman, and the sage, are all employed with these productions; or, to speak in other terms, are studying the lessons which they taught. Since their time, many new paths of science have been struck out, and vast

improvements have been made in many of the arts which embellish life; but, in the fine arts, little has been done, which bears not a reference to antiquity, and the pride of modern skill is to imitate the works of the ancient masters.

There are other statues in the Spada Palace, but comparing them with the innumerable excellent marbles in Rome, they do not merit particular examination. The Spada Palace, like several other palaces in Rome, has been dispossessed of its best paintings; and the few that remain, mixed with copies and indifferent works, only excite regret, that the noble families should, from mercenary motives, poverty, or misfortunes, have parted with their more precious works of art.

One of the most select small collection of paintings in Rome is in the Sciarra Palace; the best pictures are those by Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Agostino Caracci, Guido, Claude, Garofalo, Guercino, N. Poussin, Teniers, and others. There is likewise a good copy, by Carlo Neapolitano, of the Transfiguration by Raphael, and some pictures by Valentino of very considerable merit. On leaving the last mentioned paintings, we met in other apartments with a beautiful, rich, and mellow picture of CHRIST AT THE WELL by Garofalo; A VIRGIN AND CHILD by Titian: Some Bassans, very good: A clever sketchy Landscape by N. Poussin: A Picture or two by J. Both; and a

small Picture by Claude, full of effect and truth: An admirable picture of MOSES by Guido, broad and masterly, which, in point of style, might do honour to Michael Angelo: Two pictures, ST MATTHEW and ST JOHN, by Guercino, both excellent: St John is represented young, and his head is wholly in shade: A PORTRAIT by Raphael, exquisitely painted, and full of expression: Two pictures of MARY MAGDALENE by Guido, almost exactly the same, except that the one is in red drapery with the bosom more exposed; and the other is in light purple, with white next the skin; the last picture has a lighter and better effect than the first, though it is not superior in painting, nor perhaps so expressive of her penitent state; they are, indeed, beautiful pictures in his silvery style, yet without any of that chalky green appearance which we often find in the works of Guido.

Leonardo's picture of MODESTY and VANITY, supposed by some to be a copy by Luini of the picture in Lucien Buonaparte's possession, is a perfect little gem of finishing, and the same remarks I have already made to the picture in Palazzo Luciano applies to this; one can hardly believe the common instruments of painting can finish so divinely. ABRAHAM SACRIFICING ISAAC, by Gerhard dalle Notti, though well painted, is a most unpleasing picture: Isaac does not appear to be at all resigned to his fate; his mouth has the ex-

pression of bellowing, while his father is thrusting his thumb into it, to keep him quiet: a sheep killing by a common butcher could not be more revolting. Whatever may be the faults of modern painters, they would certainly not shew such a depravity of taste. In painting gamesters, Michael Angelo Caravaggio appears to shine, and here is an admirable specimen of his great talent; nothing is out of character, and I could almost wish that he had kept to subjects which do not require a greater refinement of mind. A portrait of a FEMALE, said to be by Titian, attracts all eyes; the expression is winning, and the effect and painting excellent. N. Poussin's Martrydom of St Erasmus, on the other hand, is unpleasing in the extreme: surely a representation of the tearing out the bowels of a human being must disgust every beholder. It is one of those subjects, which, the more nearly they resemble nature, must be only the more hideous.

The excellent painting of ST JEROLOMO, by Guercino, is a happy relief from such a picture; and even the Brueghels and subordinate masters have greater claims to our attention. Agostino Caracci's portrait of a MALE AND FEMALE, HOLDING EACH OTHER BY THE HAND, is extremely natural and easy, without that set and stiff appearance which such portraits occasionally have, not even excepting occasionally the works of the inimitable Vandyke.

We were informed that this collection was considerably larger, and that many of the best pictures have been transferred to the Barberini Palace. * These, at least the choice of them, cannot be seen at present, as the King of Spain occupies the apartments where they are hung; such as are shewn to the public are not remarkable for excellence, nor do they require any particular notice. A HOLY FAMILY, said to be by Titian; ST MATTHEW AND ST MARK, by Guercino; a small EARLY LANDSCAPE by Claude; a small picture by Parmigiano, and a few others, were the best that were shewn to us.

In the Farnese Palace there are a few marbles, but none of them remarkably fine. The famous HERCULES, which once adorned it, is now at Naples, and a common cast placed in its former situation. There is a naked EQUESTRIAN FIGURE OF CALIGULA, and a most forbidding, ferocious, yet pitiful looking wretch, he appears to have been. On examining his contemptible figure, one cannot imagine how a noble and magnanimous people could have endured his cruelties so long. A statue of MERCURY, in the same apartment, can only be called pretty good; there is nothing of the beau ideal in it; a pair of duck's wings, upon a common figure, makes but a poor representation of the mes-

* The Palazzo Sciarra belongs to the Prince Barberini.

senger of the gods. A beautiful sarcophagus, on which are sculptured many beautiful Bacchanalian figures, is perhaps the best piece of antiquity in the collection.

This palace, however, will always be interesting to the man of taste, from the admirable fresco paintings by Annibal Caracci and Domenichino. They are all in fine condition, and seem as if they had been but lately painted. The picture representing GALATEA AMIDST SPORTING TRITONS, NYMPHS, AND CUPIDS, is an admirable work in every respect, except that the colouring is perhaps a little too red; Caracci, with the view of obtaining breadth, has introduced very little variety. Flesh is the only prevailing colour. The BACCHUS AND ARIADNE is a noble picture. They are in their cars, drawn by goats and tigers, admirably painted; Silenus appears on the shoulders of a set of joyous Bacchanals; the whole is sustained with great spirit and character.

In another apartment, we see PAN OFFERING WOOL TO DIANA; and in another, DIANA CARESSING ENDYMION, a clever picture; two little Cupids above are beautifully drawn, especially a little arch creature with his finger at his mouth. In the fresco of HERCULES AND OMPHALE, Omphale is in possession of the club of Hercules, while he has her timbrel in his hand. This change of attributes may be all very well, but the

lady, I should think, would have done more execution with her eyes, than she is likely to do with the club; as for Hercules, he certainly looks abundantly silly with the musical instrument.

Another fresco represents ANCHISES DRAWING THE BUSKIN FROM THE FOOT OF VENUS. Anchises is by no means a fine figure, at least not such as one would imagine likely to allure the goddess from the skies: he looks so cold too, that we were quite provoked with him. An urchin of a Cupid, however, who appears at the foot of Anchises, plainly tells, from the expression of his countenance, how highly privileged the mortal is, who is permitted to touch the foot of the Goddess of Beauty. The picture of PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA cannot be pronounced pleasing. Perseus, an indifferent figure, appears very unfit for his undertaking, and the attitude of Andromeda reminds me of the arms on the Isle of Man halfpenny. The picture, notwithstanding, has some good points, the principal of which is colouring. There is another picture of Perseus, representing him petrifying Phineus and his companions, by the Medusa's head. The figure of Perseus is clumsy, and from his wild look, he seems to be as much afraid of the head, as if it were to petrify himself. Besides these, there are several others of various sizes, and all of considerable merit.

LETTER XLI.

ROME.

Amusements of the Carnival.—Rules to be observed by the People.—Religious Ceremonies in the Holy Week.—Illumination of the Dome of St Peter's.—Music called the Miserere.—Beautiful Effect in St Peter's.—Silence and Temperature, &c.

The Carnival.

Previous to the commencement of the Carnival the cavalry parade the Corso, the street where it is held. For a time the masks are thinly scattered; but the plot soon thickens, and various characters make their appearance, such as the Doctor of Bologna, Harlequin, &c. Both sides of the street are fitted up with benches, scaffolds, and chairs for the spectators; and the windows, filled with people of every rank, are ornamented with crimson velvet and gold. Innumerable open carriages, with all the fashion of Rome, crowd the streets, and move slowly forward. These, as well as the pedestrian masks, are provided with baskets full of balls of Pozzolana sand, about the size of comfits, covered with marble dust, and these

they fling as their fancy directs, whitening and almost blinding each other. In a short time, the confusion becomes complete, and such a scene of merriment and absurdity is rarely to be witnessed. Showers of pozzolana fly from the lower windows, and are returned from the carriages, which, on the other hand, are assailed from the street. The unfortunate person who may think himself safe, is sure to be completely whitened, and laughed at by the multitude. Squeaking voices from the masks annoy the ear in every direction, and if a person stops to speak, he may be led into a snare, and overwhelmed with pozzolana. In a short time the monotony of the scene becomes extremely tiresome. The characters are rarely well sustained, and the strangest figures, without meaning, are constantly in motion. At a certain period a gun is fired, when all the carriages must move off as quickly as possible, and for a time, the Corso is left entirely to the pedestrians, who continue to pelt each other,* and act their various characters, till a third gun announces that the horse race is about to begin. All the people then hurry to the benches and scaffolds, and fix their eyes towards the bottom of the street, from whence (in the

* I observed, that the strangers were more enthusiastic in the various amusements than the natives, and that, under the mask, they laid aside their gravity, and were more agreeable.

Piazza del Popolo) the horses, six in number, start without riders. Before they are let loose, they are goaded, pricked, and tortured in various ways; even fire is fixed upon their backs to urge them forwards. Of course, they ran with furious speed, being almost frantic with pain. As soon as they arrive at the head of the Corso, they are caught in nets, and the race is over for the day. The prize does not generally exceed 30 or 40 dollars, and a piece of silk given by the Jews. An English horse, belonging to the Duke of Bracciano, gained all the prizes at this Carnival.

Were such extraordinary exhibitions to take place in London, there can hardly be a doubt but they would be attended with serious consequences. In Rome, however, every thing went on without the slightest insult, or any accident whatever. The meanest beggar wears a mask; and a mixture of regret, even while we are enjoying the singularity of the scene, crosses our mind, when we reflect that such idleness should continue for several days.

In the regulations which are pasted up in the conspicuous places, we observed that no person is allowed to assume the dress of a priest or a magistrate; that no carriages are permitted to stop to take up any person in the Corso; that the balls of pozzolana must not be above a certain size; that every one must govern his temper, and wear no offensive weapon of any kind; and that all respect

must be paid to the commands of magistrates and soldiers. The slightest violence or offence is punished by a fine or otherwise, according to the rank of the person; even immediate imprisonment and the galleys are held up *in terrorem.*

In the evening there is a curious exhibition of lights in the streets and windows, called *Moccole.* Every person attempts to obtain a light, which is blown out by the person next him, almost as soon as it is kindled; this is continued for a time, and is not a little amusing. The whole concludes with a masquerade and dancing in the principal theatre. The theatres are shut after the Carnival, and the holy week offers, I would almost say, another source of idleness to the people.

The splendid exhibitions, and religious ceremonies of the Catholic Church during that period, are very imposing. It is a custom of this period, that the Pope washes the feet of a certain number of pilgrims, and waits upon them at dinner; and these lowly offices were performed with such humility and sincerity by the good old man, that it drew a tear from many an eye. In opposition to this homely but affecting ceremony, that of the pope giving his benediction to the people was truly sublime; not less than 20,000 persons assembled before him, while he appeared in his throne surrounded by his cardinals, at one of the great windows of St Peter's. After praying for a time, he

suddenly started up, like one inspired, and, with extended arms, he blessed the multitude. The whole mass of people instantly fell upon their knees, and a death like silence prevailed, as if the tens of thousands had then resigned their spirits into the hands of their merciful Creator.

Among the magnificent spectacles of this festive period, the grandest by far is the illumination of the Dome of St Peter's. Conceive this mighty fabric towering through the blackness of night, to the elevation of nearly 500 feet, and shining with innumerable lights, as if all the stars of heaven were clustered together, while some of superior splendour, placed at greater intervals on its ample sides, appeared like stars of the first magnitude, or like Venus and Jupiter in all their brilliancy. So stupendous a structure, thus beaming in splendour beneath the sable vault of night, seemed like a celestial palace descended from the skies.

While this superb spectacle, certainly unequalled in this world, thus elevates the imagination to the bright regions of the blessed, the sublime and affecting music of the Miserere,* impresses the soul with the idea of the pure and holy melody of

* This divine music, which can only be performed in Rome, and which requires months of preparation, was invented by Palestrina, but it has been greatly enriched by Alligri and Jomilli.

the heavenly choirs; and it is impossible to listen, without exclaiming with Milton,

> Can any mortal mixture of *earth's* mould
> Breathe such divine, enchanting ravishment?

During the holy week, the fireworks at the castle of S. Angelo offers another extraordinary sight, and is indeed next in magnificence to the illumination of St Peter's. On other occasions, we have seen many of the principal functions and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic worship, and notwithstanding the prevalence of formality and apparent mummery, have been much struck with their pomp and grandeur. Upon one occasion, when the pope was carried on men's shoulders within St Peter's, the spectacle was very splendid. The cardinals,* patriarchs, and priests of every order, were in their richest attire, and the pope himself wore his triple crown, studded with the rarest jewels: when advancing to the great altar of St Peter, with his splendid train of dignified clergy, the sight was extremely imposing;

* The cardinals are all elderly men, very gentlemenlike in their appearance, and sufficiently consequential. The dignity of a future pope is not out of every countenance; one of them, in the midst of this ceremony, handed his snuff-box to his brother cardinal, and with great *sang froid* eyed the congregation through his glass.

when he ascended the altar itself, the effect was still grander, but particularly on the elevation of the host, when, by an opening in a curtain, a ray of light was made to fall on the pope and the costly dresses surrounding him. The whole of St Peter's was in Mezzo shade, save that single ray, which was intentionally introduced to give effect and splendour, and certainly was astonishingly beautiful: but the trick intruded a little on our minds, and perhaps interfered with the unqualified pleasure we should otherwise have had in beholding so uncommon a sight.

Notwithstanding the prodigious crowds that attend these grand functions in St Peter's, I do not remember ever seeing it above half filled, that is to say, when the people crowded together; neither have I felt any great variation of heat. The thermometer in the beginning of January, on a clear sunny day, outside of St Peter's, was 47, and in the inside 61 degrees: on opening the first and second gallery in the dome, the heated air which rushes out is very perceptible, but in the opening in the highest dome, the air is cooler than the atmosphere. When few people are within this mighty building, the silence is remarkably impressive; you see human beings, like little spots, moving to and fro, but never hear them. The steady flame of a single lamp in the chapels adds greatly to the sentiment which this

silence inspires. In solitary places, and various parts of the cathedral, individuals may be seen praying. Even after service, I have observed a priest withdraw from the rest and pray by himself.

LETTER XLII.

ROME.

Raphael's Frescoes in the Lodges of the Vatican, and in his Villa.—Epitaphs of Salvator Rosa and Claude Lorraine.—Music at the Chiesa del Giesu.—Holy Staircase.—Tivoli and other Towns near Rome.—Adieu to Rome.

You would certainly be disappointed if I should leave Rome, without sending you some account of the fresco paintings by Raphael, in the lodges of the Vatican; and that I might be the more minute in my description of them, I have reserved it to the last. But fate, which often interferes with my arrangements, as well as with others more important, has so determined matters, that we must leave this interesting city before it can be in my power to fulfil my intention. This, perhaps, is the less to be regretted, since you can always command the beautiful prints engraved from them, which will afford you a better idea of their innumerable beauties, than any attempt of mine to describe them hastily. In these prints, the fine composition, the expression, and, in a great degree, the drawing, is fairly given. Yet, as prints from fresco pictures are not different from prints after oil paintings, notwithstanding the decided difference between these two styles, you will not, of course,

be able, from the engravings, to form a correct notion of the energetic expression of Raphael's greatest works. They certainly have not that laboured appearance which is perceptible in his oil paintings; there is a freshness of colouring, too, and grandeur, (partly arising, no doubt, from their great dimensions,) which his easel works never exhibit; nor do the best engravings convey a just idea of the peculiar and ennobling character given by the hand of Raphael, which, like the animation that the countenance occasionally catches from the soul, is too subtile to be detected, defying any language to do it justice.

His fresco paintings of the Sybils, in the church of St Mary of Peace, and his Galatea, in the Farnesina, are likewise inexpressibly fine. For the same reason that prevents me from being minute in my description of these great works, I must not attempt to give you a detailed account of many others of inferior note. I shall lead you, however, to his villa where he studied; in the casino of which may be seen several of his small pictures in fresco. One of these is engraved by Marc Antonio, consisting of a number of naked youths shooting at a Terminus. In this casino, likewise, is a painting of Alexander and Roxana, a Triumph of Bacchus, and a few Portraits of Women, supposed to have been his favourite mistresses. To be in the house where Raphael retired to enjoy repose, and where, perhaps, he

invented many of his noble compositions, and to see his works on the walls of the room in which he studied, impressed us with feelings of profound reverence. The houses, too, of Claude Lorraine, N. Poussin, and Salvator Rosa, all of which we have entered, had a similar effect on our minds, but the house and gardens of Raphael, offering so many objects to recall its once illustrious possessor, almost deceived us into the idea that he was still alive, adorning this splendid city, and elevating and improving the human mind.

The fresco paintings by Guido and Domenichino, in the church of St Gregory, and also the famous picture by the latter of ST SEBASTIAN, in the church of St Mary of the Angels, the latter so remarkable for exquisite colouring and taste, together with many other works of the greatest masters, must be passed over in silence.

In the church of St Mary of the Angels is the tomb of Salvator Rosa, on which is the following inscription :

D. O. M.

Salvatorem Rosem Neapolitanum,
Pictorum svi Temporis
Nvlli secundum,
Poetarum omnium Temporum,
Principibus Parem,
Augustus Filius,
Hic Moerens composuit.
Sexagenario minor obiit,
Anno Salvtis. M. D. C. LXXOII.
Idibus Martis.

The Chiesa della S. S^a. Trinita de Monte contain the ashes of Claude Lorraine, whose epitaph may be seen on a marble slab upon the floor.

D. O. M.

Claudio Gillee Lotharingo, ex loco de Champagna orto, Pictore eximio, qui ipsos orientis et occidentis solis radios in Campestribus mirifice pingendis effinxit; hic, in urbe ubi artem coluit, summam laudem, inter magnates, consecutus est, obiit ix. Kal. Decemb. 1682, ætatis suae anno 82.

Johannes et Josephus Gillee, Patrui carissimi, monumentum hoc sibi posterisque suis poni curarunt.

I could have wished to give you some account of the music which we have heard in many of the churches, especially in the Chiesa del Giesu, one of the most magnificent in Rome. It is impossible, however, to convey any idea of such music except by its effects; and you can conceive, better than I can attempt to express, the emotions of mingled solemnity and transport, which made the tear fall from every eye, while the divine sopranos sounded triumphantly, like the voice of angels amidst the grandest harmony.

When I consider how much I have yet left untold of the treasures and wonders of this interesting city, and look around me at the same time, on all that I have attempted to describe, I feel how impossible it would be, without spending many years in it, to comprehend, even in a cursory survey, one half of the objects which are well en-

titled to notice. Without attempting, therefore, any further detail, let me inform you in one breath, that we have visited the prison of St Peter; that we have touched his chains in the church of St Peter in Vincoli; that we have been on the ground where St Paul was beheaded; that we have touched the table of the last supper; * and seen the holy staircase brought from Pilate's Palace at Jerusalem, sanctified by the feet of Jesus, †

* This curious relic is exhibited in the church of St John Laterano, and held by the Romans in great veneration. At one time it was covered with silver, but the constable Bourbon thought proper to strip it off at the sacking of Rome. The board is about an inch and a half in thickness, quite black, and much worm-eaten. Near this church there is an arch through which, with few exceptions, persons are prohibited to pass under pain of excommunication. Women especially are expressly forbidden. We entered before we were informed of the prohibition, which caused great alarm in our valet du place. He, however, said, for our consolation, that as we were foresteri (strangers) we should escape from the censure of the church.

† The steps (28 in number) are, and have been more than once, cased with wood. Innumerable enthusiasts and wretched sinners ascend them on their knees, uttering a short prayer at every step, which affords a certain number of years of indulgence. I have observed, that several of those persons went up fast, others slow, according to their age or power of volubility. The young people mounted easily; in general they looked round at the spectators below, while they were muttering their prayers, which plainly shewed that the heart had nothing to do with their devotions. One huge fellow, with a great-coat flung upon his brawny shoulders, prayed and mounted with incredible rapidity; he had the look of a villain, and it is reasonable to suppose, that he was anxious to relieve his conscience from the load of some wicked deed of which he had been guilty. The highest step is almost kissed away. No heretics are allowed to go up this holy stair, even upon their knees; they ascend one parallel to it, which leads to the chapel of the Saviour.

together with innumerable other singular and curious things. Roman antiquities of every description, both profane, as they are called, and Christian, abound in the museum of the Vatican: the most remarkable among the former are several lettered stamps for various purposes, which seemed so obvious and important a step towards printing, that it is surprising it did not lead to the invention of that invaluable art: the collection of the latter contains a variety of instruments of torture, curious funeral glass, adorned pictures of saints, amber caps, and rich carvings in ivory, &c. The crypt of the church of the Conception presents one of the most extraordinary sights in Rome. There we may see the bodies of innumerable monks, in habits of their order, placed in niches, holding candles in their hands, reminding one of the poem of Tam o' Shanter: "each in their cauld hand held a light." The walls too

are covered with bones, arranged in curious ornaments.

We have visited the various towns which sparkle in the distance; delightful retreats from the heat and bad air of the capital during the summer months. The classical sojourn of Tivoli, with its exquisite scenery; the Sabine farm of Horace; the hospitable villa of Maecenas, and the extensive ruins of the villa of Hadrian, which has preserved to modern times a larger collection of the sculptures of antiquity than any other Roman ruins; Frescati exhibiting splendid edifices and fountains, combining with the Campagna and distant views of Rome, offering inimitable subjects for the pencil; Albano with its lovely lake; the melancholy Ostia, too, which only presents its own grave, stretching over a great extent of country, and affording to the foxes a secure retreat among its ancient ruins,—furnish ample scope for meditation.

The characteristic beauties of these well known scenes it is unnecessary to detail. I have already, I fear, intruded too much upon your valuable time, by my feeble attempts to give you some idea of what we have seen since our arrival in Rome. To-morrow we shall bid adieu to this great city, which, though described by the poet, the painter, and historian, still exhibits to the eye and to the imagination new and exhaust-

less objects of interest. As I see her now, the sun shining on her varied features, through the morning mist of silvery grey, how noble does she appear! The yellow Tiber flowing from distant azure scenes, derives an air of august solemnity from the classical relics, which it reflects through its whole course. The russet robe of Campagna, too, becomes her: no vivid green, nor gaudy colouring, could so well accord with the venerable ruins of this long celebrated city.

LETTER XLIII.

NAPLES.

Journey to Naples.— Mount Vesuvius.— Herculaneum.— Pompeii.—Collection of Paintings and Antiquities in the Museum at Portici.—Goitres between Naples and Portici. —Amusements at Naples.

January 1, 1817.

We travelled rapidly through the Pontine marsh, Terracina, Fondi, Mola de Gaeta, and Capua, and reached Naples in safety. Troops are stationed at short intervals; and though one dragoon was shot by the robbers a short time since, the road may now be regarded as perfectly free from danger. A greater variety of exquisite scenery, with the finest combination of mountains, woods, rocks, noble buildings, and tranquil seas, is nowhere, perhaps, to be found in the same extent of country. Albano, Velletri, Terracina, Mola de Gaeta, and Sessa, may challenge the world for beauty; but we passed through them so hurriedly, that I cannot pretend to describe them. You can fully sympathize in my regret at being obliged to leave such scenes, without having it in my power to take the slightest sketch. The approach to

Naples is peculiarly interesting. It conjures up so many associations, historical and poetical, and presents so many objects to engage the curiosity of the antiquary, and please the painter's eye, as cannot fail to impart no ordinary pleasure to minds at all prepared to view such objects in their proper light.

Mount Vesuvius is so well known, that any minute description of it would be superfluous; but to the traveller it is by far the most interesting feature in this delightful country. Though much inferior to Etna, it presents to one who sees, for the first time, the effects of voleanic fire, a spectacle at once novel, pleasing, and terrific. I speak of the ascent to the summit, for its appearance at a distance is less striking than I had imagined. The mountain is not above 3600 feet in height. After quitting the mules which carried us for about two hours over the black scoriae of many eruptions, the ascent to the top of the cone (or chimney of the volcano) occupied us about forty minutes. At present there is a considerable stream of lava continually overflowing, and the crater is discharging incessant showers of ashes and glowing stones. The projectile force, however, is but trifling: the stones are not thrown above 200 or 300 feet in perpendicular height. We saw the summit at night, and its appearance was truly awful and sublime.

Herculaneum is completely covered with an in-

durated substance, supposed, by the Chevalier de la Condamine, to be composed " of ashes, earth, gravel, sand, coal, pumice stones, and other substances, launched up from the mouth of the volcano, at a time of its eruption, and fallen down all around it. These at first buried all the buildings, and afterwards by degrees got into the inside of them by their own weight, and the drift of winds and rain, and lastly, by the falling in of the roofs and floors. This mixture, clung together by the infiltration of water, became condensed by time, forming a kind of sandstone, more or less hard, but easily penetrable." Penetrable as it is, however, its removal has cost incredible trouble; indeed, the process of excavation has been found so difficult and tedious, that it is for the present relinquished. We were led through the corridors to the orchestra of a theatre by torch light.

Pompeii, which was entombed in a softer substance, is getting daily disencumbered, and a very considerable part of this Grecian city is unveiled. We entered by the Appian way, through a narrow street of marble tombs, beautifully executed, with the names of the deceased plain and legible. We looked into the columbary below that of Marius Arius Diomedes, and perceived jars containing the ashes of the dead, with a small lamp at the side of each. Arriving at the gate, we perceived a centry-box, in which the skeleton of a soldier was found with a lamp in its hand : proceeding up the street beyond the gate, we went into several streets, and entered what is called a coffee-house, the marks of cups being visible on the stone : we came likewise to a tavern, and found the sign (not a very decent one) near the entrance. The streets are lined with public buildings and private houses, most of which have their original painted decorations fresh and entire. The pavement of the streets is much worn by carriage wheels, and holes are cut through the side stones, for the purpose of fastening animals in the market-place ; and in certain situations are placed stepping stones, which give us a rather unfavourable idea of the state of the streets. We passed two beautiful little temples; went into a surgeon's house, in the operation room of which chirurgical instruments were found ; entered an ironmonger's shop, where an anvil and hammer were discovered ; a sculptor's and a baker's shop, in the latter of which may be seen an oven and grinding mills, like old Scotch querns. We examined likewise an oilman's shop, and a wine shop lately opened, where money was found in the till ; a school in which was a small pulpit with steps up to it, in the middle of the apartment ; a great theatre ; a temple of justice ; an amphitheatre, about 220 feet in length ; various temples ; a barrack for soldiers, the columns of which are scribbled with their names and jests ; wells, cisterns, seats, tricli-

niums, beautiful Mosaic ; altars, inscriptions, fragments of statues, and many other curious remains of antiquity. Among the most remarkable objects was an ancient wall, with a part of a still more ancient marble frieze, built in it as a common stone ; and a stream which has flowed under this once subterraneous city, long before its burial ; pipes of Terra Cotta to convey the water to the different streets ; stocks for prisoners, in one of which a skeleton was found. All these things incline one almost to look for the inhabitants, and wonder at the desolate silence of the place.

The houses in general are very low, and the rooms are small, I should think not above ten feet high. Every house is provided with a well and a cistern. Every thing seems to be in proportion; the principal streets do not appear to exceed 16 feet in width, with side pavements of about 3 feet ; some of the subordinate streets are from 6 to 10 feet wide, with side pavements in proportion ; these are occasionally high, and are reached by steps. The columns of the barracks are about 15 feet in height ; they are made of tuffa with stucco : one third of the shaft is smoothly plastered, the rest fluted to the capital. The walls of the houses are often painted red, and some of them have borders and antique ornaments, masks, and imitations of marble, but in general poorly executed. I have observed, on the walls of an eating room, various kinds of food and

game tolerably represented ; one *woman's* apartment was adorned with subjects relating to love ; and a *man's* with pictures of a martial character. Considering that the whole has been under ground upwards of seventeen centuries, it is certainly surprising that they should be as fresh as at the period of their burial. The whole extent of the city, not one half of which is excavated, may be about four miles. It is said that Murat employed no less than 2000 men in clearing Pompeii, and that Madame Murat attended the excavations in person every week. The present government have not retained above 100.

After visiting this extraordinary place, which certainly is the most interesting of all the wonders of Naples, we examined the museum of antiquities at Portici. The collections of ancient paintings are curious and instructing, some of them containing exquisite pieces of art ; one room is filled with representations of fruit and flowers, well painted and freely handled ; some grapes in particular are remarkable for execution, quite transparent, with the touches of light on them judiciously placed to give effect and clearness. A second room contains various ornaments painted in a masterly manner, and with considerable ingenuity in the design. A third is covered with various animals and birds. Another apartment is filled with landscapes, but these are all extreme-

ly bad, having no perspective, nor any truth of colouring; indeed, it would seem that the ancient painters had never given their mind to that delightful branch of the art. One landscape, however, with all its faults, interested me greatly, and that was a view of ancient Puteoli, (now Puzzuolo,) about six miles from Naples, supposed to have been painted before St Paul landed there. The picture is, of course, very different from the present state of the city, but still a likeness may be traced, if we keep in view the site of the various temples and other objects, the foundations of which are still visible. Among the innumerable pictures which are crowded in several rooms, I shall mention the following, which, on slight examination, appeared to be among the best: SOPHONISBA DRINKING THE JUICE OF HEMLOCK, admirable in expression: AN INFANT HERCULES STRANGLING SERPENTS: JOVE: LEDA AND THE SWAN: THE GRACES: A VENUS: EDUCATION OF BACCHUS: A MEDUSA'S HEAD: —these are all slight, but it is that slightness which conveys character and refinement of taste: A THESEUS as large as life, in a fine attitude and good expression: Two allegorical figures, representing the river NILE AND EGYPT: THE EDUCATION OF ACHILLES: A BEAUTIFUL FEMALE SUCKLING AN AGED MAN, (corresponding to the Roman Charity,) most delicately expressed: An ACADEMY OF MUSIC, the figures small, exquisitely

painted; harps and flageolets are the only instruments. Among the curious pictures is the interior of a school, in which the master is represented flogging a boy, who is upon another boy's back; so that the practice of *horsing* is sanctioned by very ancient authority. Our attention was likewise attracted by a shoemaker's and a cook shop; these last are but indifferently designed and painted; a Wilkie or an Allan would smile at such productions. All these are in fresco, on stucco grounds, and with a considerable polish on the surface. It does not seem that any glazing colours have been used, the effect being produced entirely by body colour. The ancients, however, as Pliny informs us, had a dark yet transparent mixture, which they laid over their highly finished works, to give the delusion required. From the freshness and clearness of the colouring, they seem to have the advantage of painting in oil, so far, at least, as durability is of advantage.

The museum at Portici likewise contains many statues and busts of considerable merit; besides a great variety of culinary articles, and specimens of calcined barley, beans, paste for bread, part of a roll, mustard-seed, straw, rye, pine tops, figs, cloth like tinder, fish, nets with cork attached to them, spunge, soap, rings, ear-rings, combs, thimbles, looking-glasses of polished metal, and a variety of emblems of luxury and taste, admirably executed.

We examined them all with the keenest interest, though the impression would have been more gratifying, had they been left in the ancient towns in which they were discovered.

Returning to Naples from Portici, we saw three instances of women with goitres, a circumstance which greatly surprised us. Fiorin grass is not uncommon, but it is not cultivated in the fields.

To the west of Naples is the tomb of Virgil; the Isle of Nisida, where Brutus took his last farewell of Portia; Puteoli, where, as mentioned in the Acts of the Apotles, St Paul landed from Regium, in his way to Rome, and where he found Christians even at that early age; the Sybils' Cave, Lake Avernus, Cuma, the exquisite Bay of Baiæ, with the islands Ischia and Capri; and the Elysian fields, still appropriated to the mansions of the dead. The ancient villas of the luxurious Romans lie scattered along this delightful shore, with the remains of amphitheatres, temples, and baths. Solfaterra, a scarcely extinguished volcano, still smokes, and the phenomenon of Monte Nuovo, thrown up in a single night about 80 years ago, and now covered entirely with vines, remains to attest the wonders of volcanic power.

A passion for play seems to be the prevailing vice of the Neapolitans, and masquerading * is the

* The masquerading in the principal street is not unlike that in the Corso at Rome, with the exception of throwing

fashion of the day. At the Academia, where all strangers of respectability are admitted free, there is a dancing assembly twice a-week, with *rouge et noire* and cards. The opera warbles and glitters in the theatre of San Carlo, one of the most splendid in Europe, * after which, during the Carnival, the house is filled with masks, dancing, and play. The lovely bay, as smooth and clear as a Highland lake, reflects a vast variety of gay and pleasing objects. Pæstum lies onward to the south about 60 miles, in a plain partly surrounded with noble mountains, and is one of the finest combinations of pillared ruins that antiquity has left us; it is an excursion of three days to visit it and return. In my next letter I shall give you some account of our journey thither, and of those very magnificent remains.

pozzolana earth. I must, however, mention one disgusting practice which characterizes the Neapolitan masquerades, and that is, the people constantly protruding their tongues through their masks. Some of the Carnival dances, with the castanet and tabour, are expressive of considerable elegance, and superior to any similar amusement we have seen in Rome.

* Each person has a seat with arms to rest upon, and a ticket is given at the entrance of the pit, with the number of the seat which he is to occupy.

LETTER XLIV.

NAPLES.

Journey to Pæstum.—Character of the Temples.—Return to Naples.—Statues in the Studii.—Antiquities.—Pictures.—Papyri or Herculaneum MSS.—Departure from Naples.

Naples, 8th February.

In our journey to Pæstum we passed through Terra del Annunciata, Cava, Salerno, and Ebboli, and found the scenery fully equal to any we have seen in Italy; partaking of every character from the beautiful to the grand and picturesque. No country, indeed, exhibits greater charms for the painter. Salvator Rosa obtained some of his choicest subjects among the wild, yet noble mountain-views of Cava. For my own part, the tempting compositions, beautified with the azure air and smiling sun of Italy, almost overpowered me: my eye was never idle, but, unfortunately, the hasty mode in which we were obliged to travel, would not permit the individual scenes to make a lasting impression on the mind. Like delightful visions, they just appeared and fled, yet doubtless enriching the imagination by their endless variety. In general, the country between Naples and Ebboli is well cultivated

with various grain, but chiefly Indian corn. No division of property appears. The whole country seems to belong in common to all. The peach, apricot, and almond, were in blossom, and the golden oranges and citrons sparkled on the trees; every bird was singing, and, as I thought, new tunes, their little pipes being quite unknown to me.

The peasantry were often in the strangest dress, and reminded us of the prints in Robinson Crusoe; their coats and breeches being made of goat's skin with long shaggy hair; to this strange attire was added a brown conical hat, and sandals in place of shoes. In one instance we observed a horse, a mule, and an ox, in the same cart. Beans were in blossom, (5th of February,) and in many places were cut as a green crop.

Ebboli, which stands on the acclivity of a hill, commands the bay of Pæstum, and is itself a noble feature in the scenery. Wealth, comfort, and cleanliness, however, are not to be found within its walls; the jaundiced countenance, and the unsettled eye of misery, only command our sympathy. Thirteen robbers had just been taken, and were upon their way to Naples. At Ebboli we learned that the road to Pæstum was infested with banditti; after coming so far, however, we were not to be intimidated. We advanced, and, I must confess, were suddenly appalled at finding on the road, in a lonely wood, a recently murdered corpse. Con-

sulting with ourselves for a moment, and examining the strength of our party, we resolved to proceed upon our journey, and entered an extensive uncultivated plain, overgrown with myrtle, violets, and aromatic plants, wasting "their fragrance in the desert air." Some houses were scattered in the wilderness, but all of them were tenantless: this description of country continued the whole of the way to Pæstum.

When the lonely temples first appeared in their field of desolation, they did not strike us as noble objects; but when we approached nearer, and advanced close up to them, they soon realized our most sanguine expectations. The simple dignity of the Doric order was irresistibly striking, and we could not but confess, that, though these structures are small in dimensions, they inspired us with higher ideas of grandeur than any building we had yet seen. The palaces in Florence, even St Peter's itself, or the Coliseum, notwithstanding their enormous size, did not convey such a pure conception of strength and dignity. The sentiment which they excited we felt as new to us, owing, I should think, to the daring severity of style, or the just proportion of every part towards the expression of eternal duration. They are three in number; the temple of Neptune, the temple of Ceres, and a Basilica for the administration of justice. The temple of Neptune, which is by much the finest and most

entire, has six columns in each front, and fourteen on each side. These rest on a basement of three steps, surrounding the temple; the pediment is massive and high.

The temple of Ceres, which appeared somewhat smaller, had likewise six columns in front, but only thirteen on each side. The Basilica has nine pillars in front, and eighteen on the flank, which, like those of the other temples, are placed on steps. The shafts of the columns of this last edifice are greater in the swell, and more bulky in appearance.

Perinisi's engravings give the best representations of these ancient structures, and I think will prove that the expression of strength and grandeur does not depend upon enormous magnitude, if the component parts of buildings (even should they be small) are massive and distinctly seen. Within the walls, which are three miles in circuit, are likewise the remains of an amphitheatre and a theatre, and these, with the temples, are all that time has left to remind us of the ancient Grecian city of Posidonia, where, if we may judge from the architecture I have just described, a general and noble taste must have prevailed. Who, after examining such examples of purity, will not agree with a well known writer, in hoping that this "precious legacy, bequeathed by the first born, and most favoured sons of taste, may finally triumph over the degraded sub-

stitution, compiled by the modern architects, and that we may soon see it appropriated in all public works of a severe and dignified character?"

On our return to Ebboli for the night, we perceived the murdered corpse still lying on the road, and discovered that he was supposed to be killed in a quarrel by his companion. Passing through Portici, we observed written over the door of a church, "Here is no asylum," (meaning for people guilty of atrocious deeds:) and most sincerely it were to be wished, that the same words were written over the entrance of every place of worship in the Catholic dominions.

Naples at present is not a school or cradle of art, which is consequently lower and more degraded here, than in any other considerable city in Italy. There are, however, several private collections of paintings: at the Capo de Monte, likewise, and in the churches, may be seen some of the works of the best mastes. In the Studii there is a small collection of pictures, and some admirable statues of rare antiquity. The famous HERCULES appears pre-eminent, and is well entitled to the society of the lovely FLORA, who accompanied him to Naples from the Farnese Palace in Rome. JUNO, magnificent and grand, is a companion fit for JOVE AND JUPITER AMMON. The statues of BACCHUS are likewise excellent, as also several GLADIATORS and statues of the Balbo family. The noble statue of

ARISTIDES THE JUST exhibits a superiority over the DECLAIMING CICERO. The VENUS has charms too great for APOLLO. He is better suited for the MUSES, some of whom are replete with character and beauty. The exquisite statue of AGRIPPINA, sitting in a pleasing natural attitude, is without a rival; she is so lady-like; the finger of age has gently pressed upon her, and gives an additional interest to her engaging countenance.

The collection is very great, and is particularly rich in busts. Those in transparent alabaster have a bad effect, nor can I admire the mixture of red porphyry and white marble in a figure of an APOLLO, nor slaves with black heads and hands, and drapery of the colour and appearance of Castile soap. It is indeed surprising that the ancient sculptors, whose taste was in general so correct, should, in many instances, have adopted so unseemly a style.

The collection of Greek Vases in the Studii is considerable, and many of them are of exquisite forms. Those discovered at Pompeii are all of a common description, and much inferior to the vases found in Sicily and Calabria. These precious remains are often imitated by modern potters, and the unskilful are occasionally imposed upon by the imitation. The ancient Vases are infinitely lighter in weight than those of recent manufacture. They likewise resist the action of acids,

which is not the case with the former; and by this difference imposition is often detected. The room of Bronzes contains many singular antiques; we were particularly struck with a stop-cock of a bath, still containing water, which it had received nearly 2000 years ago.

The pictures in the studii are but indifferent. A MADONNA in fresco by Correggio; a STUDY FOR A HOLY FAMILY; a PORTRAIT OF A POPE, and a SINGLE HEAD, by Sebastian del Piombo; a Cartoon by Raphael, called THE REPOSE OF MOSES, in a grand style, also a large Cartoon said to be by Michael Angelo; a fresco sketch of figures by Polidoro; a picture by Parmigiano, and the SACKING OF ROME, by Julio Romano, are among the best: those by Sebastian del Piombo are painted on blackish grey grounds, and have a dark and dismal character.

The unfolding of the Papyri discovered at Herculaneum is extremely curious and interesting. From the frailty of the material, the process is extremely slow: perhaps not more than half an inch is unfolded at a time, and is fixed upon gold-beater's leaf. In appearance, the Papyri might be mistaken for parts of calcined branches of trees, the circular folds seeming like the growth of the wood. In looking at these black and indurated masses, it requires an effort to believe them to be full of human knowledge. The number of the

rolls is very great; only two volumes of them, however, have as yet been published; the last contains fragments of a work of Epicurus, and a Latin poem in hexameters, very much mutilated, apparently descriptive of the contest for empire between Anthony and Octavius. In the next volume will be published a treatise of the philosopher Chrysippus concerning Providence. I believe there was found rolled up in his works a bust inscribed *Epicurus*, which may, perhaps, form a standard for identifying the different heads of that philosopher.

We are now about to set out for the Continent of Greece; but the weather is so unfavourable for a sea voyage of any extent, and there are so many objections to trusting ourselves in the month of February to the Adriatic, beyond what is absolutely necessary to our plans, that we have determined to travel from this city to Otranto, if, upon inquiry here, we should not find it to be impracticable. The little information we could collect, respecting this route, while at Rome, was far from satisfactory. We heard of many difficulties in performing the journey, and here they were swelled into perils, such as our Neapolitan friends urged it mere rashness to encounter. We have, however, been long enough in Italy to know how much the Italians magnify the dangers of travelling in their country, having had more than one opportunity of ascertaining how little reliance is to be placed on

the accounts of murders and robberies, which our informers solemnly asserted to have occurred at no great distance. On applying for information concerning the places through which we are to pass in our journey, at the bureaus of the public offices here, we have been disappointed. A very extraordinary degree of ignorance appears to prevail with regard to the interior, although Lecce, which lies upon our route, is the second city in the continental dominions of the King of Naples, with a population of 20,000 souls, and a considerable trade. There is a diligence, indeed, as far as Bari, and there, as well as at Otranto, are English vice-consuls, not indeed Englishmen, but Italians, as little acquainted with the language as with the feelings of the British. To these we have letters of introduction from Sir Henry Lushington, our consul-general at Naples, and notwithstanding the many difficulties, doubts, and dangers, we have fixed our departure for an early period, and if we are successful, shall sail from Otranto to the Ionian Islands, and, after examining them, proceed to the Continent of Greece.

LETTER XLV.

CORFU.

*Journey to Otranto.**

We left Naples on the night of 15th-16th of February, having sent our baggage in a ship of war returning from Naples to Corfu, so that we retained little to excite the cupidity of the banditti we were assured we should meet with before we reached Otranto. We have seen a country seldom visited by Englishmen. The first day's journey lay through defiles of the Apennines, full of the

* Our journey to Otranto lay through the following towns:—From Naples to Marigliano, Cardinalle, Avellino, Dentecane, Grottaminarda, Ariano, (first day's journey.) From Ariano to Savignano, Ponte di Bovino, Ordona, Cinignola, S. Cassano, Burletta, Biscaglie, Giovenazzo, Bari, (second day's journey.) From Bari to Mola, Monopoli, (third day's journey.) From Monopoli to Fasano, Ostuni, S. Vito, (fourth day's journey.) From St Vito to Mesagne, to Celina, Lecci, (fifth day's journey.) From Lecci to Martano, Otranto, (sixth day's journey.) In all not above 255 miles.

grandest scenes, romantic villages, and castellated mountain tops. The hills were covered with brushwood, and the vallies with vines; yet the people are wretched, and though not, perhaps, naturally vicious, are driven to the highway by extreme want. Our heavy lumbering diligence was always escorted by a couple of gens d'armes.

After the pass of Cardinalle, we enter on a more open country, exhibiting more of corn cultivation. Several large populous villages are seen glittering on the summits of the distant heights, but none is more singularly situated than Ariano, (where we passed the first night,) pinnacled on a mountain top, its sides cut into deep ravines, with various chains of mountains, ridge above ridge, and extensive plains between, stretching into the distance as far as the eye can reach. The bleak and wild appearance of this mountain-track, forcibly recalled the features of Highland scenery. The soil is volcanic, and volcanic appearances extended through the greatest part of our day's journey. The hill on which the town Ariano is built is wholly composed of tuffa. We perceived that the dwellings of the poor were dug in it, and these were not uncomfortable in appearance; they were similar to the excavations of the same material in the neighbourhood of Naples. This country has, at different periods, been greatly desolated by earthquakes.

We left Ariano early in the morning, and arrived

at the bridge of Bovino, near which the Apennines terminate, and the country becomes tame and open. The bridge of Bovino, and its neighbourhood, we had been warned at Naples to dread as infamous from the depredations of banditti: there was another reason for apprehension,—it was the termination of the good road. A former king of Naples had caused a royal road to be constructed from Naples to Bovino, for the sake of the fine sporting which the forest of Bovino afforded. At the bridge we were informed that the troops stationed there had been employed, all the preceding night, in the chace of the banditti of the neighbourhood, and were too fatigued to supply a guard for the diligence. We discovered, however, that the object was to induce us to give money to the officer for a guard, and we therefore determined to proceed without one. From the bridge we drove under a large vaulted archway into the body of the house; from this opened four large apartments, like barns, supported by coarse pillars, without any other entrance than that by the arched gateway. The two farthest of these barns were occupied by mules and carts; the third had a trap-door in the middle; the fourth was a dark and dismal place, without any light, but that afforded by a feeble fire, which glimmered on a raised hearth in the centre. The whole was like a den of thieves. Various figures stood around; and as our eyes be-

came accustomed to the smoky atmosphere, we discovered other groups and strange faces in the remoter corners of the chamber. The day was cold, and some soldiers came in to warm themselves. One of them appeared feeble and emaciated, and apparently in the last stage of decline; he came forward with more respect than the rest; we noticed him, and placed him near the fire, and gave him a little money and food. While we were observing his wan countenance and feeble limbs, we overheard a bystander inquire, if the English were Christians? "Yes!" continued he, "they must be so, from their humanity to that poor man: we Neapolitans are worse than Turks."

Our late guard quitting us at the bridge, we passed through this country, so dreaded by the Neapolitans, without attack or even alarm, and soon gained the plains of Puglia, the ancient Apulia. We travelled long without meeting with any interesting objects. In general the country towards Burletta is flat, or rises gently into extensive downs. The agriculture is different from that in the rest of Italy. Large and neatly built farm establishments occur; fields of wheat, of perhaps 200 acres together, and wide tracks of pasture land. The towns are open, airy, and well built; very different from the miserable post-house of Bovino. We passed the field of the battle of Conrad, and the Ofanto, the ancient Aufidus, before arriving at Barletta, a considerable town on the Adriatic Gulf. From this town there is an export of corn, which sufficiently accounted for the improved state of the country between Barletta and Bovino.

The country in the neighbourhood of Barletta, and all the way to Bari, assumes a new character. The substratum of the soil is limestone, which is covered with a finely pulverized red, to the depth of about a foot. Grapes, olives, wheat, lupins, and fruit trees, especially figs, are cultivated with great care. The fields are inclosed with dry stone walls; and the houses, which are numerous, though in general very small, and universally flat roofed, have a very lively appearance from their extreme whiteness, in the midst of the fresh green of the fields and orchards.

Bari has an imposing appearance from a distance; it is populous, though not in proportion to the size of the town: the principal exports are oil, and some raw cotton. Like the other towns of this part of the country, it stood a siege in the middle age; it had even at one period a Saracen garrison, which was commanded by an Arabian Emir, but surrendered to a grandson of Charlemagne. We found lying in the port a vessel for Corfu with Capo d'Istria, brother to the Russian minister, on board. We might have had a passage with him, but the necessity of submitting to a quarantine of fourteen days deterred us from

taking advantage of his offer. The Italian, who bore the title of Vice Consul, lived in a hovel by the sea side. He, and the host of the little inn where we took up our abode, endeavoured to alarm us with their assurances of the number of banditti close to the town, and the accounts of their depredations upon travellers: we were, however, inflexible in our determination to set out, and proceeded, accordingly, the next morning, in a miserable kind of covered carriage.

The road, if road it may be called, was such as no man in Britain would think practicable almost for a horse. Thirty miles a-day was all that we could accomplish; and for the greater part, we found it more convenient to travel on foot. The road to Monopoli lies chiefly along the sea shore: the hills run parallel, about six or eight miles inland, and almost the whole country is covered with olive, of the growth probably of 500 years: they are all pollards, and have stems like old willows, but as large and as grotesque as the oaks of Sherwood Forest: some of these look more like blocks of grey granite than trees; so entirely have they lost the appearance of vegetable life, except where the young branches spring. This forest of olives continues, with few interruptions, for nearly 100 miles. The hills are clothed with vineyards and corn growing under them.

In this route we carried our provisions along

with us, dining under an olive tree, or among wild aromatic flowers. On arriving at Monopoli, we immediately went to market, and bought our provisions; such as kid, cauliflower, fish, figs, and wine. The latter is excellent all along this coast. The best is red, and not unlike our Port, and costs about 2d. a flaggon.

The little town of Monopoli possesses much external magnificence. Domes, spires, and minarets, rise above its bastions and flanking walls; but every thing is in miniature. The streets are narrow and extremely clean, crowded, however, with wretched beings, old and young, in whose pale and sickly countenances all the diseases incidental to want are too legibly written. They flocked about us in crowds, as, indeed, the innumerable living skeletons did in every town; and a small sum, divided among them, gave a temporary gladness to many a heart. They bought and devoured greedily a large species of white bean, which is kept ready boiled in the streets as food for the poor. We have seen them picking bits of decayed lettuce and offal from the dunghills, and devouring it with avidity!

Leaving Monopoli, along a road in many places hedged with luxuriant opuntia, (the Indian fig,) we travel on for a time through olive groves, and then along the coast, which rises here into sandy hillocks, covered with bent-grass. Our notice

was here directed to a neat farm-house, from which the Algerines, about a year ago, carried off by surprise three of the inhabitants. The character of the coast is lonely rather than wild, and the ruins of the ancient Greek city of Egnatia, its broken citadel, the circuit of its walls, only indicated by heaps of stones, and one low arch, are quite in harmony with the scene. We learn from a modern inscription, that it was once famed for its fisheries, olives, orchards, and commerce. It cannot now boast of a single living thing, but the lizard, the serpent, and the hooded-crow!

We dined in a beautiful olive grove, within view of Ostuni, which stands on an elevated ground, enriched with the foliage of the olive: the monotony of these groves is sometimes relieved by the locust tree, and the date-palm. From the locust is produced the caruba, similar to a large bean pod, flat, brown, and sweet, having much of the flavour of the tamarind. In times of scarcity it is used by the poor in Rome, Naples, and the south. Our day's journey was to San Vito, but our veturino avoided the Ostuni road, as it was said to be infested by brigands.

You will smile at our having actually beat up the quarters of St Vitus; but we had no reason to smile: for a long time we were doubtful whether the town would afford us beds for the night, and some of us fared hardly enough. The

inn, as it was called, was without provisions; and had it not been for the contents of our basket, we should have had nothing to eat in the town of the "dancing saint." One of our party solicited and obtained a bed at a convent, but when he proceeded to occupy it, he found the filth so disgusting as to induce him to resign it. There are several convents and paltry churches in this town, all dedicated to St Vitus.

By the break of morn we left San Vito; the sun rose in splendour above the snowy mountains of Albania, and we hailed in distant prospect the classic land of Greece. The mountains of Chimæra, and the famed Acroceraunus, were mingled with the clouds; but as we approached Otranto, they gradually assumed the form, the grandeur, and livery of the Alps. We now cross over extensive downs, covered with flocks of goats and sheep. * The latter are of various shades and colours, black, brown, and grey; and the cloth of the country is made of the undyed wool. Leaving the town of Masagne, and its hedges of American aloe, and a pretty village a little farther to the south, we enter into an extensive plain, stretching to the horizon on every side, and entirely in a state of nature. Nothing meets

* The sheep in appearance are so like goats, that I suspected there must be a crossing of the different species.

the eye but interminable thickets of wild aromatic plants. Here flourish lentiscus, privet, myrtle, muchia, and the dwarf laburnum; around the taller arbutus grow wild lavender, sage, rosemary, the squill, and the garden thyme. The euphorbia was unfolding its luxuriant yellow flower. A variety of rich heaths emulated in size their more aspiring neighbours; anemonies and other flowers bespangled the green sward below. We observed many flower stalks of the aloe, not less than thirty feet in length; when in full blow, it is certainly the most superb of flowers. * Through them we worked our way for several hours, sometimes on one track and sometimes on another, for there is no regular road till we again entered among ancient olives, and arrived at Cellino, a beautiful village, in a still more beautiful country. God has done everything, but man nothing. Three hours after leaving Cellino, we reached the commercial town of Lecce, which, I have already observed, is the second city of the kingdom of Naples. In the streets, which are narrow, may be found every Greek and Roman order, and every Gothic corruption. The sculptor's art is facili-

* The birds most common are the crow, kite, ringtail hawk, cuckoo, goldfinch, chaffinch, magpie, blackbird, thrush, red-breast, plover, lapwing, a few snipe and wild pigeons, blue and small.

tated by the softness of the stone. Many of the ornaments are turned in a turning lath for a mere trifle; consequently the poorest people continue to have ornamented houses. Immediately after being taken from the quarry, the stone may be cut with a knife; it is said, however, to become so hard in a few days, as almost to resist the chisel; and where plainness has been intended, the weather has worn it into vermicular forms like madrepore. The rustic appearance of the lower stones of some of the public buildings in England, may have been imitated from this fancy work of nature. The churches and principal houses are sculptured in the richest style, with birds, flowers, animals, and angels. The balconies are supported by brackets, finely and fancifully ornamented. Every perversion of taste and torturing of simplicity may be seen in the streets of Lecce, * but with all its corruptions, an architect would find much to admire and perhaps to imitate.

This city once carried on an immense trade in oil and wine, and was the great store-house of Eastern Calabria. It still has all the bustle and activity of commerce. It is much to be regretted,

* The equestrian statues we saw are not larger than life; they consequently have a very diminutive and insignificant appearance at a short distance. Such statues, to have a commanding effect, should always be colossal.

however, for the sake of the population, that the olive and the vine should usurp the soil, to the exclusion of grain. The cultivation of these leaves much idle time on the hands of the peasant, which corn-agriculture would profitably employ. This idleness does infinite mischief to morals, and when an unfavourable season occurs, encourages crime, by adding the impulse of necessity to the want of principle. This, I am persuaded, is a principal cause of those frequent robberies which are said to take place; though certainly they are much exaggerated by the timidity of the Italians. If the people were more courageous, these depredations would be more frequent, for the olive harvest has failed in three successive years, and the necessities of the lower classes are extreme.

From Lecce to Otranto the distance is 28 miles. The fields are divided with stone walls; the stone appears to be an aggregation of stalactites. The agriculture is not good, but the barley was in the ear. The Greek village of Kalimara struck us, as greatly resembling the ancient city of Pompeii. We stopped for refreshment at the village of Cerpignano, and for 1s. 4d. had as much bread, cheese, and excellent red wine, as seven people required; here we observed that weights were made of rude stone.

The country towards Otranto becomes desolate and bare, extensive downs covered with thyme, with

occasionally the dwarf holly, the Rosa marina, and lavender, stretch around like wild moorlands. The Lake Alemenie, on the left, varies a little the monotony of this district, but nothing is seen of Otranto till we drop upon it unexpectedly.

It is a poor looking town, situate on an elevated projecting point, between two small bays, and is walled and mounted with cannon. Finding, on our arrival, that there was no inn, we sent for the British vice-consul, who lodged us in the house of an Italian marquis. We laid down our beds, which we borrowed, in a large damp and comfortless apartment, without furniture of any sort, and in another squatted ourselves around a pan of charcoal. During the nights we were disturbed, and most of us kept sleepless, by the swarms of musquitos and fleas, the room having probably not been visited by a broom, during the time of the present generation of the noble proprietors of the palace.

The celebrated castle of Otranto is an imposing object of considerable size. It owes all its reputation in England to the interesting romance of that name. I have made drawings of it from every point of view, not omitting the court-yard, where the gigantic helmet appeared. The gateway is particularly splendid, and has a dignified and chivalric air, as indeed has the whole building. Some palm trees, which are opposed to the aged and crumbling walls, had a fine effect, and heightened the senti-

occasionally the dwarf holly, the Rosa marina, and lavender, stretch around like wild moorlands. The Lake Alemenie, on the left, varies a little the monotony of this district, but nothing is seen of Otranto till we drop upon it unexpectedly.

It is a poor looking town, situate on an elevated projecting point, between two small bays, and is walled and mounted with cannon. Finding, on our arrival, that there was no inn, we sent for the British vice-consul, who lodged us in the house of an Italian marquis. We laid down our beds, which we borrowed, in a large damp and comfortless apartment, without furniture of any sort, and in another squatted ourselves around a pan of charcoal. During the nights we were disturbed, and most of us kept sleepless, by the swarms of musquitos and fleas, the room having probably not been visited by a broom, during the time of the present generation of the noble proprietors of the palace.

The celebrated castle of Otranto is an imposing object of considerable size. It owes all its reputation in England to the interesting romance of that name. I have made drawings of it from every point of view, not omitting the court yard, where the gigantic helmet appeared. The gateway is particularly splendid, and has a dignified and chivalric air, as indeed has the whole building. Some palm trees, which are opposed to the aged and crumbling walls, had a fine effect, and heightened the senti-

ment inspired by the romance and the building itself.

Otranto, though a miserable place to live in, (having been lately scourged by famine,) affords some excellent subjects for the pencil, such as a Gertin would have painted upon the spot, or Blore would delineate with scrupulous accuracy. The principal church, with its round Gothic window, and some houses near it, with their brackets, balustrades, and rich friezes, are most attractive objects. We entered the church during the time of service, and saw the corpse of a man lying with his common clothes on. In the crypt below, which is very ancient, are two curious marble columns, said to have been brought from the Holy Land; the shafts are richly covered, and have inscriptions from the Sacred Writings.

The Inquisition is not abolished in Otranto, but its pains and punishments, as in other Catholic countries, are inflicted for opinion, and not for acts of violence. The magistrates have little power. A person cannot be apprehended on suspicion of robbery or murder: this might possibly interfere with the privileges of the sanctuary of the church. Sad consternation prevailed while we were there, about some robbers that were lurking in the neighbourhood of the town. They were even seen and pointed out to our party by the governor, who took no measures to apprehend them; and more villanous-

looking fellows, my friends informed me, could not be seen. When I returned to our palazzo, having separated at an early hour from my companions, my appearance was a welcome sight to the magistrates, who were consulting with my friends what steps should be taken, being apprehensive that I might have been attacked, while I was sketching the castle at some distance from the town; as it seems it was only single persons that the ruffians ventured to rob. The governor was urged strongly to have them arrested, which he promised to do, upon further consultation with his friends the clergy.

The harbour of Otranto is not so good as some of the other ports on the Adriatic, in the King of Naples' dominions, but it serves as a shelter in bad weather. Happily for us, a vessel with corn from Brindisi was compelled to put in by stress of weather, and we agreed with the Greek captain and his crew (for in the Greek vessels it is usual for each of the sailors to have a share in the ship) to take us to Corfu, whither he was bound.

Before embarking, having some time to write, I shall supply a few slight omissions which I have observed in this letter. It is not a little remarkable, that, in all the distance from Barletta to Otranto, about 130 miles, we crossed only a single paltry stream. The substratum is entirely lime, and almost wholly mixed with marine shells, the oyster, the cockle, and scallop, but none of an antediluvian de-

scription, like those in France, or on the Apennines. The soil is thin but rich; to make it produce as it does, the dews must be extremely heavy during the summer heats. To supply the deficiency of water, tanks, or underground reservoirs, have been built in very ancient times, and are still kept up with the most anxious care. Into these every little spring is turned, and the rain water preserved. The houses all along the coast are built of square blocks of limestone, which they procure soft and of a chalky whiteness: it forms a cement when mixed with earth, without being burned.* The country houses are all inclosed in walls, and secured with a strong gate, as a precaution against Italian robbers, or more properly against the piratical incursions of the Algerines. The roofs, for the most part, form a flat terrace, and above this a sort of watch-tower or look-out is frequently constructed.

The people are well-bred and respectful; they wear full large great-coats, and the taper-crowned hat, and were always, when we met them in the country, provided with fire-arms. We saw few women, and those very plain and unhealthy,

* We admired the beauty of many of the chimneys, especially in the towns; like those in Florence and Rome, the variety was without end, and often gave a consequence to the poorest dwelling.

perhaps from poverty and bad food. The mode of travelling is remarkable; the saddle is made with brackets of wood, so as to form a seat on each side of the horse, like two conversation stools; we tried it, and found it very comfortable and commodious. Among the vines the hoe is the instrument in use: at this season, the earth is collected into pyramidal heaps, and the roots laid almost bare. The vine is cut within two feet of the ground, and the excellence of the produce shews the utility of the practice. In the north of Italy, where the vines are trained in sweeping festoons from tree to tree, the wine is almost invariably thin and acid. On the evening of the 24th of February we embarked, attended by the consul to the water side.

LETTER XLVI.

CORFU.

Voyage to Corfu.—Albanian Shore.—View in approaching Corfu.—Arrival at Corfu.—Hospitality of Sir Thomas Maitland, Governor-General.—His Character.

The vessel in which we took our passage was in quarantine, and our interview with the captain, while making our bargain, took place on the open shore, under the superintendence of a guard from the health office, who, with his wand, kept us at such a distance from each other, as to prevent contagion. The captain was placed about eight feet to leeward. At present all persons coming from the Ionian Islands perform a quarantine of twenty-eight days. The recent plague at Corfu and Cephalonia seem to justify the measure. On the other hand, there is a retaliatory quarantine of ten days on all vessels from the coast of Calabria, in consequence of the appearance of pestilence last year in the town of Noja.

We embarked in the evening, and as the night was chill, we stretched ourselves on the wheat with shut hatches. About midnight we were awakened by the violent pitching of the boat; a

storm had come on, and the waves had several times come over us, and forced their way into the hold, through the loosely joined hatches. The morning found us drifting up the Adriatic under a foresail, with the Acroceraunian promontory under our lee, which the ancients describe as so fatal to mariners. We passed repeatedly between it and the Island of Saseno, and cast anchor in two feet water, at a few miles distance from the town of Canina, and at least eighty to the north of Corfu. We were now in the territory of Ali Pasha, from which, at Corfu, there is a quarantine of thirty days. It was necessary, therefore, to avoid all communication with the natives, and we ventured on shore, not without apprehension of some accident which might unintentionally involve us in some disagreeable predicament. The day, however, was inviting, and though we did not go beyond the small headland, under which our bark lay, we enjoyed, nevertheless, a very interesting view of the romantic region before us. On the S. E. the great bay of Avlona, bounded by the Acroceraunian promontory, and the Chimariote mountains, disappeared into the country among fine mountain scenery, snow-capped like the Alps. To the north of our little cape lay a spacious hollow bay, inclosed like a lake, with a large and beautifully wooded island, and a monastery embowered. Innumerable wild fowl, particularly coots,

lined the margin, or skimmed upon the surface, which was perfectly calm. This is a famous fishing-station, and several fishing-boats from the island resort hither annually, and pay for the privilege. We counted at one time six pelicans securing their share of the finny spoil. The high mountain of the Sopra Canina, as the Italians call it, rises nobly off the town, and at the foot, a fortification belonging to Ali Pasha. Here Ali Pasha was taken prisoner in his youth by the Pasha of Avlona, and mercifully spared. He repaid this act of mercy, by possessing himself of the Pachalic, by the united means of treachery and arms.

The rocks around our station were composed of a sandstone curiously stratified, and of different degrees of hardness. High round knobs and prominences were left by the waters, worn into very fantastic shapes, and perforated like madrepore. Albanians on horseback passed us frequently at a short distance. They were the first we had seen, and partly on account of quarantine, and partly from other considerations, we did not feel disposed to hold any communication.

In the course of the day, we were a little surprised, and not quite at ease, on seeing two horsemen with large turbans and flowing robes, gallop their horses into the sea close to our bark, and remain some time in conversation. We found, however, that they were only two Greek merchants, making inquiries relative to trade. In the evening we re-embarked with a fair wind for Corfu, and had a strong and steady breeze during the night.

> " Morn dawns, and with it stern Albania's hills,
> Dark Sul i's rocks and Pindus' inland peak,
> Rob'd half in mist, bedew'd with snowy rills,
> Arrayed in many a dun and purple streak,
> Arise, and as the clouds along them break,
> Disclose the dwelling of the mountaineer."

Before us lay Corfu stretching to the right, and in the same direction, and nearer to Otranto, rose the small rocky islands of Merlera and Fano, the latter supposed by some to have been the Island of Calypso, and so, indeed, denominated in D'Anville's map of Greece. We drove along with a strong fresh wind and fine sunshine, through the narrow channel which divides Corfu from Epirus, passed Casiopo, where stood the Temple of Jupiter in ancient times, and on the opposite side the advancing shores of Butrinto, when the woody and variegated shores and hills of Corcyra, forming the western boundary of an extensive bay, expanded before us. The grand mountains of Albania, and the more distant coast of Greece, receding to the south, uniting to the eye with the castellated rocks of the city, and fortified Island

of Vido, presented a combination of objects, no less interesting than delightful.

We landed at the health office, and a small adjoining house within the precincts of the office, and inclosed with palisades, was allotted for our residence during our days of quarantine. In the evening notice was sent, that our quarantine would expire on the following morning. After our introduction to the Governor-General, Sir Thomas Maitland, we were invited by his excellency to dine with him, and an apartment was provided for us in the palace. We remained there about ten days, and nothing could exceed the kindness of Sir Thomas Maitland. He lives in a princely style, and is no less remarkable for his rigid economy of the public revenue, than for acts of private munificence. To a wiser head or a nobler heart, the interests of Great Britain in the Grecian islands could not be intrusted. He is admired, beloved, and feared. The former sentiment is general, and he is only feared by those who apprehend the detection of some sinister scheme of private gain at the public expence. Three things he cannot endure,—intrigue, injustice, and thanks. To all who have deserved his confidence, his attachment is permanent and growing. He possesses, in a very uncommon measure, that penetrating sagacity which discovers, almost at a glance, the whole character of those with whom he has occasion to act;—a

quality of inestimable value in the situation which he fills, among a people distinguished by artifice, ability, and absence of moral principle. He has a deep knowledge of jurisprudence, and a thorough acquaintance with policy and trade;—an excellent lawyer, without the technicalities of a special pleader, and a statesman, nearly divested of party. The islands profess the fullest confidence in his integrity, capacity, and firmness. He began by studying, most attentively, for upwards of a year, the disposition and character of the leading men of the Septinsular Aristocracy. This directed him in the choice of the primary council, from whom the new constitution was to receive its first sanction. The eleven members of this council are a constituent part of the legislative body, which is composed of forty persons, and will naturally have considerable influence over the remaining twenty-nine, who are to be elected in a fixed proportion from the "Sincliti" of the different islands. These Sincliti are the noblesse, possessing a certain qualification, and enrolled and dated under the constitution of 1803. Hence the government has been hitherto purely aristocratical. But the most important benefit which British supremacy will confer on these islands, will be in purifying the administration of justice, which has been, and still is, shamefully corrupt; and Sir Thomas Maitland, as the courts of Malta evince, is admirably quali-

fied for the task. The national character itself may receive a radical and even rapid reform. The Greek succession of masters, the instability of the government, and the ignorance of the governors, opened every situation to the assaults of political intrigue, artifice, and misrepresentation. Among an ingenious people, these vices are carried to an extreme. But when no longer available under an enlightened government, these arts will cease to be employed, and the public character will regain a more upright and a finer carriage. Already has the Lord Commissioner abashed duplicity and intrigue, and infused a relish for fair and honourable dealing, by his own perfect candour, openness, and consistency. He has possessed himself of the hearts of the people, by the wise measures which he is adopting to shield them from the intolerable tyranny of the noblesse, and the venality of justice; and he has gained the admiration of the noblesse, by his noble candour, at the same time that his commanding talent has overawed their understanding. They see now no refuge but in honesty. A new and happy era has commenced, and we may hope it will draw after it important and fortunate results.

LETTER XLVII.

CORFU.

City of Corfu.—Castradis.—Cottage of the Governor-General.—Ship of Ulysses.—General Appearance of the Island.—Village of Potamo.—View from the Mountain of St Salvador.—Bali.—Laxity of Morals.—Aristocracy divided into Russian and English Parties.—Assassinations.—Superstitions and Immorality of the People.—Events in the Ancient History of Corcyra.

When we left the Lazaretto, we were particularly struck with the variety of nations and costumes mingling in the streets,—Greeks, Turks, Albanians, Italians, British soldiers, officers and their wives, and I may add English T. G's. (travelling gentlemen,) each distinguishable by the air, dress, or occupation, characteristic of the individual and the country. The city of Corfu is of considerable extent, the houses two and three stories high, the streets narrow, with small arcades on each side. The military esplanade is spacious and open, commanding extensive views in front of the palace and fortifications; and behind the palace are two high conical rocks, (like those of Dumbarton Castle,) projecting into the sea, and strongly fortified.

After the taking of Candia in 1670, the Turks besieged the castle of Corfu for five years, and were at length defeated, when on the eve of success, by an unexpected and desperate sally from the garrison by night. Austria, Italy, and Hungary, aided the Venetians in repelling this obstinate and long protracted siege. On the land side, the French have thrown up most laborious and expensive works; much too extensive to be defended by any force which Great Britain would employ, except in very particular circumstances, for such an object. Corfu would require for that purpose at least 10,000 men on this line. A little to the south of the city lies the village of Castradis, the site most probably of the ancient city of Corcyra. In cutting the fosse, quantities of broken pottery and marble were found, and nearer the surface, and of course more recent, fragments of Roman tessellated pavement; farther on, large blocks of marble, with joints and capitals, and columns, lie in heaps together. In the village, a little Greek church is pointed out as occupying the site of an ancient temple of Janus. Sir Thomas Maitland's cottage lies about a mile farther towards the one gun battery, in a most romantic situation, full of classical interest and natural beauty. On one side is the Grecian continent; the view inland, embracing what is called the old harbour, stretches over a country varied with mountains and

valleys richly clothed; olive groves, among which picturesque villages are partially concealed, or displayed on rocky eminences, and mountain slopes rising above the forest. The forms of the mountains are peculiarly graceful, and the richness of the whole scenery recalls those views of the islands in the Pacific Ocean, with which the engravings in Cook's voyages have so often delighted me. At the entrance to the old harbour is the rock called the Ship of Ulysses, represented by Homer as a perpetual monument of the wrath of Neptune, when he found that Ulysses had escaped the storm.

> "The God arrests her with a sudden stroke,
> And roots her down, an everlasting rock."

By the way, it bears not the least resemblance to any thing in the nature of a ship, ancient or modern. But Homer thought otherwise; and this evidence will satisfy nine-tenths of our modern unbelievers in the truth of Christianity.

We made several excursions into the country; it is every where full of beauty, but the olive sadly prevails, to the exclusion of corn cultivation. A change in this particular would introduce industry and abundance together, and would make Corfu equally independent of Turkey and Russia for its deficiency of bread-corn.

In one of these excursions to the top of Mount Pilica, I was struck with the resemblance of the

island to the blade of a sickle, which its ancient name *Drepane* implies. The country on this side is low, rich, and wooded, but in great need of drainage, and hence the malaria is very prevalent and fatal: great numbers die annually of the fever which it occasions. Orange and lemon orchards are numerous over the island; and at this season they were loaded with golden fruit, though so early in the spring. The olive woods beneath were enamelled with wild flowers, "Iris all hues," and anemonies of every shade, from the deepest purple to the palest damask. Heaths of uncommon size and richness bloomed among the rocky clefts.

"Thro' every season blooms the tender rose,
The shelter'd vi'let here for ever blows,
And wintry suns, with more than vernal power,
Mature the fruit, and court the opening flower."

Farther west of the ancient city was probably the garden of Alcinous, so beautifully described in the Odyssey.

"Close to the gate a spacious garden lies,
From storms defended and inclement skies,
Tall thriving trees confess the fruitful mould,
The reddening apple ripens here to gold.
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows,
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flourish round the year;

The balmy spirit of the western gale,
"Eternal breathes on fruits, untaught to fail,"
The same mild season gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruit to grow."

This might be a literal description of any garden in this delightful island. On the opposite shore of the large salt water lake, called the Old Harbour, is supposed to exist the fountain Cressida, where Ulysses presented himself to Nausicaa, the daughter of Alcinous. It emits a copious stream, which turns a mill a few hundred yards from its source. An ugly white parapet props a foot-path above it, and destroys the quiet and retirement of the spot. In other respects, it corresponds sufficiently with Homer's account.

The village of Potamo, with its high church-tower, embosomed among hills tufted with olive, is a pleasing object, and the old Venetian port, now in disuse, with the buildings going to ruin, possesses considerable beauty. Before leaving Corfu, we made an excursion partly by water to the top of St Salvador, a high mountain twelve miles to the north of the city. Early in the morning we landed our boat on a sandy beach at the foot of St Salvador. The ascent by the village of Ceres occupied nearly three hours. The clouds alternately rose and descended, but just as we reached the monastery on the summit, they dissolved in a heavy shower, and the sun bursting

forth, lighted up the whole scenery around. We looked down upon the narrow channel that separates Corcyra from Albania, as on a river. Old Buthrotum and its lake lay a little inland; and beyond, the snow-covered mountains of Kimara and Pindus, with many vales between, streaked with golden gleams and broken clouds, hung on their varied forms, and seemed to dwell in scenes wild, majestic, and unknown; and, as far as we could judge, the scenery of Epirus appeared to equal any painting of the fancy. To the north lay the petit district of Avos, the Hadriatic Sea, and the Island of Calypso. To the south and south-east the rich scenery of Corfu, the Islands of Paxo, Cephalonia, and Santa Maura, like distant clouds on the blue waters of the Ionian Sea. We rung the bell of the convent, the only sound that broke the silence of this mountain solitude. A poor old Greek monk attended us from the nearest village, to shew the chapel and relics of his wretched convent, and to receive a small and hard earned gratuity. The whole mountain, indeed all the island, is calcareous, and in many places composed of marine shells. The strata is vertical, full of air holes, and frequently of a green and vitrified appearance. Below the conical summit is a long flat ridge, broken and uneven, with innumerable little patches of black earth bearing Turkey corn, and each from 40 to 100 yards in breadth.

We passed in our way down through the thickets of wild myrtle, arbutus, valony, and bay, with vast numbers of wild flowers quite unknown to me. Passing a beautiful village with its terraces and groves of orange, lemon, cypress, and olive, we found it difficult to scramble through the brushwood, and the dry channels of torrents. We reached the shore near a sweet country-box, the owner of which came out to welcome us with flowers, violets, orange blossoms, &c. Sir Thomas Maitland, with his yacht, was ready to receive us, and when we came on board, we found such a feast of fish, as a London epicure would go far to enjoy. It was the produce of a few hours fishing, and consisted of 80 red mullets, soles, eels, John Dories, with the sea scorpion, and the calamara or ink fish; appetite was not wanting, and the porter, champagne, and maraskina, might have served for a banquet of the gods.

A few days after our arrival, we had a splendid ball and supper at the palace; the ladies were numerous and well dressed, but in the French taste. * They were not in general handsome, though among them were one or two that might

* At a former ball, or entertainment, which I believe was the first given to the natives by the Governor, the ladies were attired in Greek dresses, and must have been infinitely more interesting in their appearance.

be called beautiful. The ladies of the islands are much secluded. In Corfu, however, the French introduced a considerable change in manners, and unfortunately in morals too, which here, and, indeed, throughout the seven islands, are extremely lax. A sort of agreement is not unfrequent, by which a young woman is made over by her parents to her admirer (her own consent being first obtained) at a stipulated sum. The usual sum is 200 dollars, and a small provision for life. This species of concubinage frequently terminates in marriage, when the girl is respectable, and there happen to be children. It produces, at the same time, much infidelity in the married state. The society of Corfu was chiefly military, and at the general's ball, almost all the gentlemen were in uniform, except the members of the primary council: they were for the most part intelligent Greeks. French, Italian, and English, were the medium of conversation; but Romaic, a barbarous Greek dialect, is the language of all the islands, as well as of the Continent of Greece. Several of the Greek nobility speak English tolerably well.

Among the number was one very noted character, Count A—— the richest nobleman of Cephalonia. During the imbecility of the Russian government, he headed a party, and having defeated his adversaries in a battle, he in one morning decapitated twenty-three of his prisoners. The

bloody proscription of Sylla and the triumvirate differ from this butchery in nothing, but in the quantity of civil blood which those monsters shed to their private revenge. Count A—— is regarded as a kind of political curiosity. We may judge by this example, what should be the value of a strong and upright government among such a people.

The aristocracy is divided into two parties,—the Russian and the English. The Russian at first threatened to be formidable, having at its head Count Capo d'Istria, the father of the favourite minister of the Russian Emperor. But the Count is too old to be very active, and the declarations of Alexander have held out no encouragement. The able management of the Lord High Commissioner has left this party without hope. In the formation of his primary council, he prudently introduced a few of the most violent of the Russian party, well knowing that this violence would disgust their associates in the council, and produce opposition, and that, if he should obtain their concurrence in his plan of the constitution, it implied the acquiescence at least, and perhaps the approbation, of the party. He has found them, I believe, as tractable as the rest; but though unfelt under his firm, conciliatory, and powerful control, the party might not improbably be revived, should any event emerge favourable to their views. Russia is a mere pretext; their real object, as I conceive,

being independence on other powers, in order that they may tyrannize at home. But the natural weakness and position of the Ionian islands, and all their past history, demonstrate, that they must ever be an appendage of some more powerful state; powerful at sea, and able to protect them as well as to command.

The similarity of religion (the Greek Church) may indeed produce a sympathetic preference in favour of Russia; but I should think this circumstance is of no account. It is now in contemplation to make the Greek the Established Church. This point being secured, they can wish for nothing more from Russia, on the score of conformity of faith. Heretofore, the Catholic has been on the same footing as the Greek Church, and has subsisted in perfect harmony with its less orthodox rival. In both, the ceremonial would seem to comprehend everything. The fasts, particularly those of the Greek Church, are rigidly observed by the lower ranks, but morality and true religion, reverence towards God, and love to man, seem almost unknown. Private revenge had been carried to a most flagrant excess. In Zante, immediately previous to our occupation of that island, sixty persons, in six months, were assassinated in the streets. Each family had its deadly feuds; when one family came to the city, others were obliged to retire to their estates to avoid the dagger or the pistol of

the hired assassin. If any man in Cephalonia was offensive to Count A—— a hint was sufficient. At a convenient time he was quietly dispatched.

The trade of the islanders was piracy, robbery, and murder on the seas. But conscience was always quieted by the severity of their fasts. I have heard it mentioned, that when one of Count A——'s myrmidons once came to acquaint him with an assassination, and was ordered dinner, he absolutely refused to taste animal food, because it was the season of the fast. Far be it from me to think, or to say, that either the Greek or Roman ritual countenances such crimes; but it is nevertheless my firm opinion, that all religions, which ascribe the chief merit to ceremonial observances, are in that proportion unfavourable to moral conduct. In the multiplicity of sacraments, offerings, fasts, processions, external forms, and ostentatious parade, the religion of the heart is forgot. It is not rare, I have been told, for people to frequent both churches, to profess both creeds, and to alternate between them, according to caprice. Indifference is the consequence. At present, among the higher ranks, there is very little religion, but plenty of superstition and parade. The body of St Speridion is a source of considerable gain to a noble family in Corfu, to whom it belongs. He is carried in grand procession through the streets, and worshipped on bended knees as he passes along. St Cara-

lambro patronizes the island of Paxo ; St Jerassimo, Cephalonia ; and St Dionysio, Zante ; they are all saluted with discharges of artillery, and the vulgar are taught to believe in the efficacy of their intercession. The plague at Corfu was declared to have been stayed by St Speridion. The rigorous military police of Sir Thomas Maitland was on that occasion a most powerful auxiliary to the saint. Even the patents issued by the health office bear to be " in the name of God, and by the intercession of St Speridion," &c.

But I have detained you so long with these dry details, that by this time you will be glad to change the scene, and visit the remaining islands. I shall therefore reserve some important particulars, relative to agriculture, commerce, revenue, &c. for a future letter.

Corcyra was celebrated for having been the island on which Ulysses is represented in the Odyssey as having been entertained by Alcinous, king of Phaeacia; as the place where Cato and Cicero met after the battle of Pharsalia ; and where Cato, after having entreated Cicero to take the command of the last legions which remained faithful to the republic, separated from him to lose his life at Utica, while Cicero went to lose his head to the triumvirate; as being the place to which Aristotle was once exiled; as having been visited by the youthful

Alexander; as the place where the tragical nuptials of Anthony and Cleopatra were celebrated ; as the place where Agrippina touched, bringing from Egypt the body of the murdered Germanicus in the midst of winter. Corcyra was a great naval power, and drew the Athenians into the war with the Lacedemonians, and their allies, called the Peloponnesian war, which lasted 27 years, and terminated fatally for Athens, which was reduced to subjection by the Lacedemonians.

LETTER XLVIII.

ZANTE.

Islands of Paxo and Zante.

From the Island of Corfu, we embarked in a fine armed schooner belonging to the government, and passed southward between Corfu and the coast of Albania, which here is deeply indented with bays and promontories. We observed some large villages at a distance from the shore, backed by high mountains of a brown parched appearance. The southern point of Corfu is low and rich, but very unhealthy. We lay too off Parga, and in the night had violent squalls: about day-break three water-spouts fell around us. To make the most of a foul wind, we ran into the beautiful harbour of St Gajo, the capital of the little wooded Island of Paxo. The town is wholly concealed by two small inlets; the outer having a ruined church, and part of an ancient Cyclopean wall; the inner is high, and surmounted with a modern fort and barrack. Sailing up a deep and narrow sound between limestone rocks, tufted with euphorbia, and

quantities of narcissus, we come abruptly on the town, forming an amphitheatre round a small and shallow harbour, with rich olive woods, and occasionally cypress groves rising above. No town which we have lately seen, surpasses in neatness this miniature of a capital city. The quays are paved, the streets clean and well lined; the houses extremely neat, and ornamented on this occasion with olive boughs, in expectation of a visit from the Lord High Commissioner, in whose honour a little triumphal arch had been erected.

Lieutenant Simpson (capo di governo) has the chief merit of these reforms. He received us most kindly, and shewed and explained to us every thing worthy of attention. The island is composed of a light grey limestone, layer above layer, with a gentle dip to the east. It is covered with debris, but wherever this has been cleared away, a fine black mould appears, extremely rich. The gardens are quickly overrun with rank weeds, particularly the *volpe*, so called from its destroying every other vegetable near it. The interior of the island is highly beautiful, much inclosed, and nearly covered with olive trees. The villages are neat and picturesque; the houses within were extremely clean, and the people were sitting before them, enjoying the evening sun, amusing themselves with various sports, and apparently very happy. Notwithstanding appearances, we were assured that the proprietors are, like

the Greeks of the other islands, discerning, quick, jealous of each other, and full of finesse, extremely litigious, and oppressing the lower ranks with all the forms of legal injustice. The proprietors are connected, and the judges are unjust from influence and bribes.

The manners of the islanders are correct; the women are much retired, except on festivals, when they flock to St Gajo in their richest attire, and dance in the open air to the sound of the pipe; some, however, have never been so far from home as the capital. They are all uneducated; the sister, for instance, of the Countess N—— can neither read nor write. We went into one of the cottages, where the daughter of the owner immediately retired and hid herself. Querns, as formerly used in Scotland, are here used for grinding corn; this work, as in the most ancient times, is left to the women. "Two women shall be grinding at the mill, the one shall be taken, and the other left."

The population of the island is 3968; the annual produce in wine, corn, oil, and fine honey, is estimated at 104,018 dollars. The returns from exports 96,000, and the revenue 7500, which is capable of being further raised to 10,000 dollars; of this sum 2000 would be requisite for roads, which are at present so rocky and slippery, that the mules are used without shoes, to prevent them from falling with their loads. Wheeled carts or carriages

are quite unknown, except in the cities of Corfu and Zante. The oil is transported in sheep's skins, and much is lost by the falling of the beasts of burthen on the slippery roads. The oil seasons are alternate, and the produce of them averages at about 17,000 barrels, of 128 pints English each, and valued at present (a dear year) at 17½ dollars the barrel. They raise only one month's supply of corn and wine for three: a considerable part of the defect might, it is thought, be supplied by the cultivation of the fine soil of the little chalky Isle of Anti-Paxo. It is separated by the channel about a mile in breadth, and is at present abandoned to the feeding of mules, and fifteen or sixteen poor Albanians. From 400 to 500 of the inhabitants of Paxo find annually three months employment on the opposite coast of Epire, and return with their wages in bread-corn.

Property is curiously enjoyed, one man possessing the soil, and another the olive trees which cover it. The proprietor of the soil has little more than the *dominium directum*: the *dominium utile* is in the person of the tenant, or rather vassal. All calculations are in dollars. Their lira or lb. is of different weights; the grosser lira being 14 oz., and their lira sottile of 8. Three public schools have been established, at which 100 children are educated, at six dollars a-year. Among the inconveniences, want of water is the greatest.

The island contains about 40 tanks. The surface of these is covered with flags, sloping to a hole in the centre, through which the collected rain is received. A large reservoir was begun by the Russians for the use of the town, but remains unfinished. Near the Lazaretto is a curious intermittent spring, the water of which appeared to me to be above the temperature of the sea, into which it flows. The island contains 36 churches; 12 are sufficient: 28 ecclesiastics, some of whom are fishermen, none I believe apostles: 56 vessels, including boats, belong to it.

Four hundred species of plants, twelve of which are unknown in Corfu, are natives of this island: Flora of both have been printed by Signor Pieri. Near the town euphorbia appears a large shrub; ranunculus, narcissus, rue, chamomile, oranges and lemons are ingrafted on the same stock. Vast numbers of turtle doves resort hither in the spring. A species of broom, called sparto, is here converted into coarse cloth, with which the poor are clad. It is macerated in water 15 days, and the bark is spun into thread: bad cables are also made of it. Bruce describes a storm in the Bay of Alexandria, in which several ships broke their cables, made of the spartian, and being very weak.

Inconsiderable as this island is, it still prefers its claim to a place in classic history. The Madonna Island, at the entrance to the harbour, is said

to have been honoured with the presence of Marc Anthony, the day before the battle of Actium, when 13 kings attended at his levee. The battle was fought on the opposite coast.

About half an hour's walk from the town may be seen, near the south-east point, the ruinous remains of the old Greek church, built on the site of the ancient Temple of Pan. Mr Simpson found here a rude marble capital, of the Doric order. Plutarch, in his Treatise *De Defectu Oraculorum*, mentions this temple, and says that its oracle had ceased. Milton, in his Hymn on the Nativity, probably alludes to it when he calls upon the Dryads, or Nymphs of the Woods, to announce the departure of their god:

> "The lonely mountains o'er,
> And the resounding shore,
> A voice of weeping heard,
> And loud lament."

The view from the hill above Porto Puzzo is very pleasing. At the Church of the Holy Virgin, below, a gold coin of Philip of Macedon was found about four months since. The whole island is truly described as embowered in olive shades.

Zante was our destination, but squally weather again obliged us to seek a port. We ran into the harbour of Viscarda, near the northern point of Cephalonia. Though the weather was stormy, we

had a fine passing view of the famous Leucadian Cape, called Sappho's Leap. *

It is a high chalky cliff, at the point of Santa Maura, which anciently had the name of Leucate. A Temple of Apollo once stood upon the promontory, but no vestige of it remains. Sappho, a female of Lesbos, and an exquisite poet, flourished about 600 years before the Christian era; being slighted by Phaon, she threw herself in despair from this bold precipice. Her hopeless passion is painted strongly by Ovid, in Sappho and Phaon, which is beautifully translated by Pope. Such was the sweetness of her poetry, and the sublimity of her genius, that she was called the tenth muse; she has made this lofty cape for ever memorable.

---

* " Here as I lay, I swelled with tears the flood,
Before my sight a watery virgin stood!
She stood and cry'd, " O you that love in vain!
Fly hence and seek the fair Leucadian main,
There stands a rock, from whose impending steep,
Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep;
There injured lovers, leaping from above,
Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.
Deucalion once with hopeless fury burn'd,
In vain he lov'd, relentless Pyrrha scorn'd;
But when from hence he plunged into the main,
Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain.
Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw
Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below."

" For ever sacred be the foaming tide,
That breaks against thy hoarse resounding side;
What though thy long forsaken steep retain
No mouldering vestige of its marble fane?
Yet shall thy cliffs deserve eternal fame
From Sappho's plaintive verse, and hopeless flame."

Santa Maura was separated by the inhabitants from the Grecian Continent, after the close of the Peloponnesian war, near 400 years before Christ.

We left Viscarda in a fine sunny morning, passing down the narrow channel between Cephalonia and Ithaca:

" Full oft' recalling, as we sail'd along,
The hero's glory, or the poet's song."

Behind us were Leucate's chalky cliffs, rising above the dark blue waves. To the left lay Ithaca, high and barren; and the Cyclopean walls of the castle and city of Ulysses. To the right was Cephalonia, on whose elevated and arid sides were the villages of Pelagia, Commitata, and Dolicha, with numerous lines of stone walls covering the hills like the meshes of a net. The insulated rock Dascallio, supposed to be the Asteris of Homer, was at hand. In the distance was the snow-topped mountain Neritos, and at its foot the plain, the ruins, and the spacious bay of ancient Samos.

As the channel opened, we successively descri-

ed the Islands and Gulf of Patras, the mountains of the Morea, Castello Tornese, projecting to the south, and then the hills of Zante gradually emerging from the waves like distant islets, and at length discovering distinctly the pointed summit of Scopo, the castle, the olive groves, and the mountains behind.

The city lies in the angle of the bay, and rises upon the lower slopes of the high precipitous hill on which the castle stands. This hill is supposed to have been the site of the ancient city of Zacynthus. The streets of Zante are narrow, but clean and well lined; the houses are good; the churches numerous, but the steeples low, to guard against the danger to which they are exposed, from the frequency of earthquakes. Pliny mentions the splendour of this city. The harbour is shallow and much exposed, but the anchorage is good. The castle commands a noble view of almost the whole island. To the north lie olive groves and country seats; the channel and Island of Cephalonia, the sister Islands, and the Grecian coast, stretching round towards the east. Towards the west and south is spread out, like a richly variegated carpet, the fertile and beautiful vale of Zante, covered with the currant-vine, (the great staple of Zante,) finely subdivided, and speckled with olive gardens and the villages of the noblesse. Bounding the plain is a continuous

ridge of bare mountains, extending southward to the sea. I could count eleven villages on their lower slopes; and on their tops, and among their vallies, I am told, lie numerous picturesque monasteries still inhabited. From the southern extremity of the mountain, a large bay, containing several rocky islets, sweeps round, till it is terminated toward the east by the precipices of Scopo.* The lower part of this mountain is ornamented with olive woods, orange gardens, vineyards, cottages, and villas; near the summit stands the large monastery of the Panagia, with its old evergreen oaks; the remains, perhaps, of the venerable grove where stood the Temple of Diana, to whom, along with Apollo, the island was dedicated. From this monastery I looked round upon Elis, the famous Olympia, the Pylean Strand, and a part of the Pastoral Arcadia. About 30 miles to the south, I could discover, scarcely rising above the ocean, the noted Strophades. To these islands, as the abode of the Harpies, Virgil has given a high classical interest, by interweaving them with the story of his much-enduring hero Æneas. Every one will remember the prophetic denunciation of the Harpy Queen. I could discern, too, the sandy æstuary of the Alpheus, which repels and freshens the tide with its weight of waters, bearing

* This island has a circumference of sixty miles.

to the shores of the Strophades shoals of autumnal leaves. These islands are now called Strivali, and contain a monastery of Greek and Kalayeri, founded in the reign of Justinian. Vast flights of turtle-doves frequent them in the spring.

Zante is called by Virgil Nemerosa. Homer speaks of Zacynthus crowned " with shady mountains," and " Zacynthus sylvan reign ;" but these epithets are no longer characteristical ; the appearance of its northern coast might, perhaps, justify these expressions from the pen of a poet, but more probably the forests of Zacynthus have disappeared since their times. Neither its history nor its antiquities possess much present interest. At Melinado, however, was a Temple of Diana, and in the modern church may still be seen some granite pillars with plinths and capitals of white marble. Romandini, a Catholic Bishop, relates, in his account of this place published in the seventeenth century, that, in digging the foundation of the church and convent of Santa Maria della Grazia in 1550, the following inscription was discovered on a stone: M. T. Cicero Have. et. tu. Tertia Antonia. Beneath this stone were two urns, the largest, of an octagonal form, contained ashes, and around the bottom the words MAR. TVL. HAVE. What became of the corpse of Cicero is unknown. The above can scarcely aid conjecture ; it is just possible that these may have been the remains of almost the greatest orator of all antiquity. I have been told by Count —— that this cinerary urn is to be found among the treasures of the British Museum.

One authentic natural phenomenon is mentioned by Herodotus, and is in itself so curious, as to deserve a particular description. I allude to the pitch wells of Cheri, about 12 miles from the city, towards the south. They are situate in a marshy plain, about a quarter of a mile from the sea, and about the same distance from each other. The little plain is inclosed with hills, except towards the sea, in the surface of which, the overflowings of these wells can be discerned in smooth weather a furlong from the shore. The plain, like that of the Solfaterra near Naples, has all the aspect of the crater of an extinguished volcano. The pitch is of the kind called asphaltum. On one side of the marsh it rises up from nine circular wells, of eight or nine feet diameter each. The space between is wholly composed of this pitch, and so firm, as to bear a person without yielding to his weight. These are the most productive. The other on the south side corresponds to the account given by Herodotus, and is probably the most ancient. It is surrounded with coarse stone work, and is eight feet in diameter, about two feet deep, and filled with water, having one outlet through the marsh into the sea. From the bottom of this well, streams of li-

quid mineral ore incessantly ooze, and unfold their coils like Medusa's snakes, or, rising from the bottom like bottles of Indian rubber, swell till they burst and allow the water which has raised them to escape. Spear grass and wild mint were growing round the well, and the sedges and rushes which lined the outlet were black and foul with the pitchy stream. The substance is still collected as of old, by dipping into it a myrtle bough. It is used for sheds and shipping, being first mixed up with fir-tar and boiled. At the northern extremity of the island is another liquid mineral of a white and fat appearance. The whole island is calcareous, with numerous beds of gypsum. It is evidently volcanic, and is much subject to the shock of earthquakes; a slight one was experienced the day preceding our arrival. We regretted being a day too late; not a year passes without several; on these occasions I am assured that there is a heaviness in the air, and an oppression on the spirits, that forewarns one of its approach, and in a very marked degree precedes each shock.

I need not acquaint you that the Uva passa, Corinthian grape or currant, is one of the chief staples of Zante, and olive-oil another. Zante produces annually about 8,000,000 pounds of currants, almost the whole of which is shipped for England. The currants when gathered are spread on the ground to dry for fourteen days; at this

season, (latter end of March,) one heavy shower would destroy the hopes of the harvest, and a passing cloud will darken every countenance in Zante. The wines are deservedly much esteemed. The white, in particular, is dry, high flavoured, and of a strong body: after the first season, it keeps for any number of years. The oil of the finest quality is used for the table, the second quality for burning, the third and fourth for soap. An ingenious method has been practised of making salt-water incorporate with oil; this practice has been detected lately, and the culprit fined 1500 dollars. It was supposed he had made 6000 by the fraud. The island yields a revenue of 157,795 dollars, of which the currants, previous to embarkation, afford 55,000. The expenditure may be stated yearly at upwards of 100,000. The produce in 1715 was valued at 1,066,145, and the exports at 591,000. Its population, in the same year, amounted to 33,353.

The society of Zante might be excellent, were the people inclined to be social. A town life is preferred by the noblesse, who are numerous, and many of them very opulent; one person is supposed to be worth 1,000,000 of dollars: the legal interest is 10 per cent. We received great attention from Count Reverola, the local head of the government, and from Prince Comuto, so called, as having been chosen Princeps, or chief of the executive govern-

ment of the Ionian Islands, during the existence of the Russian constitution. He is brother-in-law to Mr George Foresti, and a finished specimen of the old school. The ladies of Zante do not seem to mingle in society. The only evening parties are given by the Countess Macri. Among the higher ranks, almost every man has a mistress: the children are legitimated by subsequent marriage, even in cases where the *legal fiction* of an original private marriage is impossible; as, for instance, when the woman was herself married at the time to another person. Such legitimated children succeed to all but entailed property, and take the title of their father if he belongs to the nobility. The lower orders are more rigid in their morals, but some of their customs will scarce admit of being revealed to more modest ears.

I mentioned the frequency of private assassinations; but it was the consequence of venal justice and weak government. At the election of the seven representatives for the island, one of the voters present had, directly or indirectly, assassinated fifteen persons: an indemnity, or even a licence, could be purchased for such atrocities. Since the English obtained possession, only one instance of assassination has occurred. Four persons from the Morea came secretly into the island, and put to death in open day three young men: they also secured their retreat. General Campbell resolved to make a

rigorous example, and by means of a high reward, and such a representation to the Pasha of Tripolezza, as was not to be resisted, three of them were apprehended, and hung in chains on a high hill above the city. This occurred three years ago, since which time, not a single murder has been perpetrated. It was proposed to take down the gallows, as an unseemly deformity to the city. Count Comuto disapproved of the proposal, and said it would be removing the palladium of Zante. About a year back, 1000 dollars were about to be exacted as a sufficient debt to justice, from a person who had forcibly carried off a young woman from the arms of her husband, on the evening of her marriage day. Mr Wood, the public resident, (universally beloved for his many amiable virtues, and high sense of honour and justice,) suspecting the bribery of the judges, had notes taken of the evidence, which he threatened to send home. The judges, apprehensive of the consequences, sentenced the offender to the galleys for ten years, and such a crime is not likely to recur. Those who know best the character of the islanders, say, that, in ten years, the effect of English protection will be a radical reform. A circuit court is to be established to go round every island, and the sentences of the local judicatory are under prudent limitations, reviewable and reversable on appeal to the High Court at Corfu.

The vegetable productions of Zante are so rich and various, that it has been named the Garden of the Levant. On the 22d of March, notwithstanding the tardy spring, we had a profusion of flowers, roses, anemonies, stock-gilly-flowers, carnations, pinks, large, full, and clustering. Towards the end of May, the blossoms of the currant-vine fill the air with their perfume.

The tenures are unfavourable to agriculture. The richness of the land, and the value of the produce, render it superior to the culture of the other islands, though it is still far short of what it ought to be. A large and valuable district, the property of Count Macri, is a melancholy waste, though part of the plain. It is a marsh from want of drainage, and a desert from the absence of a spirit liberal enough in granting leases, which might indemnify the tenant for his expences in the outset. Zante does not supply the fourth part of its annual consumption of bread-corn; cows are not used for milk; goat milk is preferred. The only milk cow in Zante belongs to Dr Thomas, the Inspector of Health; to whose polite and friendly attentions we have been indebted for many conveniences.

Here, as in the other islands, the proprietor has oppressed the peasant, but the latter is still light-hearted and gay. Two species of rustic pipes are in use among them; one, a joint of a large reed, perforated like a flageolet, the other, resembling

the common bagpipe. The bagpipe, I may remark, seems common to almost every country in Europe, from Caledonia to Greece. We have heard it sounding the warlike gathering of the Highland clans, and have seen it in Rome, Naples, and Calabria, playing the hymn of the Virgin. Among the Ionian isles, and in Greece, it is the music of their festivals.

The ancient history of Zante is not of great importance. Saguntum in Spain, the origin of the second Punic war, was originally founded by a colony from Zante. Dion, the scholar of Plato, received here the small armament with which he dethroned Dionysius the tyrant of Syracuse. The Romans afterwards subdued Zante, and used it as a military station, during the Mithridatic war. It subsequently formed a part of the eastern empire. In the reign of Andronicus Pæleologus the Elder, (A. D. 129,) it was seized by the Spaniards of Catalonia, and was afterwards possessed in sovereignty for 100 years by a French family. It fell, with Constantinople, under the dominion of the Turks, and, towards the end of the fifteenth century, was sold by them to the Venetians, whose fortunes it has followed, up to the dissolution of that republic by the French.

LETTER XLIX.

CEPHALONIA.

Mount Ænos.—Town.—Malaria.—Vines.—Fine Arts.—Ancient Cities.—Temple of Jupiter.—Tombs.—Cyclopean Ruins.—Hills.—Propensity of the Natives to Navigation.

Sailing from Zante, a few hours brought us to the coast of Cephalonia, at the foot of Mount Ænos; but we had to beat all night to the west, before we could make the entrance of the long bay, near the top of which Argostoli the capital is situate. In passing up the bay, we almost touched Lixuri, a pretty and thriving town on its western shore. The country near it is well cultivated, light, and pleasant. On the opposite side, within a branch of the great bay, which has here the appearance of an inland lake, stands the town of Argostoli. The approach is beautiful, even grand, from the majesty of Mount Ænos, and the variety of surface below, cultivated or wild. The town, which is upwards of a mile in length, is improving in neatness, cleanliness, and health. In the last particular, there yet remains much to be done. The malaria fever prevailed at times like a pestilence.

MEDALS [illegible]

For a Description of these Medals, see Appendix of this Volume

G. Piccamane di Cefalonia Fecit

Lucare Sculp.

1

2

3

4

The town was poisoned with stagnant pools, which some of the inhabitants still assert were favourable to health. The itch, too, which is prevalent in Argostoli, they will not have cured, believing it to be a preventive of the malaria fever; their medical men, it is said, are of the same opinion. Many of the inhabitants are consequently miserable and disgusting in their appearance, from the baneful effect of that disorder. The Capo di Governo has filled up the stagnant pools; yet, even now the spring fever is very prevalent.

The neighbourhood is rich in vines, and the produce is highly esteemed. We dined with the Capo di Governo, and the regimental band played to a late hour a variety of Scotch airs, which, at this distance from home, were truly delightful. The fine arts in the Ionian Islands are not very high, yet there is a wish, especially in Corfu, that they should be cultivated, and some young people have shewn considerable talent. Cephalonia has to boast of giving birth to Signor Pizzamano, an artist and an architect of great ability. We met with that gentleman in Italy, and to him I am indebted for some beautiful drawings of ancient medallions, emblematic of the Ionian Islands, together with a plan, said to be meditated by the government, in conjunction with the Earl of Guildford, the friend and patron of Modern Greece, for the building of an university in Corfu or Ithaca.

The town was poisoned with stagnant pools, which some of the inhabitants still assert were favourable to health. The itch, too, which is prevalent in Argostoli, they will not have cured, believing it to be a preventive of the malaria fever; their medical men, it is said, are of the same opinion. Many of the inhabitants are consequently miserable and disgusting in their appearance, from the baneful effect of that disorder. The Capo di Governo has filled up the stagnant pools; yet, even now the spring fever is very prevalent.

The neighbourhood is rich in vines, and the produce is highly esteemed. We dined with the Capo di Governo, and the regimental band played to a late hour a variety of Scotch airs, which, at this distance from home, were truly delightful. The fine arts in the Ionian Islands are not very high, yet there is a wish, especially in Corfu, that they should be cultivated, and some young people have shewn considerable talent. Cephalonia has to boast of giving birth to Signor Pizzamano, an artist and an architect of great ability. We met with that gentleman in Italy, and to him I am indebted for some beautiful drawings of ancient medallions, emblematic of the Ionian Islands, together with a plan, said to be meditated by the government, in conjunction with the Earl of Guildford, the friend and patron of Modern Greece, for the building of an university in Corfu or Ithaca.

Cephalonia is enumerated by Homer among the dominions of Ulysses, who conducted its heroes to the Trojan war. It was divided into four districts, with each its capital, and hence called Tetrapolis. The ancient cities were Cranii, near Argostoli, Pronii, Samè or Samos, and Pallè in the sea; at the south point, ruins perhaps of Pallè can be seen in clear weather. Samè defied the Roman power under Marcus Fulvius, in the 563d year of the city.

On Mount Ænos was an ancient temple of Jupiter Ænesius. Many ancient tombs are still to be seen; some of them have been opened, and have been found to contain quantities of pottery, bones, and defaced coins: further excavations may lead to more curious discoveries. At the top of the little bay, about a mile and a half from Argostoli, are some curious Cyclopean remains, covering an extent of about a mile, on the ascent of a mountain: were it not that parts of the wall still stand undemolished, and from the orderly disposition of the ruins, one would hardly believe that such a collection of massive stones had been brought together by human hands. Earthquakes doubtless have shaken them down. Among the ruins are small fields of barley, to which they serve as a fence. Immediately below stood ancient Cranii, in what is now a very rich and small inclosed little plain, covered with the currant vine. Squared stones and marble are oc-

occasionally dug up, and two silver medals of Alexander were lately found.

The hills above are composed of a coarse white marble: a few plants of wild asparagus were growing among the rocks; and on the way to the town, the road is lined with American aloe. The salt-water lake is here very shallow, and well stocked with teal, coots, and other wild fowl. The natives of Cephalonia seem partial to the sea. We were informed by an intelligent gentleman, that the cultivation of the island is almost abandoned, old men and women being in some villages the only stationary population. The Cephaleiotes, like most of the Greek navigators, trade principally to the Black Sea for corn, and lose every year a great number of their vessels; as they take, however, six or seven weeks to make a voyage, which British transports with the same winds make in a fortnight, it is probable the Odessa trade will ultimately fall into the hands of the British capitalists. At present the island has 120 vessels, from 50 to 250 tons, engaged in this trade for corn.

Being anxious to proceed as soon as possible for the continent of Greece, we shall hasten from this island, of which I have given but a poor account. Our vessel sails to Ithaca before us, to be in readiness to convey us to Patras, and we have determined to take a shorter way, and cross the mountains towards that classic island.

LETTER L.

ITHACA.

Sail to Ithaca.—Counterfeit Coins.—Cave of Dexia.—Guiteria.—Palace of Ulysses.—Relics of Antiquity.—Rock of Corax.—Fountain of Arethusa.—Hills composed of Limestone.—Homer's School.—Vathi.—Population.—Climate.—Wines.

We left Argostoli by daybreak, and travelling over a mountainous country, arrived about noon at a miserable little village called Samos, deserted and in ruins, from its unhealthy situation. There we were to find a boat from the Capo of Ithaca to convey us to that island; the boat arrived in the course of the morning, bringing over a sergeant of the 4th, with a month's pay of the little guard which was stationed there, to enforce the quarantine regulations. Our sail to Ithaca occupied about three hours, with a fine breeze in our favour. We landed at Opiso Aito, near the Castle of Ulysses, and proceeded along a road extremely rocky and uneven. The rain fell fast, and we took shelter in the cottage of an Ithacan shepherd, who was playing to his family on an instrument well known in Scotland by the name of the stock and horn. A miserable abode it was,

where knavery sometimes entered, and appeared to have given lessons to the whole family, for they all crowded round us with something or other to sell, which they called relics of Odÿsseps.* They then produced some copper coins, which they wished to sell as the coinage of Ulysses, though one was a Venetian halfpenny, and the letters S. C. on the reverse of the others, shewed that they had been struck by the authority of the senate of Rome.† Every thing in this island is referred to Odÿsseps.

We proceeded to Vathi the capital, and found a boat on the opposite side of the hill, to convey us thither. In our way we passed, upon our right, the Cave of Dexia, where, according to Homer, Ulysses was landed when asleep by the Phaeacians.

---

* Such is the manner in which the name of the hero of the Odyssey is pronounced by the modern Greeks.

† In Florence, Rome, and in all the Ionian Islands, people have attempted to impose upon us with counterfeit coins. I have been told, that there are manufactories of them in Italy. They are easily detected; the smooth enamel of age, especially round the edge of ancient medals or coins, cannot be imitated, nor is it easily removed; whereas, the crust upon the counterfeits, produced by acid, comes off with the slightest friction. The colour of the metal, too, is another distinguishing circumstance; the ancient metal has more of a brassy hue.

The few coins which we have picked up, were found in tombs, fields of battle, or in cities destroyed by fire.

The small Island of Cazurbo with its Lazaretto rose on our left; passing this, the town of Vathi came full in view; and on a hill to the right, the ruins of the ancient town of Guiteria might be partially seen intermixed with olives; the whole forming a beautiful scene, and quite different in character from any other part of Ithaca we had yet seen. In general, the island still deserves the appellations of *rocky* and *barren*, which the classic authors so frequently employ when writing of this celebrated spot. Major Temple received us very kindly, and gave us billets of lodging on the principal inhabitants. Our quarters are extremely comfortable. Early the next morning, our host brought us coffee and sweatmeats before we rose. He is a physician; occupies a good house; possesses several books, among which are Italian translations of some English authors; and displays considerable intelligence.

We should have been devoid of all enthusiasm, had we not immediately visited the Palace of Ulysses. Indeed, Ulysses seemed still, in our imagination, King of Ithaca, and our curiosity was stimulated by every circumstance which popular belief or ancient poetry had connected with his story and that of the Trojan war. Obeying the impulse of this natural feeling, we visited the ruins of what is denominated his Castle, near Opiso Aito, where we first landed on the island. For this

purpose, we were provided with a boat and guide. In our way, we were tempted to land at the Cave of Dexia, but, to our great disappointment, the cave has been lately destroyed by a recent alteration of the public road: there is now no appearance of its ever having been a cave. The name, however, and the concurrent testimony of the inhabitants of Vathi, give somewhat of probability to the belief. From the cave we coasted to the foot of the hill, which is covered with the remains of the castle of Ulysses. The first remarkable feature is the Cyclopean wall, reaching from the castle to the bottom of the hill. The stones in the wall are of all shapes and sizes; but near the castle, the remains consist of huge square stones, evidently the work of art. These ruins are very insignificant, but, seen from a little distance, their appearance is imposing. The platform, partly inclosed by them, gives a diameter of 90 or 100 feet. Within this are two keeps, as they are called; but to all appearance they are ancient tanks, though now quite dry. In these, especially the largest, into which we with some difficulty descended, are a few names of travellers inscribed on the wall where the plaster* remained fit for the purpose: you may suppose that we availed ourselves of these very perishable

* This is supposed to be a sufficient proof of it being of a more modern day, as the ancient Greeks did not use cement.

means, for recording our visit to this far-famed palace.

From the commanding eminence on which the castle stands, the view of the *Laertia Regna*, in which Mount Neritos is a principal feature, is extensive, various, and interesting, consisting of sea and continent, and distant classic isles. Returning from the castle, we met with quantities of broken ancient pottery, turned up by the plough; indeed, the plough can never penetrate this soil, without revealing some relic, enough at least to interest the feelings, and send back the imagination into the regions of antiquity. Several ancient graves have been opened at the foot of the hill on which the castle stands, and many silver and gold coins have rewarded the researches of the antiquary. *

We reached Vathi in time for dinner, and drank to the memory of old Homer and Ulysses, in some of the delicious wines of Ithaca, " as luscious

* We were informed that a helmet and various ornaments in silver and gold have been dug up. The classical reader will be horrified to learn that these were melted down, and formed into a coffee pot, and many duplicates of the silver coins into skewers, which the person who gave us the information assured us that he had seen. A late Capo (not an Englishman) was the person guilty of this most barbarous metamorphosis, and it was done with the view of enhancing the value! Of the coins which remained 1500 are still entire.

as the bee's nectareous dew." To be in Ithaca, and not to visit the Coracian Rock, where " Arethusa's sable water glides," was impossible. The walk to it was over rocky heights, and rugged and sharply pointed limestone, which characterize the country: once or twice, however, in the course of the walk, we saw below us a pretty valley. The Rock of Corax, rising above the Fountain Arethusa to a great height, is wholly composed of limestone, and presents a variety of horizontal strata. There is nothing at the Fountain of Arethusa, which, divested of the classical interest connected with such a spot, is particularly deserving of notice. In crossing Cephalonia, we saw no streams of water, and consequently none of those deep picturesque ravines, which occasionally enrich the landscape of most other countries. Here, however, the stream, though at present just perceptible, has, by the united operation of time and floods, excavated a deep ravine for its outlet, fully as high as those of the Esk at Hawthornden. The water of the Fountain of Arethusa is cool and agreeable to the taste, and it is said the people in its neighbourhood who drink of it live to a great age,—in a few instances to the age of 100 and 120: the cattle, also, live long, but never grow fat.

Returning from the Fountain of Arethusa, we examined the limestone of which the hills are composed, and found it full of nodules of flint

quite round, and of various sizes, from the dimensions of a walnut, to the size of a small cannon ball. When these nodules are disengaged by the weather, the rocks have a singular honeycombed appearance. On breaking several of them, we observed that the white opaque flint in some was uniform, while others had rings of various colours, with pure limestone in the centre, precisely the same as that in which the nodules were fixed. The veins which run through the great mass are black, or of the colour of brown-soap; the same appearances were observable in the hills, on our journey from Argostoli to Samos in Cephalonia.

Next day we attempted to see the antiquities of Homer's School, as it is called, supposed to be the remains of the Temple of Minerva. For this purpose, the Capo accommodated us with his boat, to convey us as far as we could go by water, but the wind was so high, that it was considered dangerous to proceed. We were therefore landed at a nearer point, at the bottom of a mountain, and from this, pursued our way over many precipitous heights and deep ravines, till we reached the village of Mavrona, where we learned it would be impossible for us to get to Homer's School that evening. Failing in this enterprise, we returned to our boat, having seen little worth recording, except some fine combinations of scenery. Occasionally we were assailed by dogs

of a gigantic and savage species, which guarded habitations, not very dissimilar to that of Eumæus, and barked as loudly at the approaching stranger.*

The town of Vathi contains about two thousand inhabitants. The name signifies deep, and is probably derived from its situation, at the termination of a deep bay. In the port there are several vessels belonging to the town. The people of Ithaca are said, however, to be less attached to sea speculation, than the natives of some of the neighbouring islands.

In those houses which we have entered, (and they are I believe the principal,) there is a higher degree of comfort apparent than I had expected to find. Our host has a little garden to his house planted with orange trees, under the shade of which he and his family enjoy their tobacco-pipes, the favourite luxury of the Levant. In the shops I perceived caviare, herring, pickled salmon, and dried fish of various kinds, which constitute the principal food of the Greeks: occasionally they have a

* " Soon as Ulysses near the inclosure drew,
With open mouths the furious mastiffs flew:
Down sat the sage, and cautious to withstand,
Let fall th' offensive truncheon from his hand.
Sudden the master runs; aloud he calls;
And from his hasty hand the leather falls.
With showers of stones he drives them far away;
The scattering dogs around at distance lay."

little salt butter from England, but it is used only among the English.

The population of Ithaca, and several interesting particulars relative to the statistics of the island, have formed an object of Major Temple's inquiries.* The population, according to his returns of Ithaca, and two little islands its dependencies, which, from their vicinity to the continent, it is thought necessary to keep always in quarantine, is stated at 9400 souls. The heat at Ithaca, during the summer, must, in consequence of the rays of the sun being reflected so generally from limestone rock and mountains little intruded upon by vegetation, be very great; at Vathi, however, it is not, we understand, found to be oppressive, being moderated by local circumstances. In one respect, the island is greatly favoured in comparison with its neighbours, being said to be free from malaria, so destructive at the neighbouring island of Cephalonia. Of the Corinthian grape, the currant of commerce, which forms the riches of Zante, Ithaca affords only a moderate supply; not more, probably, than the twelfth part of what is produced at Zante. The soil must be in general too poor for the cultivation of that species of grape, which does not agree with so hard a bed, and makes large demands upon the soil. From some circumstance or other, they have never been able to introduce the currant-grape at Corfu: it has refused to flourish there, but in Cephalonia a considerable number are produced, and form an export. Ithaca stands at the head of the seven islands, perhaps of all Greece, for its wine. The red Ithaca wine is excellent, superior to that of Tenedos, the Greek wine which it most resembles; but it is generally much injured, sometimes spoiled, by the injudicious manner in which it is kept. In the possession and management of the British commandants at Cephalonia and Ithaca, we found it a delightful wine, with a hermitage flavour, and a good sound body. The great difficulty in bringing the wines of these islands into commerce, when they are to be sent a distant voyage, arises from the want of brandying them sufficiently to make them keep.

We were fortunate in obtaining the best information concerning the government, revenues, and statistics of the Septinsular republic, which I have reserved for the Appendix.

* For a very correct and curious account of the state of Ithaca in 1816, see Appendix, No. III.

LETTER LI.

PATRAS.

Doubts concerning the Antiquities of Ithaca.—Appearance of the Ionian Islands from the Sea.—Knavery of our Greek Skipper.—Land on the Coast of Albania.—River Achelöus.—Skipper's hatred of Ali Pasha.—Coast of the Gulf of Lepanto.—Appearance of Patras from the Sea.—Tomb of St Andrew.—Greek Festival.—Costumes.—Streets.—Slovenly Disposition of the Inhabitants.—Steam Bath.—Fragments of Marbles.—Ancient Gate at Ephesus spoiled of its Ornaments.—Port of Patras.—Trade.—Consuls.—Expence of Living.—Climate.—Malaria.—Plague.—Greek Wedding.

Patras, April 1817.

We remained only three days in Ithaca; and, except Homer's School, we saw all the antiquities worthy of notice in the island. Much ingenious writing, from an able pen, has been used to prove the Cave of Dexia, the Palace of Ulysses, and the Rock of Corax, to be the antiquities mentioned in the Odyssey. Considerable doubts of this are expressed by the most enlightened people of the island; but, for my part, I cannot pretend to offer an opinion.

The Ionian Islands, viewed from the sea, are not without considerable picturesque beauty. In

this respect, Corfu undoubtedly takes the lead; then follow Zante, Cephalonia, Santa Maura, and Ithaca. Paxo offers nothing externally, but within the island there are some very singular scenes.

Our Greek captain, Constande, sailed from Ithaca (1st of April) very much against his will. Unfortunately we had agreed to pay him by the day; and, as the agreement was greatly in his favour, he found it to his advantage to linger, which he did not scruple to do on the slightest pretext; and it was with some difficulty we obliged him to sail from the port of Ithaca. He got the better of us, however, at last; for, on a trifling breeze springing up, he said it would be dangerous to proceed, as he saw certain appearances in the sky which indicated a rising storm; we therefore prudently, or perhaps foolishly, allowed him to put his vessel into a creek near the mouth of the river Achelöus. This river, of a wheyish colour, rises in Mount Pindus, and is one of the largest in Greece. It freshens the sea to a considerable distance, and has united several islands to the mainland since the Christian era. The cattle on its shores are white. The Achelöus is fabled to have been one of the suitors of Dejanira, in the shape of a bull. Hercules defeated him, broke off one of his horns, and carried off Dejanira.

As we expected, no storm arose, but the rogue of a captain thought it unsafe to sail at night.

The rosy morning found us becalmed, and we made little progress in the day. For a few hours we landed on a wild and desert country. I ascended with some difficulty one of the subordinate hills, and from the sharpness of the limestone-rocks, was nearly in the situation of a person picketed. The scenery around was varied and reposed in quietness profound, save the screaming of the hawk for food, which the barrenness of the place would have seemed almost to deny, had I not perceived the feather of a wild fowl borne upon the gently breathing air.

On a signal from our ship being given, we left this wild yet pleasing scene. Sailing up the coast, some dolphins played about our ship, and wild ducks were hastening to the land. Our captain, who spoke English, was occasionally eloquent against the Turks, and in particular against the Ali Pasha, for whom he seemed to have a malicious hatred: "Oh if I could bite a hole in him, and suck out his blood, and eat a piece of his flesh every day, I should be happy." His enmity to the numerous priests, of which he said there were twelve orders, was not inferior: "If I had power I would trample them to death!" And speaking of the modern Greeks, he observed, that, "from being once the first of men, they were now the last." This was all said while he was employed in *shaving his crew*.

Great part of the coast towards the Gulf of Lepanto is flat, but joins the hills at no great distance. These downs, we were informed, feed numerous flocks of sheep, but occasionally they take the ophthalmia, to remove which, our captain informed us, there is introduced into the eye a fine powder, obtained from the sepia fish. A gentle breeze springing up, we soon entered that part of the Gulf of Lepanto, where the Turks were defeated by the Christians under Don John of Austria, and where the immortal Cervantes lost his arm. We passed the minarets of Mosalongi, and in a short time were brought into the ancient Bay of Patrae, with Patras before us, backed by noble mountains, and on our left the lofty promontories of Ætolia and Achaia, stretching towards the shores of Corinth.

Patras, the ancient Patrae, a town of considerable size, stands upon a rising ground of gentle elevation; the castle, which is almost entirely in ruins, crowns the whole. From the sea the town is an interesting object, at least it possesses the interest of novelty to a stranger yet unaccustomed to the aspect of a Turkish town. The flags erected upon the houses of the different consuls exhibit the colours of their respective nations. The mountains behind well become the continent of Greece. They are lofty, of noble and pleasing forms, especially the snow-capped Vodia; pine trees tip the subordinate

summits, and climb up the gullies and ravines. The pass of Tripolizza appears to the right, and offers to the curious eye many wild and rocky scenes. From our landing place, the whole forms a pleasing picture: magnificent mountains, cultivated plains covered with the vine or currant-grape, and olive; the minarets of the Turkish mosques; the various buildings of the town; the ruins, too, of the ancient church on the site, it is supposed, of the Temple of Jupiter, together with the tomb of St Andrew, our tutelary saint, who, it is said, was martyred here,* form a combination highly gratifying to the eye.

While employed in drawing this curious scene,

* St Andrew, whose opportune assistance to the people of Patras, at the time of its famous siege by the Saracens and Sclavonians, is related by Gibbon. In the last distress of the place, a bold sally was made successfully, the Saracens re-embarked, the Sclavonians submitted, and the glory of the day was ascribed to a phantom, or a stranger who fought in the foremost ranks, under the character of St Andrew the apostle. The shrine which contained the relics of the saint, was decorated with trophies of victory, and the captive race of Sclavonians was ever devoted to the service and vassalage of the metropolitan church of Patras. The Greeks are indulged in a sort of saturnalia by their Turkish despots on that occasion. Their holidays last only, however, two days, and they occupy themselves in licentious riot during their continuance. Patras has another contribution to our saints' calendar; and an inhabitant of Edinburgh may be reminded, that St Giles (a corruption of Ægidius) was a monk of Patras.

I perceived that the Greeks paid their devotions as they passed the shrine of the saint, crossing themselves, and touching their foreheads. Within the little chapel, which contains what was shewn to us as the tomb of St Andrew, we found a burning lamp, and some wretched daubs of the saint. The marble slab, which may be about four feet long, and broad in proportion, is turned upside down, and is much chipped and broken by the devotees, who consider the fragments as charms against the evils of this life. On inquiring what was inscribed upon the tomb, we were told that it is so much destroyed, that only a few letters could be traced: it is therefore to be regretted, that they were so tardy in turning it; yet, if it be really the tomb of St Andrew, it is a miracle that it has been preserved at all in this land of Mahomet. The border round the edge of the marble is partly entire, and seems to have been executed in a good age of art. Here, too, is a sacred well of excellent cool water, which the Greeks seldom pass without tasting.

In the absence of Mr Cartwright, the consul, we were hospitably and politely received by Mr Bartholl, the vice-consul, with whom we lived while we remained at Patras. Through his attention, we became acquainted with the customs and manners of the place. Mr Parnell, too, the consul for——, was indefatigable in his kind offices and obliging communications.

Fortunately we arrived at the time of a festival of the Greeks,—the celebration of the Resurrection of our Saviour. This afforded us an opportunity of seeing some of their gaieties and amusements. Processions with music began at a very early hour, with a constant firing of musquets: fiddles, bagpipes, and tambourins, were to be heard in every street, and never certainly was any thing more distracting or confounding: the discordant union of the bagpipe with the fiddle sounded to our ears like the squealing of children and the squeaking of pigs; yet to this music, if so it may be called, they paraded and danced. The firing of the guns made us start at every instant, for we found that they were often loaded with ball, and there is rarely a festival without some disaster. We heard the balls distinctly in the air, and when we paid our visit to the castle, and the great cypress tree in the plain, balls passed us within a yard or two, whizzing in our ears: one actually went through the room in which Mr Parnell was seated, and a poor child had its knee shattered to pieces! On inquiring what would be done with the transgressors, we were told, that, if they could be discovered, they would be banished; but that there was little chance of finding them, where so many were engaged in the same pastime. This may afford a little insight into the nature of their police, and some idea of the value they have for human

life. In short, the scene, instead of being a rational enjoyment, seemed to be one of uproar and confusion.

Many of the costumes, particularly that of the Albanians, were extremely beautiful and becoming. The dress of the inferior Greeks is a woollen coat, white or brown, sometimes long and sometimes short; over their trowsers they wear a short petticoat or kilt of cotton cloth, edged at the bottom with black, a handkerchief or belt is fixed about the waist; their head dress is composed of twisted white or yellow cotton cloth, with a little scull-cap of red or blue in the centre; their hair is loose and flowing; their necks and breasts are bare.

The superior class of Greeks wear pelisses or flowing robes of various colours, and red shoes, over which they have slippers turned up at the points. The fore part of the head is sometimes shaven, and has a grey appearance, contrasted with the brow: this custom is chiefly confined to the wealthy Greeks. The Greek salutation or salam * is given in a very graceful manner. They first touch their foreheads,

* A Frank passing a Greek in the streets is immediately greeted, as already noticed by our travellers, with a salutation, the meaning of which is, "Christ is risen." Our Greek servant presented us with a nosegay on Easter day, and we noticed coloured eggs, which are to be seen in some Catholic countries at certain seasons.

then place their right hand on their heart, and kiss each other with something like affection.

The streets of Patras are very narrow, and being never cleaned, are disgustingly filthy; the shops are quite contemptible; the roofs of the houses almost meet, which, no doubt, is intended for shade in this warm climate; but the air, corrupted by various nuisances below, can hardly find a way to escape. The Turks and Greeks sit under shelter on the outside of the steps, and appear as if they had no concern or employment to engage their thoughts. It is well they have some baths, to which the better sort of people occasionally resort. The common class are filthy beyond measure, and the cloth they wear next their skin, is seldom changed or washed!

It is generally the steam bath which is used at Patras. The steam is introduced, in almost suffocating abundance, into an apartment in which there is a reclining seat: the person who receives the bath places himself in this seat, and a Greek in attendance proceeds to pull the joints of the fingers and toes, and places one hand under the middle of the back; with the other he presses the breast, till he makes the joints of the back to crack. The whole body is thus at once loosened, and while the skin is soft, it is rubbed violently with a bag stuffed with cotton, till the cuticle peels off, as our informer emphatically said, *like macaroni!* We were

advised to take this bath as an excellent preparative for the fatigues which we were about to encounter, but we preferred bathing in the waters of the ocean, which is in this country an inexpressible luxury.

In the wall of one of the baths we perceived a beautiful capital of an ancient marble column, a circumstance which might in some degree have been expected here, considering the demolition of the number of temples which adorned this place in ancient times, from the celebrated one of Diana, mentioned by Pausanias, to others of inferior note. In the walls of the castle, too, we saw some fragments of precious marbles and sculptured ornaments: particularly on the south side, there is a torso of a male figure of admirable workmanship, built in a hollow like the recess of a window, which shews that, notwithstanding all that has been said of the barbarism of the Greeks and Turks, they are not without some esteem for sculpture. The Earl of Guildford was desirous to purchase it, but they demanded too high a price. On the east side of the castle we saw the remains of a female figure without head or arms, the drapery extremely beautiful.

We find the people in Patras a little sceptical regarding the pounding down of the ancient statues for the purpose of making lime, although there are but few visible remains; excavation would probably bring many interesting marbles to light.

Some columns peeping through the earth, and the well-known site of many buildings, point to the places where the spade might be successfully applied: the extensive pavement, too, in the garden of the French consul, offers much for speculation. For centuries past, there has been a trade in the antiquities of Greece, both in medals and sculpture. Whatever relics could be picked up, readily found purchasers among the strangers and merchants who visit this interesting country; consequently, they are spread over a great part of Europe, and there is hardly a collection of any note, which cannot boast of some specimens of Grecian art. When all this is considered, it appears surprising that any valuable remains should still be found, in a country where so little pains is taken to make discoveries by excavation. Grecian marbles and coins may sometimes be purchased at Rome, Paris, London, or even Petersburg, at as cheap a rate as in this country.

The removal of the sculpture from the Temple of Minerva, in the Acropolis of Athens, seems to have had the effect of setting other people with more spirit to the work of destruction. It is true, the Turkish government have, since that event, issued a prohibition against taking down any marbles whatever, but the Sublime Porte cannot at all times command obedience. An ancient gate at Ephesus has been robbed a short time since of its

principal beauties. An English gentleman, who is here at present, employed a Greek to take down the frieze, and was successful. A noted chief, to shew his independence of the government, resisted a firman of the Grand Signor, which was in favour of a certain great collector. The English gentleman above mentioned, however, with whom we are acquainted, took a surer method to obtain his object, by engaging a wily Greek to apply to the chief himself; by this scheme he got what the firman of the Grand Signor could not command. The frieze is supposed to be the work of Scopas, and represents the Death of Hector; one piece being cracked, was left behind, the Greek supposing it, on that account, to be of little value. The rogue displayed some ingenuity in taking down these marbles, though at first he was somewhat in despair. By means of brushwood placed in an inclined manner to the top of the gate, he mounted, and with some assistance the frieze was rolled down to the ground without the smallest injury. These precious relics are now in London, that great receptacle of the spoils of Greece. The reward which the Greek got for all his trouble was a golden telescope!

The port of Patras is not very secure; and is, indeed, rather a road than a harbour. By a strange policy, the Turks subject the commerce of their own subjects to higher duties than that of foreign-

ers. The custom-house duty is four per cent. on the goods of subjects of the Porte; while only three per cent. is paid by the Franks. Some of the merchants here are opulent, and, for a Greek town, Patras enjoys a considerable share of commerce. Several of the nations of Europe are represented at Patras by consuls. Those who are now here are a French consul, (M. Pouqueville, brother of the traveller in the Morea,) a consul for Russia, who is a Greek, a Swedish, a Dutch, and an English consul. The English consulate is in the disposal of the Levant Company, but frequently the consul is recommended by our ambassador to the Porte: it is said to be a situation of some emolument.

The consuls with whom we have conversed complain of the expence of living, which seems greatly to exceed what we could have imagined. The price of butchers' meat averages from sixty to eighty *paras* the *oca*, a weight somewhat less than three pounds avoirdupois; so that it fluctuates from fourpence to sixpence a pound. In Arcadia, we have been informed, it is cheaper by one half; nor, indeed, can it be supposed, that, at such a rate, it would be an object of purchase any where in the interior of Greece. At the same time, it is to be recollected, that animal food can scarcely be called one of the necessaries of life to a Greek, whose habits are naturally abstemious, and who is debarred

from such food during a large portion of the year, by the injunctions of his religion. The currants of Patras, we are told, are in greater estimation than those of the islands. The currant-vine continues to bear to a great age; some stocks for about eighty years.

The climate of Patras is exceedingly sultry in the summer months, and the Frank inhabitants find it sometimes necessary, for recruiting their health, to retire to the country among the mountains. Malaria is prevalent at certain seasons, in many parts of Greece; the coasts of the Morea are much infested by it, so are parts of Bœtia and Thessaly; the part of Albania which lies opposite to Corfu, and likewise the plain of Marathon. It was so bad at Gastouni, a place of some trade on the coast of the Morea, that the gentleman who was appointed our vice-consul there told us he should live in the mountainous district, and only go to the port of Gastouni when business should call him thither.

Where there are ancient ruins, it is often to be expected in a particular degree; for such ruins being composed, or connected with, remains of ancient baths, and aqueducts, there is frequently confined water in the neighbourhood. Malaria, in similar situations in Italy, may likewise be expected to prevail. The plague is sometimes imported into Patras, in consequence of its commercial intercourse with Alexandria; but that dreadful scourge

had not been felt for a considerable time previous to our arrival.

To-day we went to the wedding of a Greek lady, daughter of the first physician. As the ceremony was curious, I shall attempt to describe it to you. Cloves and nutmegs, wrapped up in a small parcel, were left at the house of the consul where we lived, and this is the mode of invitation to a wedding at Patras. The poorer class leave only cloves, nutmegs being dear. When we arrived at the door of the court-yard, we found the physician's janissary in waiting in a rich robe of scarlet ; his pistols of embossed silver, stuck in his silk girdle, were opposed to a vest of blue velvet trimmed with gold lace ; his turban, short petticoat, and trowsers, were of the purest white, and his gaiters were of scarlet velvet embroidered with gold : his dress, indeed, might have suited a prince. Every farthing which these servants receive in wages is laid out on clothes, and they contrive to preserve them well.

The court before the house was miserable and dirty, and the house itself had a very mean appearance. We ascended by a broad ladder, and found the mother of the bride, with some other ladies, standing in the entry, but they did not seem to take any part in the ceremony of receiving the visitors. On entering the room where the marriage ceremony was performed, we found the father of the lady, a fine looking old man, dressed

in rich robes, with a cylinder cap of fur, like a large muff, seated on his divan or sofa, which was about nine feet broad, and went all round the room, provided with cushions at the back. To this we were conducted, and found ourselves raised about eighteen inches from the floor. We squatted down like the Greeks, with our legs under us, when a handsome and elegant attendant in robes of blue and purple stepped forward, and presented each of us with a long pipe, which we smoked, talking and signing to each other as well as we could, in testimony of our pleasure. The room was wretchedly furnished ; a few coarse wooden chairs, all different in fashion and size, a wooden clock, a press, three or four barbarous pictures of the Virgin and Child, and the Apostles, the faces and crowns of glory done in raised tin, and the drapery with paint. Shortly after our arrival, seven or eight priests with long beards entered, dressed in black ; a small rickety table being then brought to the middle of the room, the robes of the priests, wrapped up in bundles, were laid on it, and opened by the priests. The dresses were different, but all highly ornamented with flowers and embroidery. When their ordinary dress was concealed by their canonicals, these ecclesiastics looked pretty well.

A large book was put upon the table, with some wine in a tumbler, and a roll of bread. Then entered the bridegroom, a man about fifty, in

a pelisse of pale blue, and white loose Dutch-looking breeches; his turban as white as snow, and whiskers of tremendous size! Next appeared the lady; about thirty years of age, short, and rather pretty. Her hair, which was hardly to be discovered through the profusion of golden and gilded ornaments, hung down behind, mixed with threads of gold, as low as her haunches. Across her forehead was a band, on which were fixed various gold coins. She wore a dark purple pelisse edged with fur, under which was a short vest of white silk, richly embroidered; a zone of silk, with richly embossed clasps, like small saucers, encircled the lower part of her waist, and hung down upon her loins. She looked very shy and modest. Every eye was fixed upon her. Behind her stood her mother holding her up; the good old lady's hair was dyed *red*, the favourite colour of hair in Greece.

The ceremony, as nearly as I can recollect, was as follows. One of the priests took up some frankincense, which was lighted in a censer; he then wafted the smoke among his brethren. Two wax candles, lighted, were given to the bride and bridegroom by another priest, which they kissed; they also kissed his hand; the candles were then put down, and the same priest read prayers. The rings were then produced, and placed upon the book, with which the priest advanced, and asked the respective parties if they desired to be married.

Upon receiving their answer in the affirmative, he touched their heads three times with their rings, which were delivered to the person who gave away the bride. This person (the Austrian consul) put them on the finger of each, changing them three times alternately from the bride and bridegroom. Then the description of the marriage of Cana in Galilee was read in a chaunting tone. Both seemed much affected, and I thought the poor bride would faint.

Matrimonial crowns were placed upon their heads, and a more whimsical and ridiculous sight I never saw. These crowns were of a conical form, composed of the merest tinsel, *gold leaf and spun glass*. They were changed from one head to the other three times: The rings were taken off by the priest, and again replaced. While six of the priests were singing the service, the seventh took up the roll of bread, and cut out two small pieces, which he put into the wine. The sacrament was then administered, and prayers and chaunting recommenced. While this was going on, the bride and bridegroom were led three times round the table, in the slowest possible manner; looking like condemned criminals, and fully as melancholy as if they had been going to be hanged. At that time smoke from the frankincense was wafted in great profusion among the spectators. When the ceremony was finished, the father kissed his son and daughter, as likewise

did most of their friends. Still the chaunting continued, while the priests were unrobing and packing up their canonicals in bundles, like so many pedlars folding up their wares. The bride and bridegroom marched off with their precious crowns upon their heads. * They are to live together at the lady's father's for eight days, at the expiration of which the lady goes to her husband's house in full procession, with her presents and clothes carried before her on horseback, and exhibited to the people. I shall give you an account of one of these processions in my next letter.

---

* A finer subject than a Greek wedding can hardly be imagined for the pencil of Mr William Allan, whose talent in painting such scenes will immortalize his name. I am happy to observe, that he is calling in the aid of the *burin* to make his works more generally known; and that he has met with an engraver so well qualified to do justice to his finest productions as his townsman, Mr James Stewart. The style in which that very promising artist has engraved Mr Allan's beautiful little picture of the *Tartar Banditti*, may well warrant the expectation, that his plate of the celebrated painting of the *Circassian Captives*, will be, in every respect, an interesting production of art.

LETTER LII.

PATRAS.

Procession of a newly-married Lady to her Husband's House.—Greek Fast of Lent.—Turkish Fast of Ramazan.—Honourable dealings of the Turks contrasted with the Knavery of the Greeks.—Indolence of the Turks.—Mode of Sepulture.—Cemeteries.—Greek Dances.—Female Slaves.—Partiality to the English.—Views from Patras.—Annual Procession to the River Meilichus.—Mode of Building.—Intermarriages of Turks and Greeks.

In my last letter, I promised to give you some account of the procession of a newly-married lady to her husband's house. While walking amidst a multitude of women and children, she was supported by two females; and seemed to lean her whole weight upon them, as if about to sink to the ground. On her head was a prodigious cushion or pad, stuck full of trumpery flowers made of paper; her cheeks, eye-brows, and lips, were daubed over with gold-leaf; and her hair, interwoven with skeins of brown silk, hung down behind and before. She walked very slowly, and a boy carried a mirror before her, in which she was obliged to look occasionally, as a symbol of the regard thenceforth due even to her external carriage and conduct.

The Greek marriages are generally celebrated

after a fast, and chiefly on the first day after its expiration.

Their Lent of 48 days ends at Easter, and is very rigidly observed, not admitting even of fish, unless they are bloodless, such as oysters, ink-fish, and caviare. Next comes the Lent of the Apostles, which continues generally 39 days, but varies both in its term and duration. Fish may be used of every kind. The fast of the blessed Virgin follows in August; it lasts 15 days, and is very rigidly observed. The concluding fast of 40 days terminates at Christmas. Fish may be eaten without reserve, except on Wednesday and Friday. One hundred and forty-two days of the year are thus occupied in fasts. The higher classes, however, are not very scrupulous in regard to them, but the lower orders keep them with a severity prejudicial to their health. The Turks, at the fast of the Ramazan, neither eat, drink, nor smoke, till sunset, but they are very impatient till then, constantly fidgeting and holding their watches in their hands. Apoplexy is common among them, proceeding, it is supposed, from the great use of spice and other indulgences.

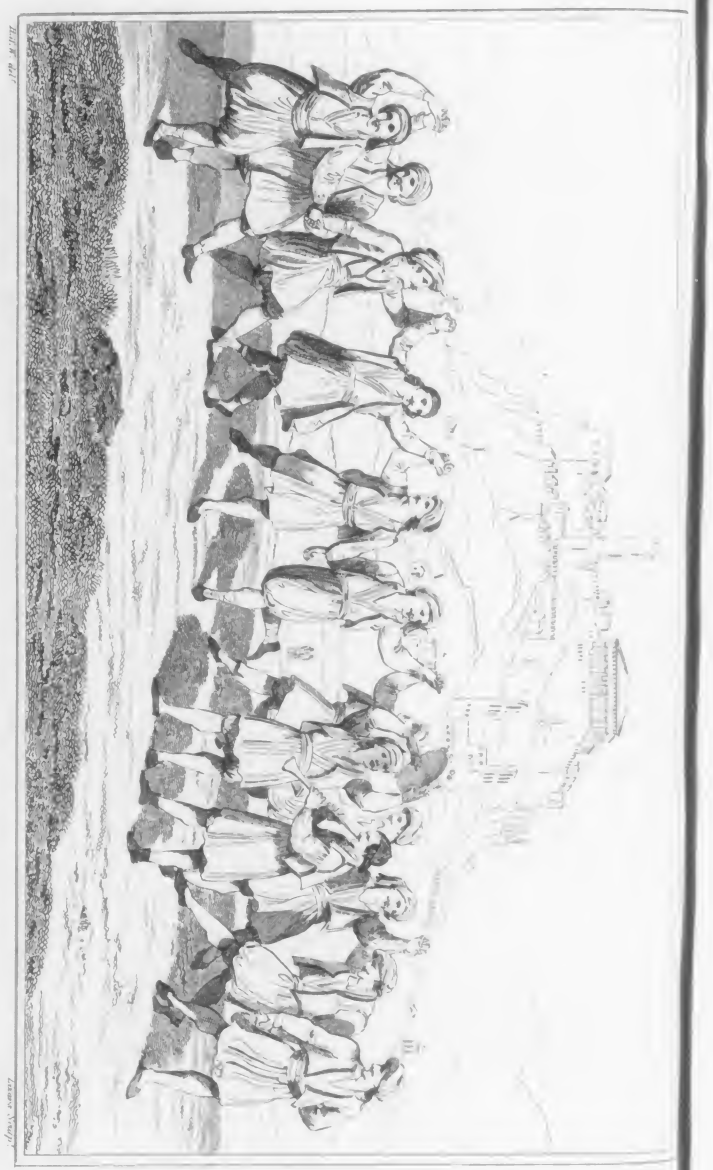
In their dealings, the Turks are considered extremely honourable; their word may be depended on, and they have great confidence in others. They even refuse to take a receipt from those whom they can trust. The Greeks, on the contrary, are said to

be full of deceit and low cunning, often accusing each other, and fermenting quarrels in an underhand way, for the purpose of obtaining money; when this is discovered by the Turks, it occasions their being very roughly handled. The Frank inhabitants, in particular, rate the moral character of the Greeks extremely low; we hear dreadful instances both of the profligacy and ferocity of their manners in the domestic circles of the wealthier merchants, and their want of honesty in commercial dealings is proverbial. Nothing but their forlorn situation, under such masters, can induce us to make any allowance for this conduct, if the charge against them be not unfounded, or greatly exaggerated. Patras is one of those towns in which the Turks are considered to act with more despotic rule over the Greeks than is usual to them.

The Turks, though inferior to the Greeks in mind, are cleanly in their habits, and fond of the bath. Positive indolence has the highest charms for them: give them their pipe and coffee, and they will sit for hours almost without speaking, going fully into the sentiment, that, where "ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." They seldom sing, considering it much beneath their dignity; if, however, they do happen to sound their voice, they bellow on a note or two, without melody or expression. When they pray, they pronounce the word Alla, (God,) while they bend their heads,

then they fall on their knees, and lastly, they incline their heads to the very ground, saying, Alla! Alla! Alla! in the most solemn and impressive manner.

When a Turk dies, he is washed with milk-warm water, and clothed in linen, cotton is put between the thumb and finger, and gently laid on his eyes, nose, and mouth ; on the bosom is placed a paper, enumerating his good deeds, and recommending him to the prophet. When the body is interred, a board is placed diagonally over it, from the head to the foot of the grave, so that, in many instances, a part of the board projects above the earth. The Turks alone can have upright monuments annexed to the horizontal tomb-stone. Those of the Greeks, Jews, Franks, and Armenians, are all flat, but of different construction. The monuments of the Turkish females, too, are unlike those of the males. According to the size and appearance of the turban placed at the head of the grave, the age and rank of the deceased Turk is denoted. Square holes are cut through the slab which is laid on every grave, to allow, it is said, the soul to have communication with the body, if it should think proper to make a journey from the skies. You will perceive then, that the Turks allow the females to have souls, though they rarely educate them to have ideas. The burying-ground at Patras is a novel object to a stranger from Catholic or Protest-



GREEK DANCE.

ant Europe, to the cemeteries of which, a Turkish cemetery has no resemblance. The monumental stones, which are, in many instances, the remains of ancient edifices, will not fail to attract the traveller's attention.

We have seen a couple of Greek dances, which afforded us considerable amusement. The first was circular, and was performed by men, each holding the hands of those next him. The air to which they moved had a very limited range of notes, and was played on a kind of pipe, while a drum beat time. Each person sung it in succession, and moved round with considerable gesticulation, the person at the head threading every opening. This dance is supposed to have some resemblance to that introduced by Theseus, to commemorate the destruction of the Minotaur in the Cretan labyrinth. The second dance was something like the first, circular, and performed by men, but the music was more like a Scotch lilt; each person had a handkerchief in his hand, which was held likewise by his neighbours on each side; under this they stooped, and then sprung up with great activity. In the first dance instrumental music was joined by the voice, the second was performed to instrumental music alone. At a little distance from this scene of merriment, a number of women were sitting together, muffled up to their noses, and seemed to take no part in the amusement, except merely as spectators.

GREEK DANCE.

ant Europe, to the cemeteries of which, a Turkish cemetery has no resemblance. The monumental stones, which are, in many instances, the remains of ancient edifices, will not fail to attract the traveller's attention.

We have seen a couple of Greek dances, which afforded us considerable amusement. The first was circular, and was performed by men, each holding the hands of those next him. The air to which they moved had a very limited range of notes, and was played on a kind of pipe, while a drum beat time. Each person sung it in succession, and moved round with considerable gesticulation, the person at the head threading every opening. This dance is supposed to have some resemblance to that introduced by Theseus, to commemorate the destruction of the Minotaur in the Cretan labyrinth. The second dance was something like the first, circular, and performed by men, but the music was more like a Scotch lilt; each person had a handkerchief in his hand, which was held likewise by his neighbours on each side; under this they stooped, and then sprung up with great activity. In the first dance instrumental music was joined by the voice, the second was performed to instrumental music alone. At a little distance from this scene of merriment, a number of women were sitting together, muffled up to their noses, and seemed to take no part in the amusement, except merely as spectators.

The refreshment was bread, dried eggs, and wine, drawn from a goat or pig's skin. On returning to the consul's we met a party of gypsies enjoying themselves, and apparently as happy as if the world had been their own.

A striking contrast to the gaiety of this free and light-hearted people, was the melancholy spectacle of a young female exposed to sale. She was sold for 80 crowns; and a gleam of delight passed over her dejected countenance at the idea of going to another master in a different part of the country. A fair, beautiful, young, and plump Circassian, has been known to bring 3000 crowns, and even more.

On walking through the town with Mr D. his tartan cloak seemed to catch the fancy of the inhabitants; every eye was pleased with it, and he was repeatedly asked if it was made of handkerchiefs sewed together. In no instance have we perceived the slightest intention to insult us; on the contrary, both Turk and Greek paid the highest compliments to the English, constantly exclaiming, *Bono Inglese!* When I was drawing from a situation near the castle, a number of them flocked around me. They offered every kind of service, cleared the way of a hundred little turbaned boys, who were anxious to see what I was about; one held my gloves, another my drawing materials, and when I gave a pencil to a Greek

who seemed particularly interested with my performance, I never saw a man so much delighted.

The opposite coast of Albania, across the gulf of Lepanto, is particularly striking. Bluff mountain promontories and conical hills rise in great majesty immediately above the sea, while others, capped with snow, retire in the distant regions. The scene of the great sea fight of 1571, in which the Turks were defeated, shews its blue expanse of waters with many a white sail, stealing towards the remote islands of Zante, Cephalonia, Ithaca, and Santa Maura, which are just perceptible in their robes of azure. From the subordinate hills, entirely composed of clay, sand, puddingstone, and marine shells, striated and water-worn, there are numberless beautiful views. The ruins of Roman aqueducts, and other masses of ancient building, are features which the painter would fix upon, and delineate with delight. From the stream called Meilichus, too, there is ample subject for study; and here one might even be permitted a little classical decoration. The young people still go in procession to this stream, and deposit in it a garland of corn in the ear; they also carry with them a garland of ivy, which they lay on the ancient foundations of the temple of Bacchus. The origin of this procession is of ancient date, and, as nearly as I can recollect, is this. A youth fell in love with a nymph of

CALCYER, PRINTER OF DANIELS

Diana, and ravished her. The goddess was much enraged, and sent a pestilence to the land; the oracle of Delphi was consulted, as to what should be done to appease the wrath of Diana, and it was directed that a young man and woman should be annually sacrificed near the stream, till a statue of Bacchus should appear. This barbarous practice was continued for a considerable time, and the river, on that account, was called Ameilichus, (or the *Implacable ;)* a statue and temple of Bacchus however appearing, the sacrifices were given up, and the name of the river was thenceforth called Meilichus, *(Placable.)* Now, is not this a lucky circumstance for a painter, to embellish and give a superior air to his pictures?

This country is subject to earthquakes; the houses, therefore, are generally built of wood, mud, and straw, which are considered safer than stone and lime, against the rocking motion of the ground. The minarets, which are built of stone, are deemed insecure. The largest is rent from top to bottom. This mode of building with wood and clay, which, by the way, is common over a great part of Greece, must prove a considerable preservative to the marble remains. Innumerable hawks nestle unmolested in the roofs of the wretched buildings, and in the castle walls: for these birds the inhabitants seem to entertain a degree of respect.

Occasionally a Turk marries into a Greek family, and the lady is allowed to follow her own religion, but the children must adopt that of their father. When a child is christened, it is stripped, and plunged over head and ears in water, then it is carefully dried, and the priest dips his finger into a vessel containing oil, which he places on the crown of its head, eyes, mouth, palms of the hand, the soles of its feet and navel: the name is then given, and prayers and chaunting finish the ceremony. Divorces are obtained through the Patriarch, and sometimes the bishop has the power to grant one.

We are now preparing for our departure to Delphi, from whence I shall write you soon.

LETTER LIII.

VOSTIZZA.

Journey from Patras to Vostizza, anciently Ægium.

We found it difficult to leave our hospitable friends at Patras; and it required considerable resolution to prepare for our departure. Having, however, determined to lose no time in proceeding to Vostizza, our horses and mules were assembled, and though, certainly, we could not boast of having the most respectable appearance, I may venture to say, that no painter could complain of any want of the picturesque. The poor animals appeared so galled and miserable, that we could hardly persuade ourselves they could go through a journey of eight long hours, without repeatedly stumbling under their burthens, and risking our lives. But we were told they would do their business tolerably, and we were not altogether deceived. Our party consisted of six people; that is to say, our janissary, servant, two mule drivers, Mr D. and myself. Our beds were a quite sufficient load for one poor animal,

and our canteens, provisions, and trunks, for a couple more. The charge for each horse, seven in number, might be about 4s. 6d.; this sum also covering the expences of the drivers. It was necessary to make a contract before setting out, for really, to do the Greeks all manner of justice, they are not a little expert at imposition. The sum I have mentioned does not include our janissary and servant, who have each 4s. 6d. a-day, out of which sum they must provide themselves with every necessary. On ridding ourselves of the clamour and confusion of strange tongues, and trusting the future to the direction of our faithful guide, who, I must mention, had the necessary qualification of scolding like a hero, in the language of the country, we proceeded on our journey in full confidence, and free of all annoyances. Our janissary rode behind, to see that all was right, and with a long whip kept his troops in constant motion.

In Greece, a journey is generally computed by time; their tracks or ways have no measured miles. No cart could travel them, and, indeed, I do not believe there is a single vehicle of this description in the whole country. We had not proceeded to any distance, before perceiving the wretchedness of the peasantry who inhabit these wilds. Their conical huts are merely formed of poles of trees rudely put together, and covered with turf. Furniture they have none; a mat to lie up-

CALOYER PRIESTS OF DAULIS.

on, and a few culinary utensils, is all they seem to require. The few cattle we saw were half starved, and the plough a piece of wood! During the second hour of our journey, the mountains to the right, composed of puddingstone, assumed finer forms. Those on the other side of the Gulf of Lepanto were always interesting; the intermediate grounds, however, had no features to combine with them; nor, indeed, till we came opposite to the castles of Morea and Roumelia, (which guard the strait on opposite sides,) was the landscape quite complete. Naupactus smiled in the distant view. The streams are numerous, but much discoloured; very unlike those which rush with sparkling fury from the heathy mountains of Scotland. They have, however, high sounding names, which, though they say nothing to the eye, address the mind. These Grecian streams, in their violence, have laid waste great tracks of country, and polished many a lovely pebble of every form and colour. Towards the close of the fourth hour, and near the half-way han, a waterfall presents itself, not unlike those denominated grey mares tails in England; but how inferior in beauty! Yet, as it reminded us of home, it was pleasing to our hearts, and welcomed as a friend! Proceeding through wastes of tall heath and brushwood, we at last reached the half-way han. The inhabitants appeared sickly, but they were kind, and invited us to sit down on

bundles of rags. We did so, but were instantly assailed by vermin, which obliged us to retreat. Considering the appearances of our cavalry, we marvelled much they have done so well, having stumbled only twice in four hours. Shortly after leaving our han, there were some ludicrous scenes of stumbling and falling of bag and baggage. Down fell a driver, and in the act of scolding the poor Greek, our janissary! lastly, Carlo must needs yield to his horse, who fell in the middle of a rapid river. This last affair alarmed us much, but fortune favoured both man and horse against the turbulence of the wicked waters. In general, the animals went best in the worst of roads! and the ruts and ways which appeared to us alarming, never discouraged them; they picked their way with care, and seldom erred. In the plains they were less attentive, and it was only then they were in danger of falling on their knees.

Towards the end of our journey, when the shades of night were deepening, the minarets of Vostizza appeared before us, against a solemn gloomy sky. A few copper-coloured, and dusky streaks of light, told us that the day was near a close.

Vostizza may be about 22 miles from Patras, and the streams and rivers we passed are supposed to represent the Meilichus, Charadrus, Solemnus, and Bolinæus, fraught with recollections of ancient

story. The ancient towns of Argyra, Bolinae, and Rhypes, and even ancient Patræ, all which graced these shores in days of old, are gone; and not a vestige remains to shew where they stood.

In Vostizza we have chosen the house of Signor Panaiotti for our residence; he is polite and kind, which, in this distant country, where home is far away, conveys unutterable things. We occupy his best room, which I cannot say is quite so fashionable as some we have seen in England, yet for weary travellers it is very well. Let me describe it to you. In size, it may be about 20 feet by 15; along the sides, and at the top, are placed divans or sofas, about 10 inches high, and 5 feet in breadth; cushions are placed behind to recline upon, and I wish I could say they were a little cleaner than we find them. A clumsy wooden chest stands at the bottom of the room, and near the door an infirm table of rude construction, the cross bars being made of pieces of wood not even planed. These precious articles, together with a few skeins of yarn, some two-penny-looking prints of monks, and the Virgin and Child, and a little piece of mirror, compose the whole furniture. The walls are of rude unplastered masonry, with a recess to hold some odds and ends. From this Grecian chamber we descend by a trap ladder, very like one of those which we have to our common hay-lofts in good

old England, and find ourselves among the mules and horses in the filthy court-yard. This house of wood and clay is surrounded by an ill-constructed gallery; but above the porch, built in the side-wall, is a most beautiful ancient basso-relievo, representing a Marriage. This gem of ancient art still reminds the modern Greek of his degeneracy, and while shining in its tomb of clay, shews what was, and I trust what yet may be, the power of genius in this dejected country!

The streets, as you may be prepared to expect, are narrow and dirty, and every thing indicates a want of cleanliness in the inhabitants. I saw a crowd of well-dressed Greeks around a fellow who was killing a sheep, in the middle of the street, while the blood and entrails of several others besmeared the pavement of slippery pebbles. Gutters and puddles of filth everywhere offend the senses of sight and smell; and it seems wonderful that they should ever be free of pestilence. Where is the government or police that could suffer such abomination, but in Greece? Their shops have a miserable appearance; yet I am told their cheese is the best in the Morea, and that their currants, gums, fish, oil, and silk, are all of excellent quality. I believe it so, but have not ventured into those dens to ascertain the fact. The palms and cypress trees are beautiful, accompanied by the ocean and distant hills; and what a relief it is to

CALVERT PRINTS OF DAULIS

dwell on them, from the jumble of clay and wooden houses, nauseous smells, and barbarous Turks! True, they have their groves of olive, and gardens of orange and lemon trees. Nature is ever sweet and fair! It is of man, the men of Greece, that I complain.

No remains of antiquity are visible at Vostizza, except some shapeless masses of reticulated walls of brick. On excavation, however, an Englishman found two statues without heads. The mouths of the ancient fountain led through some blind arches of Gothic architecture, and near them is a great plane tree, which, though not remarkable for beauty in itself, assists in forming pictures, when joined with Mount Parnassus in the distance.

On returning to our lodgings, we saw the lady of the house. Her appearance was interesting. Her fine oval face was lighted up with large sparkling eyes, overarched with eyebrows strongly marked; her complexion full, and her nose nearly aquiline; but her mouth and neck was muffled up in the most provoking manner. Beautiful auburn hair fell upon her breast and back, mixed, as usual, with silken threads; above her forehead she wore a golden band. A pelisse of green cloth, its short sleeves trimmed with fur, was extremely becoming. But less taste was displayed in the contracting of her dress about her neck; nor could I admire an opening of a triangular form, from her

breast to the bottom of the waist, shewing her chemise below.

But here my description of our fair hostess must stop, as we have to prepare to sail to-morrow for Apollo's shrine, and the famed Castalian stream.

LETTER LIV.

DELPHI.

Voyage to Scala, and Journey to Delphi.

Delphi, April 1817.

When we had determined to leave Vostizza, we heard of a Greek vessel about to sail for Scala, the port of Salona. This was fortunate, and we hailed the circumstance as a favourable omen to our journey into Greece. With great despatch we entered our little bark, undismayed by the violence of the wind, and agitation of the sea. The hope of being soon at Delphi smoothed every apprehension, and banished all our fears. We had advanced but little way on the Crissean Sea, when the wind increased and the waves rose in awful grandeur, sadly threatening our poor ship. Yet she mounted them in safety, and glided through the valleys of the waters, dashing the foam of the broken billows behind her shining prow. Then she would pitch against the sea, and rise majestically on the coursing and furious waves, which, in their turn, were seized by the rough gale, robbed of their foaming pinnacles, and left in deep Cerulean

green; at times the sunbeams played among the rioting waters, and dark and dismal billows opposed the restless lights, carrying on their monstrous breasts innumerable lesser waves, which with them were soon engulphed; a striking emblem of the dependent multitude who follow in the train of a mighty, but, at length, unfortunate chief, with him to rise, and bustle, and shine for a moment, and then to fall and be forgotten. Thank heaven, the sickening gale soon ceased. Parnassus rose in front, but neither it, nor the hills of Locri Ozŏlae, could boast of majesty. In this respect, they yielded to the mountains of the Morea, which appeared extremely grand, some of them robed in snow. Defiles, strange gaps, and chasms, came into view, pleasing yet awful. Gleams of light streamed among the misty vales, and danced among the rocks and woods, as to the music of the waves! Dolphins played about our ship, and rushed along with amazing speed, darting on one side under the vessel, and returning on the other. When near the shore, we perceived the squill in full luxuriance among the rocks of limestone, which were full of holes, and strangely honeycombed by the action of the sea, even a great way up the mountain, which looked as if it had been long exposed to the dashing waves. Sailing along the creeks and windings of the rocky shore, we saw some miserable huts and villages. We turned the

Capes of Dromarki and Salona, and glanced the port of Galaxithi. The town of Crisso then came into view, seated on a slope of proud Parnassus, but too remote to be distinctly seen. Beyond, high crags arose in noble forms, and in the bosom of the vale were verdant pastures, finely diversified with rich olive groves. Projecting promontories enriched the view, combining with Scala, our landing-place, the port of Delphi and Salona. On the shore were broken marbles lately brought from Delphi; *—the ruined symbols of its ancient greatness.

The chariot of Phœbus was hastening to the horizon, when we commenced our journey for the city of his most celebrated oracle. On passing through a small defile the scenery burst upon us, and appeared as if the god had arranged the various forms of the stupendous mountains, to strike the mind of his worshippers with deeper awe, as they approached his hallowed shrine. Crisso, an extensive village, is greatly elevated above the plain, commanding what the dullest eye must dwell upon with admiration. The poles which support the roofs and galleries of the houses have a light effect, and might suggest a better style of architecture.

The near approach to Dephi, from the natural

* A Torso of Bacchus, worthy of a polished age, and some fragments of columns of little value. The sea was dashing over them, depositing a yellow mud.

grandeur of the scenery, and from the numberless associations connected with it, was almost overpowering. When we climbed round the lofty precipices, those beautiful lines of Ossian perfectly described the effect before us:

"The night was calm and fair; blue, starry, settled was the sky. The winds with the clouds are gone; they sink beneath the hill. The moon is up on the mountain. Bright is the stream of the valley!"

We came at last to ancient tombs cut in the rock which fronts the mountain Cirphis: all was generalized, mysterious, and grand. We could have imagined that the ghosts of the departed were stalking before us. I threw myself into one of the ancient cemeteries with sentiments of melancholy. "The pale traveller of night" shone brightly in the heavens, smiling as she smiled even before Apollo's shrine was here! The rocks of Castalia at last appeared, from the high and mighty tops of which the eagle might almost have feared to soar.

No sound was heard but from the barking dogs of Delphi, alarmed at the stranger's tread at the witching hour of night. The morning's light told us that Delphi is no more. Its everlasting name alone exists: Its boasted attractions are gone: Its temple levelled with the dust: Its sacred fountain infested with washerwomen: Its stadium just vi-

sible, and scarcely the foundations of any of those buildings, which were an ornament to the world, now perceptible above the ground. The repositories of the dead are broken up, and the tablets which held the offerings of the ancients, grey time and barbarism have not spared.

LETTER LV.

DELPHI.

Reception on our arrival at the Priest's.—Description of his House.—Castalian Spring.—Chapel of St John.—Monastery of Panagia.—Village of Castri.—Stadium.—Sepulchres.— Site of the Temple of Apollo.—Desolation of Delphi.—Rocks and Scenery.

Delphi, April 1817.

My last letter brought you to this interesting place; but I was so much absorbed in the contemplation of its natural grandeur and its desolation, that I could not bring my mind to give you the particular details of its humble condition. In this letter, however, I shall mention some of them, and offer a few observations regarding the site of the Temple of Apollo, which some, in the true spirit of antiquarianism, will have in one place, and some in another. My text shall be from Pausanias, and after going over the ground, I shall leave you to judge for yourself. In the meantime, let me tell you of the reception we met with at the Papa's (or priest's) of Castri, the modern name of Delphi.

On our arrival here at night, we made our way

up a ladder stair to the dwelling of the priest, who is in the habit of accommodating strangers. It was late, and the family had gone to rest. We knocked a considerable time before any one came to the door; at last a gruff voice from within demanded what we wanted, and who we were. We are Englishmen, desirous to have quarters:—No! was the reply, you cannot be admitted here; an Englishman has used me ill. Mr D.'s servant Carlo, who had been at Delphi, and lived a considerable time in the house before, made himself known to the priest, and for his sake the door was opened; but, had it not been for him, we should, in all probability, have remained without lodging during the night. I was much surprised, that the behaviour of the Greek proceeded from our being Englishmen; but, upon inquiry, I found that a quarrel had arisen between him and one of our countrymen, probably in consequence of some extravagant pecuniary demand which the latter chose to resist.

When we got under his roof we found the family, men, women, and children, lying on mats on various parts of the floor, near the fire. We were shewn into the adjoining apartment, a kind of store room, where our beds were placed; and I think I never suffered more from cold. The morning light peeps through the roof itself, and the planks of the floor are at least an inch asun-

der: but having determined to remain here, at least a day or two, we put up blankets for screens, and stuffed the windows with clothes to keep out the howling wind. Remember we are elevated about 2000 feet above the sea, and the falling snow whitens the summits of the surrounding mountains.

As our breakfast is not quite ready, (tea which we brought with us,) I shall have a moment to look about the house, and give you some idea of the comforts of a dwelling on Parnassus. The room inhabited by the family (consisting of the priest and his wife, an unmarried son and daughter, and his eldest son, with a wife and children) is about 25 feet long; no furniture, except a couple of large chests; a trough for making dough; a sieve; a few jars; about a dozen of mugs of various sizes, hung in a row; a multiplicity of blankets, occasionally used as cushions; a shelf with three books of scripture; a wretched print of St George and the Dragon, and another of a monk with his eyes turned upwards, resembling our halfpenny prints in England. In going up to the window, which was a square hole in the wall without glass, I nearly trod a child to death, that was lying among a heap of filthy rags upon the floor.

The outer part of the house has a kind of gallery, hung round with goat-skins for holding wine, a barrel or two, and some sieves and bladders.

The court-yard is hideous. Among the rubbish are some remains of marble, and a piece of the statue of Bacchus, which lies upon the shore. Now, this is the most superb building in modern Delphi! How natural then is it to ask, Could it be here that stood the sacred Temple of Apollo, alike distinguished by its external * splendour, its internal decorations, and by the immense riches which it had acquired from the piety of its votaries? Or, according to the poet:

---

* According to Pausanias, "The pediments were adorned with Diana, and Apollo, and the Muses; the setting of Phœbus or the sun; with Bacchus, and the women called Thyades. The architraves were decorated with golden armour, bucklers suspended by the Athenians after the battle of Marathon, and shields taken from the Gauls under Brennus. In the portico were inscribed the celebrated maxims of the Seven Sages of Greece. There was an image of Homer, and in the cell was an altar of Neptune, with statues of the Fates, and of Jupiter and Apollo, who were surnamed *Leaders of the Fates*. Near the hearth before the altar, at which Neoptolemus, the son of Achilles, was slain by a priest, stood the iron chair of Pindar. In the sanctuary was an image of Apollo gilded. The inclosure was of great extent, and filled with treasuries, in which many cities had consecrated tenths of the spoil taken in war, and with the public donations of renowned states in various ages. It was the grand repository of Ancient Greece, in which the labours of the sculptor and statuary, gods, heroes, and illustrious persons, were seen collected and arranged; the inequalities of the area, or acclivity, contributing to a full display of the noble assemblage."—*Chandler*, p. 295, 296, Vol. I.

"Achaian marble form'd the gorgeous pile,
August the fabric, elegant the style!
On brazen hinges turn'd the silver doors;
And chequer'd marble pav'd the polish'd floors.
The roofs, where storied tablature appear'd,
On columns of Corinthian mould were rear'd:
Of shining porphyry the shafts were fram'd,
And round the hollow dome bright jewels flam'd.
Apollo's suppliant priests, a blameless train!
Fram'd their oblations in the holy fane:
To front the sun's declining ray 'twas plac'd;
With golden harps and living laurels grac'd.
The sciences and arts around the shrine
Conspicuous shone, engrav'd by hands divine."

The Castalian spring being quite at hand, we were led to it first. The priest accompanied us, and, with considerable energy, and something like enthusiasm, pointed out the fountain, in which, of course, we immediately placed the Pythia, and saw her in imagination lave her streaming hair. Our classic dreams, however, were soon dismissed by the appearance of a dirty washerwoman trailing a filthy piece of cloth backwards and forwards in the sacred stream—the stream of Castaly! Our airy visions having vanished, we examined the natural state of this celebrated place, which certainly has every claim to the appellation of sublime, even waving recollections of the Muses, the Pythia, and Apollo. The rocks are tremendously high, almost close upon each other, so that the stream,

which is very small, flows in a hollow channel through a dark ravine. The water, which is beautifully transparent, falls in silver lines. I clambered up the rocks, and was tempted to proceed, though the chasm presents a general sameness. Is this the stream of Castaly? this the stream of inspiration? Could I resist drinking of it at its purest channel? No! and if I felt inspired, it was with emotions of respect for the genius of our country. Dripping with the sacred water, and fanned by the eagle's wings, I pronounced the names of Thomson, Burns, Scott, and Campbell; and it required no oracle to say how nearly their lays approach the loftiest inspirations of those ancient favourites of the Muses, who had drunk most copiously of Castalia's spring. In descending, I was forced to be heedful of my steps, fearing I might be made to stumble by the lichens which grow upon the rocks, and which constantly reminded me of my presumption in ascending them.

A little chapel, dedicated to St John, appears above the basin of the fountain, and plainly tells that the torrents are never very great. There is nothing in this chapel except part of a fluted column; but that, indeed, soon engages the eye, and leads the mind from the miserable walls to reflect on brighter ages. From the Castalian fountain we proceeded to the monastery of the Panagia, said to be built on the site of the Delphic

Gymnasium, (or, as some will have it,) on the basement of the Temple of Minerva.

We crossed the stream, which has formed for itself a gully down Parnassus, to meet the waters of the Pleistus, about a mile below. From the monastery, which is but a short distance from the road, we could distinctly perceive the semicircular form of the ground on which ancient Delphi stood: the monastery of the Panagia is almost on the eastern extremity of the curve, and the Chapel of St Elias on the western point; both situations commanding extensive views, and seemingly the points where a skilful architect would choose to place his striking works.

The church of St Elias, which is on higher ground than the monastery of the Panagia, combines to admiration with the frowning rocks of Castalia and the ruinous appearance of foundation-walls. The olive groves waved a moaning sound; and, like the harp of Æolus, "lulled the pensive melancholy mind." Who could repress a sigh where Homer sung?

In the court of the monastery were several fragments of ancient marbles, and some tasteful ornaments in the wall. Four ancient columns support the shed in front of the church; one of them with its capital inverted;—shewing the sad perversion of taste and judgment, and the complete triumph of barbarism over an enlightened age! The chapel, which is dark and dismal within, is full of wretched

daubings of monks and dragons: we left it with disgust, and met a peasant who informed us, that, in excavating for stones on the acclivity of the hill, he had discovered an old inscription. We hastened down to see it; but, alas! it had disappeared. Some men who were building a supporting wall had used the marble, and turned the inscription inwards!

Our next excursion was through the village of Castri, still conducted by the priest. He led us through narrow lanes, where we found several ancient ornaments as fixtures in the walls. The people looked comfortless, especially the women, who, as usual, were muffled up to their noses, dressed in coarse woollen habits, reaching nearly to their ancles. Both the petticoat and pelisse were ornamented round the edges with brown or red. Their stockings were loose, and hung about their heels. None of them seemed idle: some were spinning the whitest cotton with a distaff, and others sat nursing their children, which were bandaged up like mummies and tied with cord; they rocked them between their legs, by lifting up each leg alternately.

The vicious barking dogs flew upon us from every alley, and would have been intolerable, had not our attentive priest cudgelled them away. At last we reached the ancient stadium, passing two modern fountains, which are supposed to have fed the once prophetic spring Cassotis. The stadium is quite above the village, and almost close upon the rocks, above the road to Crisso. Its form may be distinctly traced by the massive stones of masonry which support the incumbent earth, and by the edging of carved stone which runs along the top. Much of this, however, is displaced and thrown about the interior of the stadium, which is now a field of corn, not exceeding 100 paces in length. At the end towards Castri are two rows of ancient seats, one above the other: further on, beyond the stadium, is seen a cave, with some square cuttings in the rock.

The sepulchres next attracted notice; we entered them, and found in one cavities for three bodies, with a little niche over each. All of these sepulchres are shaped like an oven, circular at top; shewing that the ancient Greeks, though they had not discovered the method of *building an arch*, were perfectly acquainted with its form. It does appear to me surprising, that so ingenious a people could have allowed this to escape their notice, especially as the circular sepulchres might so naturally have suggested it. * Under a seat in the same rock in which the sepulchres are excavated, there is something like the appearance of an ancient road, about five or six

* The invention of the builded arch and dome was, it is said, reserved for the ingenuity of the Romans.

feet wide, cut in the rock, and it was only in this place I could discover any vestige of one. As we were leaving the cemeteries, an old Greek came up to us; he needed only a scythe across his shoulder, to be a striking representation of grim Death! Jaundiced and miserable, his wretched head was marked by unsoothing years. "I will give him a dollar," said my benevolent friend; "it will not be thrown away." He got one. Surprise and reverence were expressed in his countenance. He placed his hand upon his heart, then on his forehead, took my friend's hand and kissed it, looked at the money again and again, shewed it to every passenger, and retired backwards, pressing his hand upon his bosom. His manner baffles all description.—The same day a peasant brought some ancient coins, incrusted by time, and quite unknown. These circumstances strongly remind us of Delphi's former wealth and fallen grandeur.

Leaving the stadium and ancient tombs, we went to the church of St Elias, said to be built on the foundations of the Temple of Apollo. The situation does not agree with the description given by Pausanias, who, to the best of my judgment, makes it nearer the stupendous rocks, somewhere beside the modern fountains to the east, below the stadium.* "In coming out of the temple,"

* "Proceeding from the Pleistus to the Temple of Apollo, on the right hand was the water of Castalia, sweet to drink. The houses, with the sacred inclosure of the temple, which overlooked the city, stood on an acclivity. The area, or court, within the wall, was large, and many ways were cut, leading out of it. A sybil was said to have chaunted her oracles from a prominent rock above the Athenian portico. Coming out of the temple, the wall was on the left, as also the tomb of Neoptolemus, to whom the Delphians made yearly oblations. Higher up was a stone, not big, on which they poured oil daily, and upon festivals put white wool. On the way back to the temple was the fountain Cassotis, and a wall with a passage up to it. The water was said to run underground, and in the sanctuary of the temple, to render women prophetical. Above Cassotis was a building called Lesche, in which the story of Troy was painted by Polygnotus, with equal skill and labour. In the sacred inclosure was a theatre worthy of notice. Without it, and above all, was a stadium."—*Chandler*, p. 298. Vol. II.

he says, "the wall was on the left." What wall? Was it that of the sacred inclosure of the temple, or of the court? This is a little perplexing; walls must have been on both sides. Alas! no vestige of the tomb of Neoptolemus exists to explain the geographer's meaning. The building called Lesche, adorned with the painting of Polygnotus, must have had but little room, judging of the ground as it now appears. "Higher up," says the ancient author, "there was a stone on which oil was daily poured;" but whether higher up towards the west, or to the north against the rocks, is not explained. If, in returning from the rocks to meet the prophetic

fountain Cassotis, where was the rock above the Athenian portico, from whence the sybil chaunted the oracles?

The situation of the stadium might answer pretty well, as viewing the whole from the lower part of the village of Castri; yet all appears uncertain; and, therefore, fearing I shall neither make you nor myself the wiser, by proceeding further in the investigation, I shall leave it to better heads than mine; for, to speak the truth, I have bewildered myself by twisting and turning the buildings, to make them answer the text of Pausanias. I shall therefore believe for the present, as many others do, that the Church of St Elias stands on the foundations of the Temple of Apollo. The massive basement proclaims it to have been connected with a building of great magnitude. The situation, too, is commanding, and free from the debris and rocks which might fall from the hill above. The town must have been considerably below, as we see by the numerous terraces of ancient foundations. On the ground of St Elias there is space for a great inclosure, "where many streets might meet;" and, altogether, it appears a better situation, than if the temple had been pressed against the rocks, as it surely would have been, if near the modern fountains.

Casting the eye over the site of ancient Delphi, one cannot possibly imagine what has become of the walls of the numerous buildings, which are mentioned in the history of its former magnificence; buildings which covered two miles of ground. With the exception of the few terraces or supporting walls, nothing now appears. The various robberies by Nero, Scylla, and Constantine, are inconsiderable; for the removal of the statues of bronze, and marble, and ivory, could not greatly affect the general appearance of the city. The acclivity of the hill, and the foundations being placed on rock, without cement, would no doubt render them comparatively easy to be removed or hurled down into the vale below; but the vale exhibits no appearance of accumulation of hewn stones; and the modern village could have consumed but few. In the course of so many centuries, the debris from the mountain must have covered up a great deal, and even the rubbish itself may have acquired a soil, sufficient to conceal many noble remains from the light of day: Yet we see no swellings or risings in the ground, indicating the graves of the temples. All therefore is mystery, and the Greeks may truly say, "where stood the walls of our fathers? scarce their mossy tombs remain!"—But,

"Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot,
And thou, the muses' seat, art now their grave,
Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,
And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious wave."

The church of St Elias is a wretched building, interesting only from the various fragments of sculptured marbles, fixed within the building, and before the door. Opposite to the church, in the massive foundations, I made an excavation, in which I placed a bottle hermetically sealed, containing separate lists of our Scotish poets, poetesses, and learned men, my personal friends, and every one I could think of, who has contributed to enlighten our dear Scotland; especially Edinburgh, "the queen of the north,"—the fairest among modern cities.

The rocks above the village of Castri are huge and grand, with three points and two divisions. Down one of these flows the stream of Castalia: the best view of this stupendous scene is near the church of St Elias. Examining the whole with a painter's eye, I am tempted to say that the rocks are lumpish, and the divisions too much alike. I have, however, seen the whole combined with a glowing sky, and when the last rays of rosy light tipped the rocks to the right of Castalia, the scene was in the highest degree magnificent. At Castri we do not see the pinnacles of Parnassus, but, from the vale of Pleistus, his lofty summit appears —fit resting place for Phœbus, among the virgin snows. But we must linger no longer among the broken inscriptions and waving grass of Delphi. Let the winds moan among them, while we travel

the rugged sides of Parnassus, and, like the eagles, look down on the misty vale of Pleistus, far below, and I shall sing, as we proceed, your favourite verse,

"O were I on Parnassus hill,
Or had of Helicon my fill,
That I might catch poetic skill,
To tell how much I love thee.

LETTER LVI.

LIVADIA.

Journey along Parnassus to Livadia.

On our journey to Livadia, we were accompanied by the priest's two sons, who took charge of our mules and asses. We were now at a very considerable elevation, and the scenery through which we were travelling possessed, in a very high degree, the attribute of natural grandeur. A distant mountain, crowned with lofty pines, was finely opposed to the stupendous rocks in the foreground. The sloping hills and frowning precipices assumed the most interesting variety of forms; and the barren heaths were strikingly contrasted with the smiling spots of cultivation, towards which mountain paths were seen winding in every direction. While we looked down from this elevation on the human pigmies below, and saw the eagles above them, "sailing with supreme dominion, through the azure deep of air," we felt an emotion of sublimity, which it is impossible to describe: it required only the rolling of thunder

beneath, to delude us into the idea that we were admitted into those empyreal realms, from which Jupiter despatched his feathered messenger, to scatter terrors over the guilty race of men.

Nothing can be more strikingly picturesque than the situation of Aracova, the highest inhabited part of Mount Parnassus. Salvator Rosa could not have desired a finer subject for his pencil. What effect would he have given to the insulated rock, and fallen trees, which accord so well with the decayed state of Aracova! for even here nature has claimed her Cyclopean stones again, and covered them with moss. Yet, ruinous and desolate as this place now is, it will ever possess charms sufficient to command the admiration of every traveller.

The appearance of some Albanian soldiers, whom we saw resting themselves, with white turbans, dark complexions, dress of sheep-skins, and huge embossed arms shining in the sun, was in wonderful harmony with this mountain scenery. They hailed us with the exclamation of "Ora kalis," (happy hours,) and whatever terror the presence of a similar company might inspire into Chandler and his companions, we certainly saw no cause of fear.

The pinnacles of rock, which now rose before us, though not a third way up the mountain, were covered with deep snow, which, contrasted with the dark and gloomy pines that waved over it, yielded

the most striking effect of absolute light and darkness! One fantastic group struggling with the breeze, appeared like a host of fiends forcing their ascent to heaven.

As we pursued our winding path, new expectations arose at every turn. At length we gained the summit of this stupendous ridge, where the hills of Negropont, the plain of Thebes, and Lake Copais, burst upon our view. As we descended, we saw poneys, and small black cattle, like those which we meet in the Highlands of Scotland. The hairy fleeces of the sheep gave them the appearance of goats.

We soon came to the spot where Laius is said to have been murdered by Œdipus, and which the conjecture of the learned has assigned to the tomb of Laius. We found here a rude stone, which a little fancy might have identified with this tomb. That the fatal event occurred somewhere in this neighbourhood, is very probable; but, excepting the difficulty of the pass, I am not aware of any sufficient reason for fixing on this particular spot. Authority seems greatly against it, for Pausanias expressly says, that the murder was committed where two roads divide, and, as in this rugged and impracticable country, nature has pointed out the necessary direction of the roads, which, it may be presumed, have long remained unchanged, we are bound, by the authority of Pausanias, to fix

CALOYER PRIESTS OF DAULIS.

the most striking effect of absolute light and darkness! One fantastic group struggling with the breeze, appeared like a host of fiends forcing their ascent to heaven.

As we pursued our winding path, new expectations arose at every turn. At length we gained the summit of this stupendous ridge, where the hills of Negropont, the plain of Thebes, and Lake Copais, burst upon our view. As we descended, we saw poneys, and small black cattle, like those which we meet in the Highlands of Scotland. The hairy fleeces of the sheep gave them the appearance of goats.

We soon came to the spot where Laius is said to have been murdered by Œdipus, and which the conjecture of the learned has assigned to the tomb of Laius. We found here a rude stone, which a little fancy might have identified with this tomb. That the fatal event occurred somewhere in this neighbourhood, is very probable; but, excepting the difficulty of the pass, I am not aware of any sufficient reason for fixing on this particular spot. Authority seems greatly against it, for Pausanias expressly says, that the murder was committed where two roads divide, and, as in this rugged and impracticable country, nature has pointed out the necessary direction of the roads, which, it may be presumed, have long remained unchanged, we are bound, by the authority of Pausanias, to fix

CAVERN PRIESTS OF DAVLIS.

upon the foot of the valley, about half a mile further on, where, at present, three roads branch off in different directions, as more likely to be the scene of that event, than the place to which it is generally ascribed. Yet, neither here nor elsewhere have we been able to find any stone or stones so artificially placed, as to deserve the name of the tomb of Laius; and, after all, it is highly probable that the ancient, like the modern poets, have embellished the truth of history, by uniting their own interesting fictions with scenes calculated in themselves to exert a powerful influence over the imagination, and give a deeper interest to the story.

As we proceeded from this disputed scene, we saw ancient Daulis at some distance, the plain of Livadia, and Chæronea. Daulis, the modern name of which is Thavlea, is now a miserable village, without one vestige of antiquity, save a grey tower on a hill. The closing day reminded us of the necessity of seeking lodgings, and a wretched habitation, which served as a monastery, was the place in which we determined to pass the night. The priests came forward officiously and untied our luggage, and conducted us into their hovel. It was a square room, arched at top like a common cellar, the rafters black with smoke, and shining with the damp. In the middle was a fire on the earthen floor, round which the monks sat on their haunches, in the manner of Indians, on low blocks of wood. No

furniture was to be seen, except some boards fixed on posts, as substitutes for beds, each to contain two persons. Two paltry prints were hung on the walls; the one representing an angel piercing a monk with a spear, and the devil behind, taking from him two bags of money! the other seemed to be a virgin and child supported by two monks. We observed two grinding stones, with a handle to grind their corn. Never, except at Delphi, have we seen more simplicity and poverty. As soon as we entered, the superior came to welcome us, with a cordial and goat milk cheese. He gave it freely, and with grace; and we could not help being surprised at the healthy and clean appearance of the inmates of this poor dwelling. We saw no books, and were told that they are very ignorant.

To defend themselves against the rigours of the climate, which is truly hyperborean, even now, in the middle of April, the snow-drift obscuring every thing around us, they are clothed with two short, thick, white woollen coats, with a kilt covering a doublet below, white coarse hose, gartered with black, and sandal shoes, strapped across their bare feet. Their little black skull-cap, and shawls twisted round their heads, in the manner of a turban, were far from being unbecoming. They wore likewise a smart white waistcoat, with rows of sugar-loafed buttons, a zone of purple cloth round their waist, with a splendid silver case fixed in it, containing a knife, and fork, and inkstand, beautifully embossed! Their beards were so black, that they appeared to be dyed. Though the morning lowered, we were determined to visit Chæronea. This glorious plain has had its golden day! though now, alas! the rude storms wave nought but unwholesome plants, and lay its bosom bare. A few mossy stones, and the unevenness of the ground, mark out to the traveller the plain of Chæronea. Still it derives an air of fallen majesty, from its many graves, its pillars of granite, and foundations of palaces and temples. These fragments have, indeed, no picturesque effect; but they bring back the mind to those days when the genius of Greece achieved its greatest works,—to those days when the patriotism of the Thebans withstood the effort of the Lacedemonians,—and to that fatal day, when Philip triumphed here over the combined armies of the Grecian republics, and ruined their liberties for ever.

LETTER LVII.

LIVADIA.—ANCIENT LEBADÉA.

Archon.—His Family.—Manners.—House of the Archon.—Cave of Trophonius.—Fountains of Memory and Oblivion.—Town.—Orchomenus.

HERE we live with a Greek of high rank and authority, a gentleman in his manners, speaking Italian and French with ease and fluency. His house, for Greece, is rather handsome ; nevertheless, I must confess, we find many things at variance with each other.

At dinner, we found a table with a cloth upon it, dirty and disgusting, and darned in a thousand places. A miserable rusty knife and fork were placed for each person. Before dinner the Archon washed his hands in our presence, the boy kneeling who held the ewer. His daughters and two Greek gentlemen dined with us. The eldest girl was about sixteen years of age, the youngest eight. Dinner came in dish after dish, and consisted of boiled rice and goat milk, with new cheese, lamb's-head, and paste in the shape of pancakes, kid's bones stewed with onions, paste containing minced meat, and

rice rolled in spinage, roast ribs of miserable lamb, and other parts of the animal laid together, liver, lights, and windpipe ; eggs dyed and boiled hard. During the whole time of dinner we had the same knife and fork, which were never wiped. Our Greek friends, men and girls, dispensed entirely with that convenience. The little miss ate enormously, and took abundance of oil to her food. Her sister sitting squat on the divan or sofa, stretched over the table, and put the spoon with which she eat into every dish, licked it, and rolled the cheese about upon her palate, shewing it occasionally on the tip of her tongue, and looking as stupid and vacant as an ideot. Sometimes, too, she would put her hand into a dish, and take out a bone, which she would gnaw without ceremony ; she yawned, too, and belched abominably : the men did the same. All this, no doubt, was perfectly compatible with Grecian politeness and good breeding. I only presume to observe, that it appeared a little odd to our British eyes and ears ; our love at home for ease and freedom not being yet advanced so far. The servants retired backwards, and always left their slippers in the passage, which, by their constantly putting off and on, made a tiresome shuffling noise. When the servants were spoken to, it was generally in a low and whispering tone.

In conversation the Archon spoke of the Turkish government freely, particularly of the Pasha of

Negropont, and Ali Pasha. The latter he considers an angel compared with the former, who extorted in one year a tribute of 500,000 piastres, though the regular tribute for the whole province of 20,000 souls does not exceed 80,000 annually. The neighbourhood of Livadia is very productive, a great deal of corn is raised annually for exportation. The kermes oak, which supplies the crimson dye through the insects that puncture it, affords another source of export, as does the madder raised in Bœotia, which gives the red dye. Cotton is raised and cultivated in various parts of Greece; but neither the Grecian, nor that of any part of the Levant, is so pure or silky as that of America; it is, however, one of the principal articles of commerce from Greece;—of its exports to Europe, indeed, the only very considerable one. He also spoke of the ancient history of Livadia and its antiquities, but not with the purest feeling. Indeed, I did not expect much sentiment from him, after seeing a marble capital in his court-yard used as a mortar for pounding coffee! To my surprise, he spoke of Dr Brown of Edinburgh, whose system of medicine, the Brownonian, is the favourite one in Livadia. The population of Livadia, we were informed, does not exceed 6000; the Turks in the proportion of one to ten. The mosques and churches are numerous;—of the former there are six, a most ample accommodation for the small proportion of

Mahometans,—the number of churches is the same. The Archon also gave us a long account of the plague which broke out thirty years ago, and confined him and all his family to his house for thirteen months.

After dinner, a boy came with a porcelain basin and ewer, when each person washed his hands over the same basin, the boy kneeling and pouring water over them, and the water passing under a perforated cover. The young lady placed the basin before her, washed and scrubbed a considerable time, and used the same towel which the men had used! Pipes and coffee were presented immediately after dinner: strangers came in and joined in smoking, at which many were expert, returning the smoke they received in their mouths through their nostrils in puffs and suffocating streams: at this time there was little conversation. In this predicament, there was nothing left for me but to look about, and knowing your insatiable curiosity, I shall attempt to describe the dining-room of the noble Greek. It is spacious, 30 feet at least in length, by 20 feet in breadth, surrounded by a sofa, covered with ornamented silk, very clean and safe to sit upon. The planks of the floor, too, are planed, and partly covered with a mat. The curtains are of white muslin, but wofully darned in the coarsest manner. In addition to the windows, which may be about the general height

of those in England, there is a small oval opening over each, filled with a pane of glass, and the same are on the opposite side, and at the end, for the purpose of throwing a borrowed light into the adjoining rooms; so that the dining-room may be considered a reservoir of light. Then there hangs from the roof, which is impannelled with wood, a chandelier from a rich bouquet of flowers; the walls are also coated and fancifully adorned with various carving, but not, as you may believe, in the purest taste. A mirror is hung at each corner. A few miserable chairs are placed for foreigners, and a table that may dine to the number of from eight to ten. No paintings, nor even prints of monks and devils.

Considering the medium through which I have been obliged to look, I think my description is sufficiently minute; yet, I am persuaded you will not be pleased, unless I tell you of the lady's and the Archon's dress. Know then, her pelisse was green, and trimmed with narrow edging of gold lace; a yellow turban and cotton handkerchief, not very clean; a zone of silk across her loins, and trowsers to her ancles. The Archon wore his high fur cap and ample purple robe of cassimere, lined with precious fur; red boots and yellow slippers; the last being a sign of great distinction, and rarely tolerated by the Turks. In the evening we had cards, and three fat ladies made

their appearance, and squatted on the sofa, their faces so much muffled up, that we could only see their eyes; how they contrived to breathe I do not know. When they moved, they rolled as it were from place to place, never spoke, nor were they spoken to. The ladies here seem ignorant and stupid. What a contrast to our charming women at home! While we were engaged at cards, the servants came into the room (to the very boy who kneeled to us) to see the gentlemen play; even our own servant came and played a wretched tune upon the flute, to the great delight of all the party. In the morning the girls innocently peeped in at the windows to see us dress, and absolutely came into the room while we were shaving. We breakfasted by ourselves, and the young ladies and female servants stood at the table to see us take our tea. I presume they had never seen a tea-pot before, as they were constantly examining it. We begged the girls to sit with us, but they declined, nor would they taste our tea, on account of the milk which we put into it, this day being the beginning of their fast of forty days; they, however, received some in a paper, which they said they would take at some future time.

This morning we paid our visit to the Cave of Trophonius,* and the Fountains of Memory and

* An excavation in the limestone rock; about eight or ten feet square above the entrance, we could trace these letters, ΘΥΒΟ—ΛΟ.

and Oblivion, just upon the water of Hercyna, which flows among stupendous rocks. They are almost completely destroyed. In the cave there is, just perceptible through the soot and dirt, a little ornament of raised painting on the wall. I have made a drawing of it, which you shall see. It is merely a succession of well drawn leaves, but the raised mode of representing them is very curious, and seems to be unique.

To-day we have walked a little through the town, which stands on the slope of a lofty hill, and from many points presents very interesting views, particularly from above, and near the castle, where the elevated point commands the Vale of Orchomenus, and the distant hills of Negropont. The streets are narrow, and their windings suit the sloping of the hill; for myself, I should tremble to ride in them, yet the Greeks mount their horses and mules, and fearlessly descend with surprising agility and expedition. We observed that a number of cranes had built their nests upon the chimney tops, and made a startling clattering with their wings. This day being the beginning of a fast, it will consequently be a meagre day with us. Dinner is just announced, and you shall know what we have got; fish dressed in various ways, rice soup with lemon, stewed leeks with oil, some roasted kid *prepared for us*. This was a mark of delicate attention: the Archon being aware

that the British make no distinction in their viands during the time of fasts. How the servants stared at our willingly eating to our perdition! When the dyed eggs appeared, each took one, and each person broke his neighbour's egg; honey from Hymettus, too, was upon the table. The wine is bad, and mixed with rosin, to make it keep; they say, however, that it is a good protection against the fever of the country.

In smoking after dinner, I made various attempts to sit with my legs folded under me, but it would not do, a few minutes put me in a state of torture. The Greeks can always do it gracefully, and even rise without putting their hands to the divan: their ease of manner would quite delight you. What annoys me, now and then, is the loud manner in which the Greeks speak when I do not understand them, thereby supposing they enforce a knowledge of their meaning; I allude to the inferior class only.

The Archon advised us to see Orchomenus. We have been there, but, alas! the famous treasury of Minyas, which, Pausanias says, was deserving of as much notice as the Pyramids of Egypt, has disappeared, nothing but a marble slab or two remains. The building has never been great, though certainly curious. Pausanias speaks as follows: "It is built of a round figure, and its top does not raise itself to a very sharp point; they say

the topmost stone holds together the whole building." Antiquarians, for a time, would have it, that this was the arched dome. The matter has, however, been fully investigated, and I understand that the principle of building is quite distinct from that of the arch, the first stones being large, and heavy enough to sustain a superstructure of smaller ones meeting each other at top.

The Temple of the Graces, which adorned Orchomenus, was destroyed by Constantine, and the divisions of the shafts of the pillars, now forming the wall of a church, appear like as many grinding stones piled upon each other. The Graces are surely fled, but to what part of Greece I do not know.

On leaving Orchomenus, we saw a very touching sight, a mother stripping money from the head of her deceased child. *

* The child's fortune.

LETTER LVIII.

THEBES.

Journey from Livadia to Thebes.

Thebes, May 1817.

The fresh horses we got at Livadia were extremely good, though their appearance did not promise much. Shortly after the commencement of our journey, they were tied together head to tail, and I leave you to judge what a whimsical figure we made scampering over the extensive plains. I must, however, say, that mine and my friend's were free, and always willing to engage in wandering among the ruins of a temple, or a city; and strangely impressive it was, to be sometimes alone among the foundations of buildings, that formerly had teemed with thousands!

The city of Haliartus, destroyed by the Romans in their war with Perseus, looked sad and solitary; and marching clouds cast their solemn shadows over its remains, as if to veil them from our eyes. Wild fowl crossed in waving lines without fear of molestation. The Lake Copäis, now Topolias,

appeared a monstrous bog of reeds; and is said to give out malaria, to the ruin of the peasant who lives within its neighbourhood.

As our route lay so near the foot of the mountains, our views were circumscribed, but sometimes they were beautiful. Suppose the lakes of Scotland were plains, I know no country so like illustrious Greece. We crossed some streams, which, though of no great magnitude or importance in themselves, are dignified with classical names, and have, of course, all the interest of classical association. A caravan with numerous horses, heavily laden, were resting in the plain; tents were seen here and there, and strange-looking people in odd costumes. Flocks of jet black sheep were very common.

After five hours riding, we left the plain of Livadia for that of Thebes, which is one vast field of grass and corn without inclosure. The roads were merely tracks for cattle, and the surrounding hills were arid, bleak, and bare. Modern Thebes has no magnificence to boast of. No ancient structure now remains. The gates, which were assigned to various planets, are levelled with the dust, nor can the light of sun or moon disclose their foundations. The Temples of Jupiter the Most High, Apollo, Bacchus, Ceres, Diana, and Fortune, are swept away! The tomb of Pindar is not saved, nor are the ancient fountains now

visible. The rivers Dirce and Ismenus no longer water sacred groves, but seem as if they had sunk within the earth, not daring to be alone amidst the desolation. How shall I speak of modern Thebes—its flimsy houses, its filth—the pride of Turks strutting in rich attire from wretched buildings, in which we would hardly stall our cattle?

In picture Thebes derives all its beauty from Parnassus and Mount Helicon. The features of the town are small, without sufficient foliage to contrast with its walls of clay. Some cypress trees, rising among the buildings, are dark and gloomy, yet never out of harmony with the mind while musing on the fate of Greece. The aqueduct is modern, and very poor. A curious marble of a rude age is fixed within its wall, representing a man on horseback trampling on an altar;—a fit portrait for the Great Alexander, or the yet more ruthless Sylla. *

Boys from the minarets of the mosques chaunting the "muczzim," or call to prayers, produce a doleful, yet not unpleasing sound. This is the substance and meaning of their chaunt: "God Most High! I bear witness that there is no God but God! Come to prayer; come to the asylum of salvation. Great God! there is no God but God." One would sup-

* After the burning, butchering, and enslaving by the mighty Alexander, Sylla sold half of the Theban land, and reduced the inhabitants to the most deplorable condition.

pose, from such an invitation, that the sanctuary would be open to all: but no; the barbarous and bigotted worshippers within would dash the doors against the "Christian dogs." I have got the music of the hymn, but I fear you will hardly be able to understand it, as it requires Turkish lungs and Turkish practice to make it at all intelligible. By the way, I have made attempts to procure some Grecian melodies, but have not yet succeeded; I hope, however, to pick up some in Athens, where, if any where, I presume they may be found. The Greek church music, not only of the Ionian Islands, but also of the continent of Greece, is extremely beautiful, and well adapted to feelings of devotion. It seems to have much of the Italian cast, and is probably indebted to Italy for its power in just expression. The constant intercourse between the Italians and the Greeks, the Italian language, too, being almost the only foreign language spoken in the country, favours this idea.

Signor Nicolati Andronada, with whom we live, is a man of some intelligence; but I have not forgiven him for directing us to an old tower built with stone and lime, as the house of Pindar! The Grecian gentlemen are often very ignorant regarding the history of their country, especially the buildings. In short, I think I have perceived a sneaking partiality to the habits of the Turks their masters. It is alleged the ancient

Greeks never used cement; but there is always something against such bold assertions. Pausanias, speaking of an ancient temple at Alalcomenæ in Bœotia, says: "A large strong ivy, which grew by the side of the temple, destroyed the cement of the stones, and separated them from each other." Is not this a charming little bone for you and your friends to pick? From all that I have seen, however, of ancient Grecian buildings, I am inclined to the opinion, that no cement was used in their construction.

The Turks have some superstitious veneration for dogs, hawks, and crows, which abound here without number. The dog appears to be something between the terrier and a shepherd's dog, famished, miserable, and always barking. Every animal here is inferior to ours, except the goat. Asses are the beasts of burthen. Cows and oxen they have none. Their riding horses are fed on green corn; each animal being fastened by a rope to its allotted portion of the provender. The mutton is rank and strong to the taste. They use chiefly the milk of the goat, which requires a little habit to make it palatable. Their fowls are bad, thin, and stringy. Their only vegetables (at least which we saw) are garlic and inferior onions. The natural richness of the soil is not to be exhausted; the crops of grain immediately about the towns, though certainly not to be compared to ours, are tolerably

plentiful. It would appear that manure is rarely used in agriculture, if we may judge from the quantity heaped up every where and lying waste.

Our host, who had gone in quest of horses to convey us to Platæa, is now returned with smiles upon his face. After several disappointments, he has succeeded in procuring horses from the richest Turk in Thebes! but we must pay what is demanded, which is greatly more than the Greeks would charge.

Thirty-five of these precious Turkish gentlemen lately came to town to collect the contributions. They lived upon the people, and paid for nothing. How John Bull would stare if he were treated thus at home! and what a virtuous rage will you be in when you hear of this oppression! But recollect, you are in that country where justice and honour sit enthroned, darting their indignant looks on half the world.

LETTER LIX.

ELEUSIS.

From Thebes to the Plain of Platæa and Eleusis.

We left Thebes for the Plain of Platæa, which, like most of the plains we have visited, is in a state of nature. Before us appeared Mount Cithæron, dedicated in ancient times to Jupiter Cithæronus. We had here no roads, but mere tracks through heath and desolation. The ruins of Platæa are just beneath Cithæron. How affecting the signs of departed greatness! Every weather-stain seemed to have its interest: The very moss upon such ruins rivetted our attention, and forced us back among past ages. Here the King of Persia lost his all, and dared not move another step in the land of liberty.

" ——The Persian tyrant, foil'd and stung
With shame, and desperation, gnash'd his teeth
To see thee rend the pageants of his throne;
And at the lightning of thy lifted spear
Crouch'd like a slave!"

What must this city have been in all its pride and glory! The remains now appear grey as twilight, but without a chance of returning day. Time is modelling now instead of art. Miles of ancient pottery and tiles, hardly allowing the blades of corn to grow among the ruins; sheep tracks among the massive foundations; asses loaded with brushwood cut from shrubs growing in the courts of ancient palaces and temples; shepherds with their flocks; the bells of the goats heard from among the walls; tombs and sarcophagi of ancient heroes covered with moss, some broken, and some entire; fragments, and ornaments, and stones containing mutilated inscriptions:—these are the objects which Platæa now presents. But who, that stands there with a recollection of its ancient glory, and having Parnassus full in view, can quit the spot without regret?

In regard to the ruins of ancient cities, I did not suppose they could have had so great an effect upon the mind: certainly they excite feelings of a higher class than those which the sight of the ruins of a fortified building call forth. How dreadful to think, that, by the word of a savage, called Alexander the Great, tens of thousands have been reduced to slavery, or turned from shelter to the howling blast; the holy flame of liberty, and the light of the human mind extinguished; and the mantle of darkness thrown over future generations!

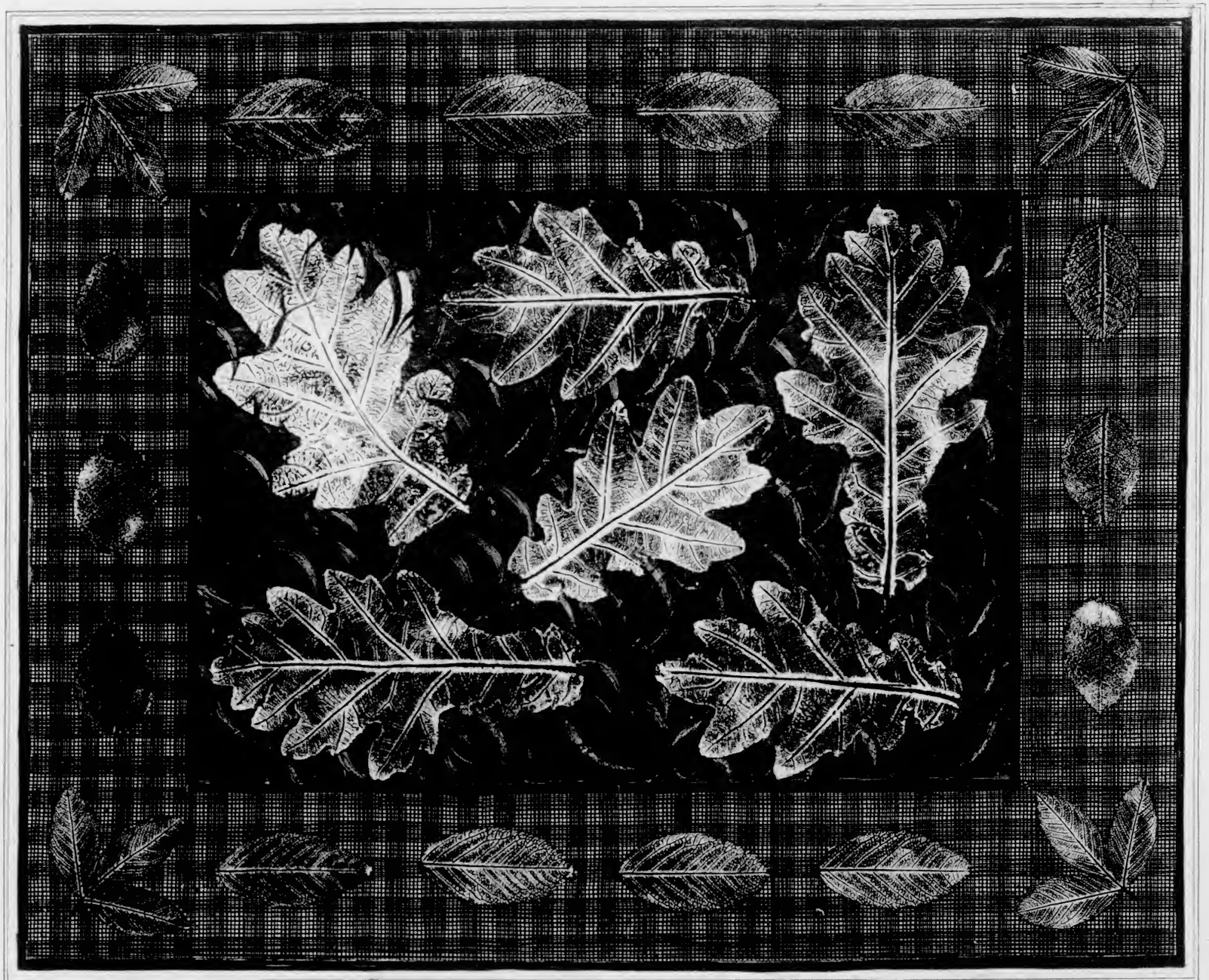
What associations have we with the fate of a Caernarvon, or a Conway Castle, compared to such chilling recollections as these? Had Goldsmith given his splendid talents to the description of a ruined and deserted city,—ruined for its independence and love of liberty,—he might have produced a picture, infinitely more instructing and useful to mankind, than his description of a deserted village: tender and affecting as that description is, we could more readily give our sympathy to the fallen thousands of polished talents, elevated, too, with the sentiments of virtue and honour, than to the untutored and ignoble swains of the village. The loss of the latter is soon forgotten, and, in spite of the poet's assertion, easily supplied; while the fate of philosophers, legislators, poets, painters, and statuaries, is connected with the destinies of successive generations.

The sarcophagi at Platæa are but few in number, and form a line on the rising ground, on which the ruins of the ancient city stand. One of these is almost entire, and considering the thinness of its sides, it is surprising it has stood so many ages. These sarcophagi might have been easily overturned and dashed to pieces; but a tomb may command respect even from an enemy; and when hallowed by superstition, there is a chance of its preservation. This may in some degree account for the number of sarcophagi and sepulchral stones which we find preserved in every city.

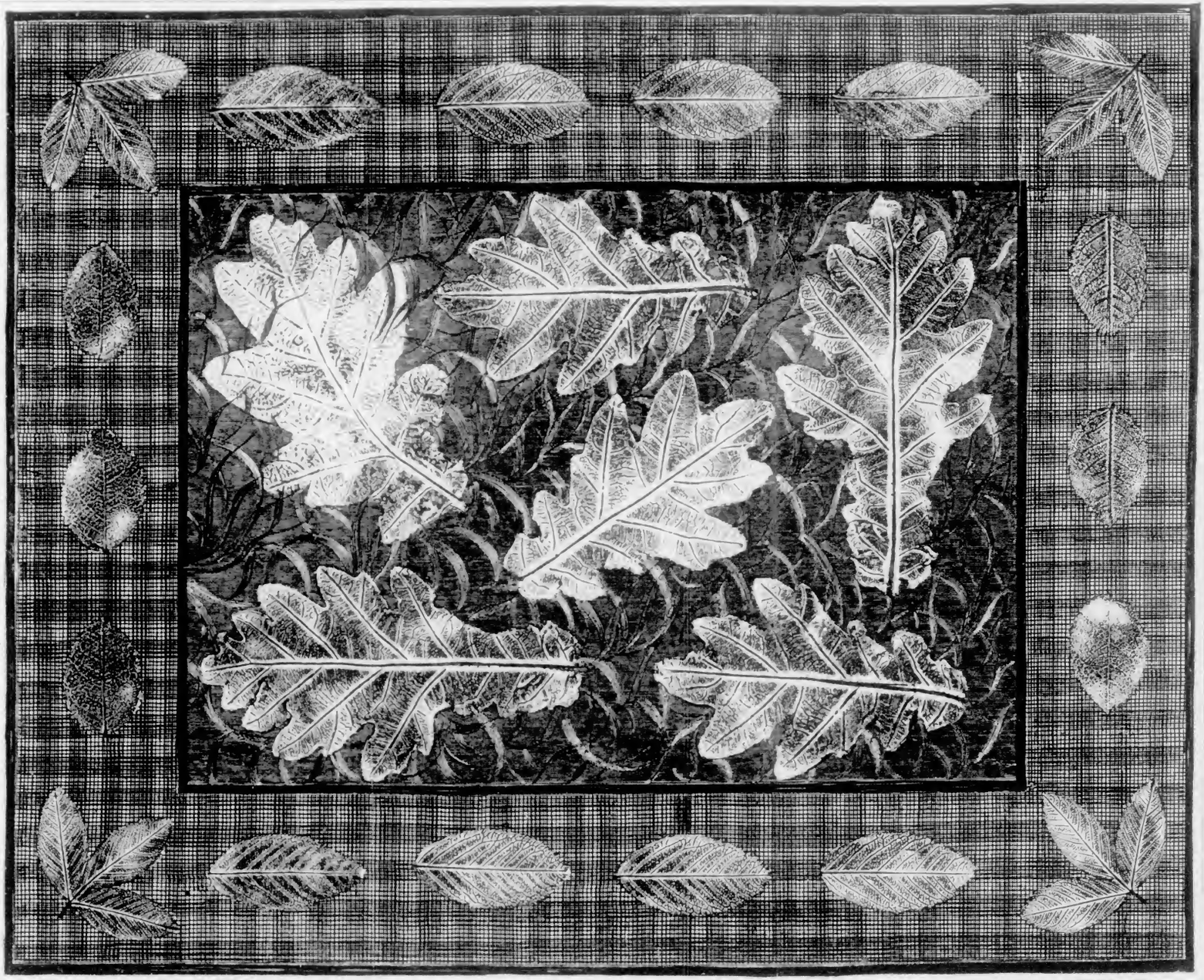
The village of Cockla is at no great distance from Platæa. There we put up for the night, in a shepherd's cottage of considerable dimensions. The apartment, which was equal in extent to the whole house, might be thirty feet in length; the one half was occupied by horses and mules, and the other half by the family. Our beds were placed near a good fire, which sparkled on the wine flagons, guns, and horse-furniture. The Greeks squatted round, and looked inquisitively at every thing we did. The shepherd's dress is of white woollen cloth, ornamented according to fancy; black garters below the knee, and black lines of the same breadth across the calf of the leg and the ancle.

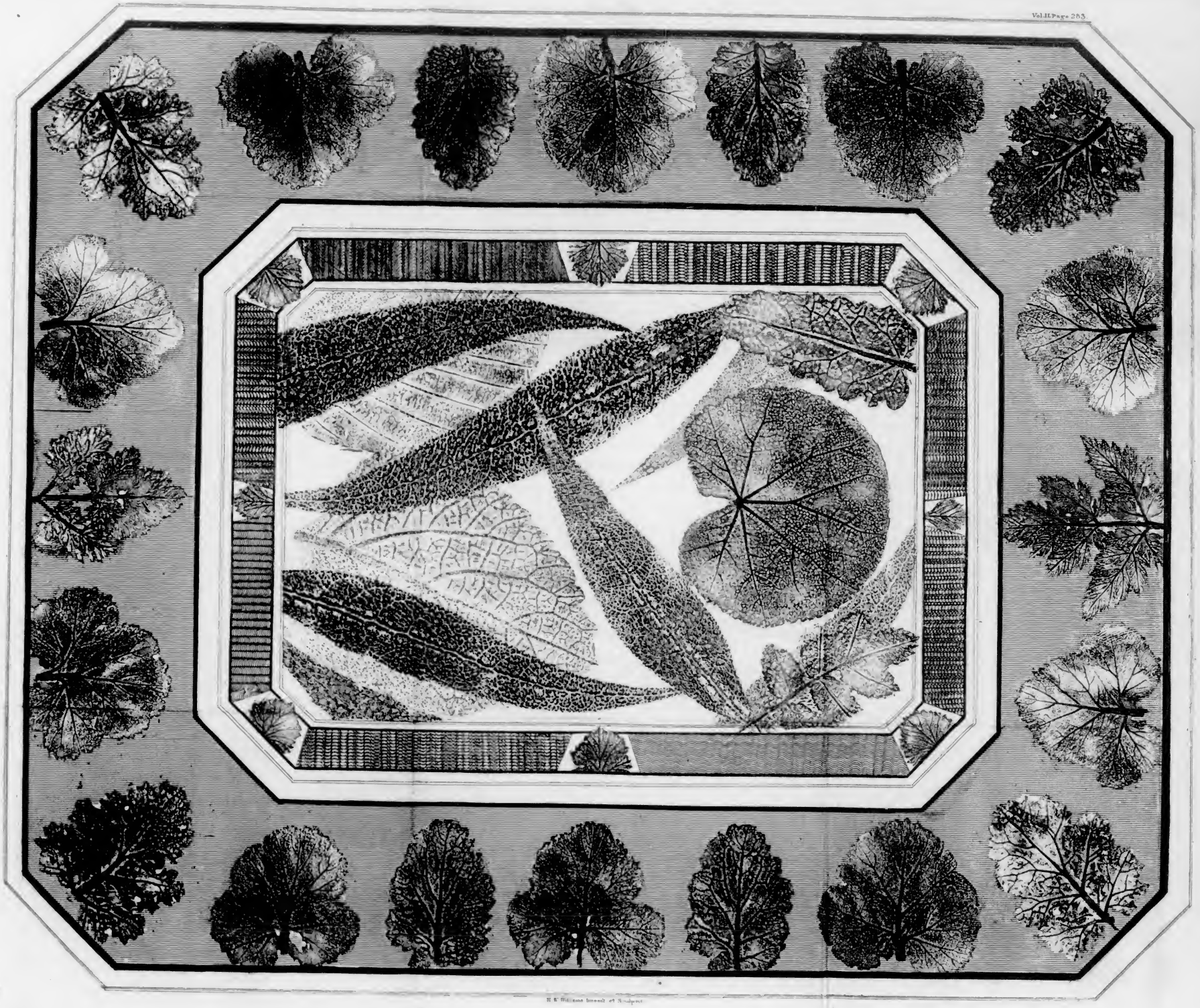
In the village, next morning, we looked about for inscriptions and marbles, but did not find any worthy of observation. The Greek church, however, quite at hand, contains a few fragments. And here I may observe, that the churches are the most likely places to find any remains of antiquity.

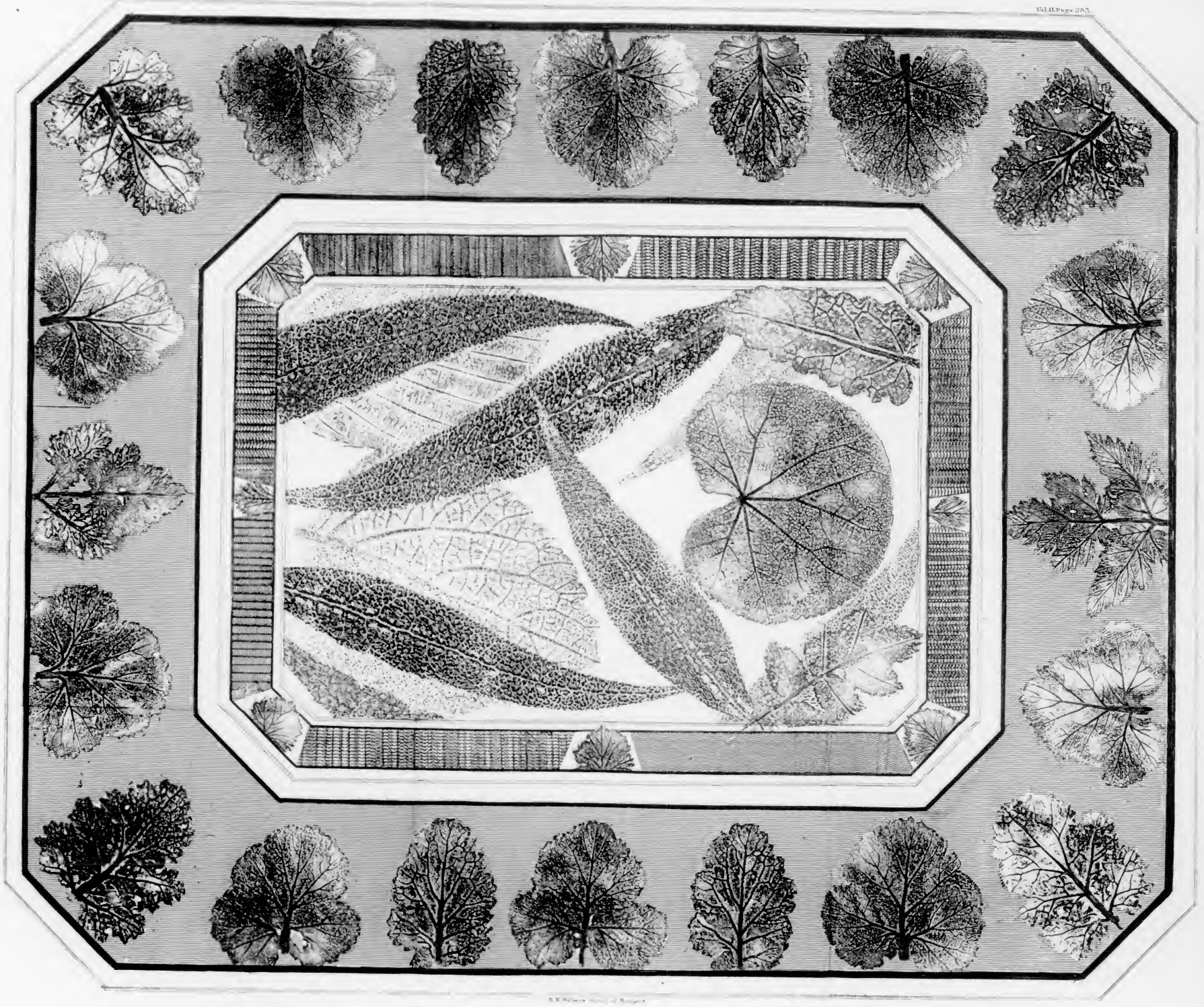
It was a drizzling morning when we left Cockla for the village of Condari. Yet we still cast a lingering look upon the sacred field; which truly, without association, inspires no feeling but regret, that such an extensive plain should be so thinly inhabited, and without the slightest degree of tillage. The Greek peasants do not even cultivate a garden. When we had inconsiderably advanced, the grey and low remains of poor Platæa looked like a flock



H. W. Williams Invenit et Sculpsit







of sheep on a wild and desert waste. A sun-beam stole upon them, but they were soon concealed again by the travelling shades.

On ascending the hills, we met with many flowers quite unknown to me. Often have I regretted my ignorance of botany in such a country, which, no doubt, affords a great variety of rare and curious plants. It occurred to me, that those who have not time to draw, might, by taking impressions of the leaves, render an acceptable service to their friends at home; and how easily might this be accomplished, and the impressions rendered durable, by means of a soft etching ground on thin plates of copper? The annexed print will give a better idea of what I mean than any thing I can say, and I should think it might be rendered useful for various purposes of manufacture and ornament, with the advantage, too, of cheapness and expedition.

Wet and comfortless, we arrived at the village of Condari, which, like all the villages in Greece, is very poor, public accommodation being out of the question, at least in the shape of public-houses. Few travellers are expected, of course little is supplied, and there is a total want of conveniences. We, however, contrived to get a good fire of sticks, and a glass of anise-seed water, which was by no means unpleasing. What a picture the drying scene would have made for Mr Allan! Our jani-

zary, in particular, without his kilt, holding it up to the flames to dry; the Greeks untwisting and wringing their turbans; the opening of the trunks, and a handsome Greek girl presenting the cordial. The habitation was like the last, having mules at one end, and human beings at the other. The children had all their heads shaved, and wore caps of piastres, (silver coins,) the landlady herself had two large strings of them, which hung down to her heels; the large pieces of money were placed uppermost, and the others decreased in size, down to the humble paras. * From the quantity of money on the heads of the females, it was reasonable to conclude, that they did not immediately expect the Turks to collect contributions, otherwise they would not have been so fond of displaying this species of finery. † We found we could scarcely have lived, had we not carried our beds with us; in Greece they have none, the poor natives contenting themselves with rush-mats on the floor, while the better sort sleep on their divans.

In advancing to Eleusis, (now Lefsina,) we travelled over hills of brushwood, through woods

* In value about half a farthing.

† I have since been informed, that Condari is chiefly inhabited by Albanians, who are exempted from paying tribute, being employed as guards to the frontiers of the Morea.

of dwarf pine, and passed some lovely and romantic scenes. We met with little water, no houses, and but few olive trees; on crossing a plain of some extent, we saw Hymettus in the distance, partly veiled in clouds. At last, we travelled through the foundations of ancient Eleusis, which are very extensive, sometimes running in long parallel lines of square blocks of stone, and in other parts scattered about. Shortly after, we came to the ruins of what is supposed to have been the Propylea, or ancient entrance into Eleusis, consisting of fluted columns, and various parts of the purest marble of the Doric order, lying in pieces, one upon each other, some appearing above the ground, and others almost completely buried. The present town, which is near the sea, is partly built with marble from the ancient edifices, and some curious fragments are to be seen within the houses. The mystery for which Eleusis was celebrated in the days of its glory, still hangs over the fate of many of its temples and noble remains. One feels nothing but indignation, on looking back to the barbarism that could destroy such exquisite gems of art, and cannot refrain from inwardly cursing the monster Alaric, whose shade can hardly repose with those of Pericles, Phidias, Ictinus, Metagenes, or Philo, by whose power and genius such mighty works were raised. The foundations everywhere are very great, and the ploughshare

must often leave its course to get free of the intruding marble. The principal remains of ancient Eleusis are along the ridge of a hill, and in the plain below. Part of a broken aqueduct stretches across the country. In a small church, at a little distance from the town, we saw the remains of a beautiful column of very peculiar character, representing the stem of a palm tree, not above nine feet in height. I could linger here for many days, did I not remember that Athens is at hand.

LETTER LX.

ATHENS.

From Eleusis to Athens.

Athens, May 1817.

THE road from Eleusis to Athens, the ancient sacred way, is all through classic ground, and every step is illustrated by ancient history. As we advanced, we met with various ruins, and perceived tablets for votive offerings, carved in the rocks. You may conceive our emotions as we rode along the sacred way; the monastery of Daphne appearing in view, while we knew well, that, a little beyond, on a rising hill, we should see the object of the greatest attraction to us in Greece, for which we had defied so many inconveniences and dangers. We knew not whether to go fast or slow. The guide determined. Suddenly he rode extremely quick, and we were obliged to follow. Athens appeared; and we uncovered.

" Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits,

Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades :
See there the olive groves of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Thrills her thick-warbled notes the summer long ;
There flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing ; there Ilissus rolls
His whispering stream."

The anticipations with which we had set out on our travels,—anticipations, which, at almost every step of our progress, have been more than realized, now rushed upon our minds, deriving additional intenseness from the recollection of what we had seen. Our memory naturally recalled the feelings with which we had entered the Italian capital ; and the gratification which we had received from the monuments of ancient and modern art, which we had there contemplated : and now, when we stood before that city, which was for ages the light of the world ; where the unfettered energies of man had achieved the noblest deeds recorded in history ; where genius, wisdom, and taste, had reached their highest perfection ; and from which Rome herself was proud to borrow all her illumination and refinement ;—admiration of the past glory of Athens, and commiseration of her fall,—the remembrance of what she had been, contrasted with what she now is,—mingled in one overpowering emotion, which expressed itself in the silence of tears.

The morn was gloomy—Athens was in shade, and, perhaps, the effect of solemn grandeur was better suited to the dejected state of that city of renown, than had there been a " blaze of living light."

The city was too far distant to trace its features, and all we could perceive was the general form of the Acropolis, yet inviting the keen and curious eye to penetrate the dusky shades. *

As we descended the sacred way, and approached the sacred grove, various interesting objects appeared. The general forms of the Temples of Minerva and Theseus arrested our admiring eyes, before the other remains of ancient art were visible. At last the columns of the temples and their beautiful proportions were distinctly seen. We crossed the classic Cephissus, (a poor and muddy stream,) and soon arrived in Athens.

The country people whom we met were very sal low and unhealthy in appearance, nor were they quite so clean as those of Thebes or Livadia. The undaunted look of liberty no longer beams in the Athenian peasant's eye.

* Both Mr D. and myself concurred in thinking, that there is a considerable likeness between Athens and Stirling, as seen from the sacred way. Athens has her castle (Acropolis) seated high. Hymettus is like the Ochill Hills, Anchesmus and Brilessus answer to Craigforth and Abbey Craig. From every other point, it bears a striking resemblance to Edinburgh, especially as seen from the Braid and Ravelston Hills.

Our servant, who had gone before to procure accommodation, met us at the gate, and conducted us to Theodora Macri, the Consulina's, where we at present live. This lady is the widow of the consul, and has three lovely daughters; the eldest, celebrated for her beauty, and said to be the subject of those stanzas by Lord Byron:

> "Maid of Athens, ere we part,
> Give, Oh, give me back my heart!" &c.

At Orchomenus, where stood the Temple of the Graces, I was tempted to exclaim, "Whither have the Graces fled?" Little did I expect to find them here. Yet here comes one of them with golden cups and coffee, and another with a book. The book is a register of names, some of which are far sounded by the voice of fame. Among them is Lord Byron's; connected with some lines which I shall send you:

> "Fair Albion smiling sees her sons depart
> To trace the birth and nursery of art,
> Noble his object, glorious is his aim,
> He comes to Athens, and he writes his name."
>
> R. A.

The counterpoise by Lord Byron:

> "This modest bard, like many a bard unknown,
> Rhymes on our names, but wisely hides his own;
> But yet, whoe'er he be, to say no worse,
> His name would bring more credit than his verse."

The mention of the three Athenian Graces will, I can foresee, rouse your curiosity, and fire your

imagination; and I may despair of your farther attention till I attempt to give you some description of them. Their apartment is immediately opposite to ours, and, if you could see them as we do now, through the gently waving aromatic plants before their window, you would leave your heart in Athens.

Theresa, the Maid of Athens, Catinco, and Mariana, are of middle stature. On the crown of their head is a red Albanian skull-cap, with a blue tassel spread out and fastened down like a star. Near the edge or bottom of the skull-cap is a handkerchief of various colours, bound round their temples. The youngest wears her hair loose, falling on her shoulders; the hair behind descending down the back nearly to the waist, and, as usual, mixed with silk. The two eldest generally have their hair bound and fastened under the handkerchief. Their upper robe is a pelisse edged with fur, hanging loose down to the ancles; below is a handkerchief of muslin, covering the bosom, and terminating at the waist, which is short; under that a gown of striped silk or muslin, with a zone round the swell of the loins, falling in front in graceful negligence; white stockings and yellow slippers, complete their attire. The two eldest have black or dark hair and eyes; their visage oval, and complexion somewhat pale, with teeth of pearly whiteness; their cheeks are

rounded, their noses straight, rather inclined to aquiline. The youngest, Mariana, is very fair; her face not so finely rounded, but has a gayer expression than her sisters, whose countenances, except when the conversation has something of mirth in it, may be said to be rather pensive. Their persons are elegant, and their manners pleasing and ladylike, such as would be fascinating in any country. They possess very considerable powers of conversation, and their minds seem to be more instructed than those of the Greek women in general. With such attractions, it would indeed be remarkable, if they did not meet with great attentions from the travellers who occasionally are resident in Athens. They sit in the eastern style, a little reclined, with their limbs gathered under them on the divan, and without shoes. Their employments are the needle, tambouring, and reading.

I have said that I saw these Grecian beauties through the waving aromatic plants before their window: this perhaps has raised your imagination somewhat too high, in regard to their condition. You may have supposed their dwelling to have every attribute of eastern luxury. The golden cups, too, may have thrown a little witchery over your excited fancy; confess, do you not imagine that the doors

> "Self-opened into halls, where, who can tell
> What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
> The pride of Turkey and of Persia land;

> Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
> And couches stretch'd around in seemly band;
> And endless pillows rise to prop the head,
> So that each spacious room was one full swelling bed?"

You will shortly perceive the propriety of my delaying, till now, to inform you that the aromatic plants which I have mentioned, are neither more nor less than a few geraniums and Grecian balms; and that the room in which the ladies sit is quite unfurnished, the walls neither painted nor decorated by "cunning hand." Then what would have become of the Graces, had I told you sooner, that a single room is all they have, save a little closet and a kitchen? You see how careful I have been to make the first impression good; not that they do not merit every praise, but that it is in man's august and elevated nature to think a little slightingly of merit, and even of beauty, if not supported by some worldly shew. Now, I shall communicate to you a secret, but in the lowest whisper.

These ladies, since the death of the consul, their father, depend on strangers lodging in their spare room and closet,—which we now occupy. But, though so poor, their virtue shines as conspicuous as their beauty.

Not all the wealth of the east, or the complimentary lays even of the first of England's poets, could render them so truly worthy of love and admiration.

LETTER LXI.

ATHENS.

Pnyx and Parthenon.

It is so natural to go from one beauty to another, that I am sure I cannot act more judiciously than to carry you from the living Graces of Athens to the most beautiful of its antiquities.

Before conducting you to the Parthenon, however, let me direct your attention for a few moments to the Pynx, where Demosthenes harangued the Athenians, and from which the greatest men of Greece have delivered their orations. It is formed in the solid rock, and will, as it should, exist as long as the world. Here, too, we may perceive the stations from which Plato and Socrates are said to have addressed the people, and enforced doctrines calculated to ennoble the soul of man. The Areopagus, where St Paul preached to the Athenians, and where was held the supreme court of the most impartial judges that ever graced humanity, is still in existence, and will vanish only with the world. On the Lycabettus, the tombs of the departed great, excavated in the solid rock, are all open.

There, also, we examined the ancient tanks or wells; the prodigious cuttings for foundations of buildings, the innumerable steps regularly formed, and leading to them; the ancient prisons, hewn in the mass of stone, and the very ground itself strewed with fragments of pottery, of ages gone! What man, looking at these things, could stand unmoved? In the market-place of Athens, our attention was directed to the remains of their ancient domestic utensils, marble chairs, and measures for corn, wine, and oil.

On the rock of the Acropolis we saw the dial that summoned them to the games in the Theatre of Bacchus. And in the museum of M. Fauvel, we beheld urns containing the ashes of the dead, their very hair; a jaw-bone with a coin fixed between the teeth! Lovely vases, pateræ, tazze, lancella, lumi eterni, and vessels for holding tears. On beholding such objects, it requires an effort to rouse the mind from that delightful reverie, which had carried it to converse with a state of society so long since passed away; and, for a time, the modern Greeks and Turks pass before the eyes as phantoms, almost unseen.

Signor Lusieri accompanied us to the Temple of Minerva, to which we ascended by a steep and winding path. About a third way up, we passed the celebrated Cave of Pan, which is but an insignificant hollow in the rock, hardly allowing

room for the poor god to have indulged in any enthusiastic gesture while amusing himself with his reeds. At the guard-house of the Acropolis, an old Turk sat smoking his pipe. He appeared to be the only soldier of the garrison, except the governor or disdar, to whom he led us, passing the ancient Propylea, of which I shall hereafter speak. The Disdar received us in his principal apartment, which, instead of smooth plaster, was finished with what is termed rough cast, and contained a clock, a trunk, and sofa! In appearance, he was respectable, his white beard flowing upon a purple robe. Signor Lusieri was our interpreter, and arranged all matters for our drawing in the Acropolis. We were served with coffee, and a saucer of preserved fruit was handed round, with but one spoon for all. At parting, the amount of about forty shillings was put into his hand, for which sum we obtained permission to visit the Acropolis, whenever we might chuse. The money was counted by his eyes, and with the same organs he conveyed to us an intimation of his being highly pleased. In all this there appears little ceremony, but let me tell you, the poor man's salary does not exceed L. 10 a year. When he was told that more English gentlemen were about to visit him, we perceived the beams of gladness in his aged countenance. All things being settled, we marched through weeds and broken marbles to the Parthenon,—the Temple of Minerva.

Who that has seen it, has not spoken of this building with raptures? "Did ever poet image ought so fair?" Instruction emanates from every part. It teaches the rules of nice proportion, of grace and beauty. With how much majesty does it rise among the heaps of surrounding ruins—itself having severely suffered from the shock of earthquakes, and the still more desolating hand of man! With what can I compare this noble edifice, bereft as it now stands of the glorious sculptures with which it lately was adorned, unless the deity herself, bereft of her helmet and ægis, with her face of wisdom clouded with a frown of indignation at man's depravity.

Here I shall say nothing about proportions and measurements. At present I am not disposed to attend to them minutely; and besides, you will find them all in Stuart's Athens.* The frieze, which still remains above the principal entrance, representing part of the Equestrian Procession of the Panathenaic Festival, is truly beautiful; generally in excellent preservation, and even

* The dimensions are as follows:—Length of lowest step 236 feet 9 inches, breadth 101 feet 2 inches; length of upper step on which the columns stand 227 feet 7 inches, breadth 101 feet 1 inch; height from bottom of lowest step to top of pediment 64 feet 7 inches; height of columns 34 feet 3 inches; height from top of capital of column to top of pediment 25 feet 3 inches.

superior in sculpture to any thing lately taken down. This, and two mutilated statues of Hadrian and Sabina, and one Metope, which still exists in the entablature of the western pediment; two lions' heads at the extremity of the roof of the ambulatory, and something like two horses' heads in the angle of the eastern tympanum, are all that now remain of ornament; and even these, I understand, would have been taken down, had there not been apprehensions as to the entire destruction of the building.

The scene of desolation in the Acropolis is complete; the heaps of ruins of wretched houses, and various buildings, constructed part with clay and marble, the marble looking doleful through the mud. Vile nettles, higher than our knees, sting one when full of admiration, and not attending to them,—like the cursed government of the country, always ready to do mischief. On entering the temple, one is struck by the worn steps and curved or circular marks of the great doors of old, the pavement, too, that had been trodden by the luminaries of Greece! by Pericles, Phidias, Socrates, Plato, Xenophon, Demosthenes, Aristotle, &c. In testimony of my regard for you, I write this letter on the sacred marble.

——— "August Athena! where,
Where are thy men of might, thy grand in soul?
Gone, glimmering through the dream of things that were,

First in the race that led to glory's goal,
They won—and passed away." ———

Often in the course of my travels I have felt the force of a sentiment which I have somewhere seen expressed, that every thing sublime and noble is more or less allied to emotions of melancholy. With such a scene before me as that which I now contemplate, the pulse goes quicker, and the tears fill the eye, but not with those of delight. Ah, no! Such havoc and destruction recall the dreadful deeds of uncontrollable passion, ambition, tyranny; and time appears with its melancholy list of past events, and damps the soul.

LETTER LXII.

ATHENS.

Colouring of the Temple of Minerva.—Panorama from the Top, &c.

Athens, May 1817.

It still appears to me that Phidias, Ictinus, and Callicrates, have given a character to the Parthenon, corresponding to that of the goddess herself,—stately, commanding, instructing, and in form most perfect. * The sculptures which were in the tympanum, the entablature and frieze of the inner cell, must have taken from the severity of grandeur which it would have had without such ornament, and conveyed to the mind a perfect idea of magnificent beauty. The Doric order seems highly calculated for this expression, admitting the enrichments, without suffering them to intrude on character. When pure from the hands of the great architects and sculptors, it must have told "unutterable things" of power and art, and allied the Greeks nearer to their gods than all their splendid victories. Reflecting on the sudden rise of this noble style of architecture, what can surprise us more, than the rapid strides from darkness into light! The consummate skill in the adjustment of every part, the knowledge of the perfect forms of nature, and the adapting them to the expression of ideal beauty, still remains a mystery, and leaves even this enlightened age to follow in despair.

* "The Athenians, in constructing the Temple of Apollo Panionios in Ionia, had recourse to proportion, firmness, and beauty of the manly body. And in building the Temple of Diana, the gracefulness of a woman was their guide." —*Aikin's Essay on the Doric Order.*

The Temple of Neptune at Pæstum is generally called Herculean, from its masculine aspect.

The Parthenon, in its present corroded state, impresses the mind with the idea of its thousands of years. The purity of the marble has disappeared, but still the eye is charmed with the varied livery of time. The western front is rich in golden hues, and seems as if it had absorbed the evening beams! * Little white appears, except the

* It is generally supposed that marble temples are white; but, with the exception of the remains of the Temple of Minerva at Cape Colonni, (which is built of Parian marble,) this is not the case. The marble of Pentelicus, with which all the temples at Athens are built, throws out an oxide of iron of the richest yellow; and this certainly makes them infinitely more picturesque than if they were purely white.

tympanum, and part of the entablature. But the brightest orange colour, and grey and sulphury hues, combine in sweetest harmony. The noble shafts of the huge columns are uniformly toned with yellow of a brownish cast, admitting here and there a little grey. Casting the eye to the inner cell, we see dark hues of olive, mixed with various tints, adorning the existing frieze and pillars; and these opposed to brilliant white, afford a point and power of expression which never fails to please. But all the parts are different; some broken shafts are white, and some are grey or delicately yellow, seeking contrasts with dusky greens and browns of sombre hue. The whole is rich, yet pleasingly subdued, and when the evening sun illuminates the temple, opposed to clouds of silvery tones of grey, imagine how splendid it must be! The Turks, too, among the ruins, in rich attire of purple, red, or blue, afford attractive points not to be rejected by the eye of taste. In ascending to the top by a narrow winding stair, various names are written on the wall. Having mounted to the pinnacle of the temple, what a panorama of ruin! What a circle of classic scenes!

On the hill of the Museum, towards the south, is the monument of Philopappus. Further in the distance are the hills of the Morea, the Ægean Sea, and Isle of Ægina. Advancing to the west, the ports Phalerum and Piræus are dimly seen;

then follows Psyttalia; the site of Corinth; the hills Gerania, and Corydallus; above the Pnyx appears the sacred way from famed Eleusis, the sacred grove, and site of the academy where Plato taught! Then, far remote, are seen the hills of Icarus and Phyle, and near the extremity of the sacred grove, Colonus Hippius, with Parnes and Decelia in the north. Just below them, and near the eye, the lovely Temple of Theseus shines in the sun's bright ray; then comes the Hill Brilessus, the Mount Anchesmus, and winding road to Marathon in the east. The shallow stream of the Illissus humbly seeks its way by the golden coloured columns of Jupiter Olympius. Approaching to the south, the eye dwells on the "flowery Hill Hymettus" running to the Ægean Sea; then Philopappus comes to view again.

Among all those objects, so long the theme of poetical description and allusion, none is more interesting than the noble vestiges of the Parthenon, its prostrate divisions of columns above each other, and white as snow—its mighty pillars of various height still pointing to the skies—its remains of cornices and frieze. * Within the temple, on the

* The ingenious Mr Henning, formerly of this city, has admirably modelled the frieze now in the British Museum, and the casts are of such a size, as to be well adapted to the cabinet of the man of taste.

ancient marble pavement, where heathen worshippers have often trod, is now a wretched Turkish mosque; and nearer to the right, the remnant of a Grecian church. How strange! how silent all! —But, hark! that sound! It is the muezzin chaunting from the mosque, behind the Areopagus, proclaiming to the world that "God is great, there is no God but God." *

* "Hark! from the mosque the nightly solemn sound,
The muezzin's call doth shake the minaret,
There is no God but God! To prayer, lo! God is great.'

LETTER LXIII.

ATHENS.

Temple of Minerva Polias, Erectheum, Pandroséum.

Besides the magnificent Temple of Minerva, the Acropolis has to boast of the ruins of the contiguous Temples of Minerva Polias, * the Erectheum, † and Pandroséum. ‡ The two former are considered the standard of the Ionic order. Every ornament is finished in the truest taste: the chisel, in short, can go no further. The portico of Minerva Polias (I grieve to say it) is still used as a powder-magazine, completely built up, without door or aperture of any kind. The columns appear almost buried in the wall, and a more revolting spectacle I have seldom witnessed. These buildings are about 150 feet to the north of the Parthenon. The columns are chastely rich,

* Her title as protectress of the city.

† Dedicated to Erectheus.

‡ Dedicated to Pandrosos, one of the daughters of Cecrops, the founder of the ancient city.

and the volutes of them remarkable for their ample dimensions and pleasing flow of line. The ingenious device, too, of raising and enlarging the volute towards the corners of the portico, so as to appear pleasing to the eye when viewed from any point, shews how much the ancients studied the principles of effect and symmetry. The Temple of Minerva Polias is the only Grecian building that I have seen with windows; they are placed, three in number, between the columns, and their frames or jambs are almost touching them. At first they appeared a little out of taste for want of space between them, and, on repeated consideration, I confess myself unable even to conjecture a reason for so unpleasing an arrangement.

The capitals and flutings of the columns are much destroyed by time; chipped and broken, too, by various causes: yet, considering their amazing age, it is marvellous to me they are here at all. So delicate! so slender! they might easily have been destroyed by the slightest violence,—yet here they are in ruins to be sure, but still giving important lessons to the world! We may accuse the Turks of barbarous wantonness, but are these not proofs that they have respected the precious works of art? Let us ask ourselves would such buildings have stood half so many centuries in Great Britain? No! although we should not have pounded them down for mortar, they would have been otherwise

destroyed, * without the aid of time or climate. Can we protect a mile-stone, or coping of a wall or bridge from that spirit of destruction which is so peculiar to our country? And have we not come over here to indulge the feeling, and animate the Greeks and Turks to it?

The lovely little Temple of Pandrosos, which was supported by six caryatids, or female figures, similar in form and attitude, is, as I have said, attached to the Temple of Minerva Polias. Only four of the caryatids now remain, and these are greatly injured, and seem as if they mourned the loss of their companions. While studying this gem of architecture, a Turkish gentleman pointed to the rude support of the roof, which occupies the space of the last caryatid which was taken down, and with a mournful and significant expression of countenance, exclaimed, more than once, "mi Lor Elgin!" These words, from the mouth of a Turk, appeared to me infinitely more severe than all that has been said at home or here against the proceedings in the Acropolis. The other missing caryatid is now in Rome, in the possession of Camuccini the historical painter: for many years it was lost to the world, till he discovered it in a garden, I think, on the Pincian Hill.

---

* Witness the fate of Arthur's Oven, a beautiful Roman antiquity discovered in this country, and soon after wantonly destroyed.

It was purchased for a trifle, and I believe is now for sale. In preservation this caryatid is superior to any of the rest, and has been restored by the great Thorwaldson with taste and judgment. In the same gentleman's possession there is a small part of the frieze of the Parthenon, in excellent condition.

On looking at the prop substituted by the agent of Lord Elgin, I have been tempted to wish we would send from home a fac-simile by Coade, of the caryatid now in the British Museum, and remove the wretched support which is constantly reminding one of what the Turks had spared. Perhaps this mode of restitution might be carried further, and durable casts of the metopes and frieze be placed on the forlorn Temple of Minerva. The Erectheum, which was under the same roof with Minerva Polias, can only boast of five columns, and part of the south wall; but those remains are very fine. M. Fauvel made an excavation in the centre of the building, I believe without success.

From the portico of Minerva Polias, one of the most magnificent views of the whole ruins presents itself, comprehending the stately Doric of the Parthenon, contrasted with the light and elegant Ionic of the Erectheum, Minerva Polias itself, and the little gem Pandroséum! In colouring, the whole is perfect, especially in the evening light. The columns and entablature of the Parthenon ap-

pear in shade, yet rich with colour; the white and slender pillars of the Erectheum, partly relieved against the azure sky, and partly obscured by the shadows of the buildings, seem to embody all the harmonious hues of tenderness and delicacy. The portico of Minerva Polias stands in reflected light, and receives the soft illumination on its tones of orange, grey, and brown. The Pandroséum would hide itself in shade, but the streaming light seeks it out, and gilds the edges of its lovely forms. Even my Turkish friend (who pays me daily visits, while drawing in the Acropolis) conveyed his admiration of this touching scene, by expressive signs and smiles. He seems to have a pride and interest in the ruins, and shews me where architects have made their studies, especially the stations of our famous Cockrell, and the Calmuc employed by the Earl of Elgin.

From the assemblage of ruins which I have just described, I went with him to the top of the ancient Propyleà, which, certainly, presents the finest view of the whole of the Acropolis, and, perhaps, is yet matchless in the world. * In front appears

* "In its pride and glory, the Acropolis appeared as one entire offering to the Deity, surpassing in excellence, and astonishing in richness. Heliodorus, named Periegetes the Guide, had employed on it fifteen books. The curiosities of various kinds, with the pictures, statues, and pieces of sculp-

the Temple of Minerva, augustly beautiful, the sunbeams stealing among the lovely columns, and casting shadows in the deep recess; while sparkling touches of brilliant white appear, and dazzle the imagination with visions of ancient splendour. The minor temples shine in glorious light against the Mount Anchesmus, and the pillars of the Propyleà shoot through the crumbling ruins of successive ages.

---

ture, were so many and so remarkable, as to supply Polemo Periegetes with matter for four volumes; and Strabo affirms, that as many would be required in treating of Athens and of Attica."—*Chandler's Greece*, p. 41.

LETTER LXIV.

ATHENS.

Temple of Theseus.—Dislocation of Columns by Lightning.—Church of St George.—Situation of the Temple.—Grandeur and Beauty independent of Association.

The ancients, in their buildings, directed their attention to matters of comfort as well as taste and beauty. At the bottom of each step of the Propyleà, close upon the angle, a small groove is cut in the marble, to allow the surface-water to run off. The introduction of this practice in Scotland might be advisable, and would prevent the ice from forming on the steps in winter.

The adhesion of the marble, without cement, has been noticed by various authors, but I do not believe that it applies to marble buildings in general. Here, in Athens, the material is quite at hand, and probably was used shortly after being cut from the quarries of Pentelicus, before it had lost its moist and tenacious quality, which exuding, as we every day see in the formation of stalactites, would supply, without any artificial means, a powerful and cohesive cement. Certain it is, that, in

several cases, and especially on the steps of the Temple of Minerva, it is impossible to trace the joining.

The columns of the Propyleà, the Parthenon, and Temple of Theseus, have suffered much from lightning. The twistings and dislocations of some of them are very curious, the courses, or divisions, of the pillars, have been considerably turned, so that the flutings of one part advance upon the other, while other portions of the same column remain uninjured by the shock. This is particularly remarkable in the Temple of Theseus; but, with this exception, and a part of the roof being in a state of ruin, the building has not the appearance of great antiquity, although it is supposed to have been built before the age of Pericles. *

Within the cella, now the Greek church of St George, we see nothing but bare walls—no flooring; an aperture or two in the vaulted roof is all that admits the light, and a more uncomfortable, damp, and unwholesome church there can hardly be. The daubings, representing saints,

* The dimensions of this temple are :—Length of lower step 106 feet 8 inches, breadth 47 feet 8 inches. Height from bottom of lower step to top of pediment 33 feet 4 inches. Height of columns 18 feet 8 inches. Height from top of capital of column to top of pediment 12 feet 3 inches. Length of upper step on which columns stand 104 feet 2 inches; breadth 45 feet 2 inches.

are in unison with the place, and fail not to excite disgust.

Externally the frieze at both ends of this temple is in poor condition, yet parts of it are very perfect. Monsieur Fauvel * is of opinion (and he has seen it well from a scaffold) that it is not inferior to that of the Temple of Minerva. In the casts in his possession, many of the figures appear in exquisite taste and beauty. The metopes in the eastern pediment are sadly corroded and destroyed by time; those, however, on the sides are pretty well preserved, but do not seem to be executed by the same judicious hand; comparing them with the frieze, the sculpture is on a lower scale of merit.

In style, the Doric of the Temple of Theseus is not unlike the Parthenon; but, from its situation and size, which is not more than half the dimensions of the latter, it only excites the idea of simple beauty. The elevation of the Temple of Minerva opposing itself to the sky, favours its sublime appearance, independent of its exquisite proportions. The Temple of Theseus stands on a gentle elevation, but from whatever point we view it, the extensive and interesting scenery with which it is surrounded, comes in for a share of

* The French Consul at Athens, a man of refined taste, and an admirable draftsman and modeller.

our interest and admiration ; and perhaps this very circumstance, which reduces the temple to the station of a feature merely in the scene, has at the same time the effect of lessening that importance which it would possess, could it be seen without the interference of other objects.

The ingenuity of philosophers has been exerted in analyzing the nature of our sentiments of sublimity and beauty. While some have contended that all these sentiments are founded on certain associations of ideas, others have supposed that there is in the nature of the objects themselves, which we denominate sublime or beautiful, a certain inherent and orginal quality, which, independently of any previous association, excites in the mind the peculiar sentiments with which the contemplation of them is accompanied. Although unpractised in the art of untwisting the gossamer threads of thought and sentiment, may I not be permitted to state my own impression of the truth of the latter hypothesis? That our associations with objects either of a sublime or beautiful cast, contribute largely to increase the power of the peculiar sentiments which belong to them, is a fact which must be recognised by every one. Yet, can there be any doubt, that, in the Temple of Neptune at Pæstum, the very forms have something within themselves, calculated to fill the mind with the impression which belongs to the sublime, whilst, in the

Temple of Theseus, the simple presentation of its form bespeaks that species of admiration, that peculiar feeling, which beauty is calculated to draw forth? * It required not age to constitute the one sublime, and the other beautiful. In truth, their respective characters must have been more deeply impressed upon them in their perfect state, than in the mutilated form in which they now stand, surrounded by the adventitious attributes with which antiquity invests every monument of human art. Age has undoubtedly superinduced on them some additional character ; but to their age we can in no degree ascribe either the sublimity of Pæstum, or the beauty of the Temple of Theseus. But I chiefly concern myself with the sentiment itself, with which any object warms and delights my soul ; and let me, like the child attracted by a flower, be contented to feel, though unable to determine whence the feeling springs.

---

* The simple process of increasing the length of the shaft, and reducing the height and massiveness of the pediment, will convert the expression of grandeur into that of beauty. Height, then, is not at all times characteristic of grandeur ; that it is not essential to it, the temples at Pæstum prove beyond dispute.

LETTER LXV.

ATHENS.

Reflections regarding the breaking and pounding of Sculptured Marbles by the Turks.

It is a well known fact, that, when the metopes were taking down from the Temple of Minerva, the Disdar Aga (or governor of the Acropolis) could not refrain from shedding tears, and said the proceeding was not to be endured. His tears, indeed, soon dried up at the sight of gold: still, however, I would judge this Turk by his natural feelings, which plainly spoke vexation. In taking money, he might not have thought of himself alone; perhaps his poverty, and not his will, consented. A circumstance, too, which occurred the other day, convinces me that the Turks do not see with indifference the ruin of their sculptures. Some midshipmen, on visiting the Acropolis, chipped and broke the drapery of one of the Caryatids of the Pandroséum; the Disdar, on perceiving this, was much in wrath, and threatened vengeance, if he could find them.

From the innumerable fragments and blocks of marble which are scattered everywhere in the Acropolis, I find it difficult to believe, that the Turks should have thought it necessary to destroy the figures for the purpose of making mortar, especially as the walls are chiefly built with clay, which, as a cement, they suppose to be a better preservative against the shock of earthquakes, to which this country is very subject. That the Turks have broken marbles in the Acropolis, I cannot doubt; but I should think not to the extent which is generally supposed. Spon and Wheler visited Athens in 1676, and found the Temple of Minerva quite entire.* It remained so till 1687, when much of the sculpture and building was destroyed by the Venetians under Moro-

* Stuart is mistaken in this statement. We find, by the engraving made from the drawing of the eastern pediment, by the artist who accompanied the Marquis de Nointel, in the year 1674, (two years before Spon and Wheler's visit,) that it was much destroyed by accident or time. The western pediment, too, was supported by an arch within the tympanum, which arch, also, was a prop to the statue of Jupiter and adjacent figures. Dr Spon himself likewise mentions, that one of the columns, of the six which supported the roof of the Pronaos, was wanting, but that it had been supplied by a support of stone and lime, at the expence of 2000 crowns; and (observe) by a Turk, (the Kislar Haga;) this does not look like wilful destruction.

sini and Koningsmark, the latter having done more mischief than the unlucky bomb which fell upon it at the siege. By attempting to remove the figure of Minerva, he destroyed the whole of the western tympanum. This noble temple may be said to have been respected till 1687, and little done to injure it by Turk or Christian. Stuart, in the year 1753, found the Temple of Minerva in the condition in which it was left by the Venetians; since that time, the injuries it has sustained have been numerous and extensive.

When the lovely sculpture was precipitated to the ground by Morosini and by Koningsmark, much of it must have been dashed to pieces, and completely ruined, yet some no doubt escaped uninjured. The Count Koningsmark being desirous to possess himself of the best of the marbles, "to enrich Venice with the spoils of Athens," * it is natural to suppose, he appropriated such as he found in good condition, and which he could most easily carry off. From the remaining mass, we may suppose part may have been used as mortar, but I should think only the very wreck and rubbish of it. We find, accordingly, that in an ex-

* The famous marble lion, ten feet in height, which stood at the Port of the Piræus, and likewise a celebrated lion which stood on the way to Eleusis near Athens, were carried off by Morosini, and were placed before the Arsenal at Venice.

cavation made by the Earl of Elgin, a great part of the statue of Victory, the Torso of Jupiter, a part of Vulcan, and other valuable fragments, were discovered on the very spot on which they had fallen. Signor Lusieri also found some metopes, where he expected to obtain them, and the celebrated Mr Cockrell has made discoveries by excavation corresponding to what he had anticipated. Indeed, it is hardly fair to accuse the Turks of utter barbarism and wantonness, till the ground, at present covered with houses, shall be made to unveil its hidden stores; and even then, when we reflect on what must have been carried off by strangers before Lord Elgin's visit, we shall find they had little left for burning into lime, * I mean of sculptured marbles, except what was left for the noble Earl. † The story of the Turk and his furnaces, I confess, appeared a little odd and un-

* When Signor Lusieri was excavating for some metopes, and part of the frieze, at the east end of the temple, it is said a Turk told him, that he might save himself the trouble of proceeding any further, in the hope of finding them, but that, if he chose to look a little to the right, he would find the furnaces in which he had burned them into lime. In Athens, there are always men of taste and feeling, and I should think they would have stepped forward on this occasion, and saved the precious marbles from such a fate.

† I believe 170 feet of the frieze, independent of what remains.

natural. It is hardly to be supposed, that a man in any state would decide on destroying a beautiful work of art, when, on every hand, he could have been supplied with materials for his purpose, especially, too, as he might get money for it. The beautiful marble of Pentelicus, surely, would produce lime white enough for wretched sheds. *

In the walls of the fortification, and in some of the buildings of the town, many pieces of sculpture were carefully preserved, and seemingly fixed in them as ornaments, not with taste, I grant, but still they were preserved. The Earl of Elgin procured the best of these ; † and, if I am not mistaken, it required all his influence and great intreaty with the Porte to obtain them. Lately such fragments fixed in the walls of private houses, as could be had for money, have been picked up by various strangers. The Princess of Wales obtained a number, and the other day an English gentleman gleaned a few.

* It has been said the Turks pounded the sculpture, because it produced the whitest lime. I am tempted to ask, for what purpose this white lime was made in Athens ?

† Fragments of the frieze of the Temple of Unwinged Victory, representing the Athenians in combat with the Persians, and in sculpture said to be not inferior to the metopes of the Parthenon. Likewise some valuable marbles taken from the parapet of the modern fortification, especially the representation of a Marriage, which, it is said, is very perfect.

This disposal and removal I regret exceedingly, because it takes from the interest, and even in some degree from the identity of Athens. Considering the quantity of sculpture which has been found in good condition by the Earl of Elgin, (the western end of the cell still exhibiting an unrivalled frieze, which, being quite accessible from the buildings on the opposite side, might easily have been destroyed by the Turks,) little depredation seems to have been committed in the way of pounding and burning into lime ; especially when we take into account the Metopes at the western end, which have all the appearance of being corroded and destroyed by time.

From what I have ventured to advance, I do not mean it to be understood, that the Turks, any more than ourselves, are free from the sin of destroying buildings ; but that it appears to me, they are not barbarous, as is alleged, with regard to sculptured marbles. Have not the Phygalion marbles been found where they fell by accident or time ? Those likewise of the Temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, in the Island of Egina ? And there is reason to believe, too, that excavation would discover the treasures of Minerva Sunias at Cape Colonni. Here, in Athens, the Temple of Theseus is still entire, and almost appears like a building of the present day ; metopes, frieze, and all are yet untouched. Then that little gem, the

Lantern of Demosthenes, though mouldered much by time, still commands our admiration. The Temple of the Winds is still entire, and the figures might be studied with advantage even by the greatest artist. If we reflect upon the many centuries which have passed over them, and the delicate sculpture by which they are enriched, we shall be surprised they have existed to this day. Let us not blame the Turks unreasonably.* Time, and war, and earthquakes, have done much to injure Athens.†

On the subject of removing the sculpture from the Temple of Minerva, I shall say little, although I cannot help expressing my regret at the unworkmanlike manner in which the deed was done. Vast masses of the noble cornice were thrown down and destroyed to obtain the metopes, when they might have easily been procured by

* The French monk who placed one of the ancient inscriptions, recording the riches of the Athenians, in the stair of a kitchen, appears to me infinitely more barbarous than the ignorant Turk. He must have seen this precious marble regularly wearing away.—*See Chandler's Greece*, p. 65.

† The barbarians under Alaric, King of the Goths, removed the valuable treasures of antiquity; the stately and magnificent structures were converted into piles of ruin! and Athens was stripped of every thing splendid or remarkable. Synesius, a writer of that age, compares the city to a victim, of which the body had been consumed, and the hide only remained.—*Chandler's Greece*, p. 535.

cutting out the pannels. Good heavens! to make a quarry of a work of Phidias! The men of taste in Athens are unanimous in believing, that if this proceeding had been represented to the Earl of Elgin, he would not have allowed matters to have gone so far, but kept to his original plan of merely having casts and drawings.

That the Elgin marbles will contribute to the improvement of art in England, cannot be doubted. They must certainly open the eyes of the British artists, and prove that the true and only road to simplicity and beauty, is the study of nature. But had we a right to diminish the interest of Athens for selfish motives, and prevent successive generations of other nations from seeing those admirable sculptures? The Temple of Minerva was spared as a beacon to the world, to direct it to the knowledge of purity of taste. What can we say to the disappointed traveller, who is now deprived of the rich gratification which would have compensated his travel and his toil? It will be little consolation to him to say, he may find the sculpture of the Parthenon in England.

LETTER LXVI.

ATHENS.

Observations on the Character and Expression of the Doric Order.

In a conversation which I had with a celebrated person here, he seemed to be of opinion that the Temple of Neptune at Pæstum is superior to any of the temples of Athens; that the true spirit and purity of the Doric order is better preserved in it; and that enrichment of any description is foreign to its character of severe simplicity, conveying the idea of grandeur and durability. This, certainly, I am not disposed to doubt, as far as the doctrine relates to the character of simple Doric.* But,

* "The Doric order may be thus defined:—A column without a base, terminated by a capital, consisting of a square abacus with an ovolo and annulets. An entablature consisting of three parts, architrave, frieze, and cornice; the architrave plain, the frieze ornamented with triglyphs symmetrically disposed, and a cornice with mutules. These are sufficient to constitute a definition, and are, I believe, all that can be asserted without exception; but some others may be added as necessary to the beauty and perfection of the order, and which, though not universal, are, however, general among the examples of antiquity."—*Aikin on the Doric Order.*

that the order is suitable for only one distinguishable expression, I confess I am very sceptical. Indeed, the various examples I have met with incline me to think the contrary. The ancients improved in architecture as well as sculpture, and were not long in perceiving that this noble order was comprehensive, and highly susceptible of various expression, and all equally compatible with the spirit of the order. Callicrates and Ictinus (the architects of the Parthenon) must have known of the early and stupenduous Doric. Corinth afforded an illustrious example of it; yet those great artists had not thought it proper to adopt so rigid a style, preferring rich and stately elegance for the temple of the goddess who presided over reason and the liberal arts. Indeed, it appears to me that the buildings in question do not admit of such comparison. Both are perfect, but both would not answer for the same purpose, masculine grandeur and feminine dignity requiring different attributes. Comparing the Temple of Neptune with the Temple of Minerva as splendid works of art, I should certainly give the preference to the latter. The character of magnificent beauty is admirably sus-

tained in the exquisite proportions of the edifice itself; and when we add to it the incomparable sculpture which adorned the tympanum, the metopes, and the frieze, sculptures unequalled in the world, such a building certainly has higher claims to admiration, than the severe simplicity of unadorned grandeur.

That architecture is an art which has capabilities of conveying a distinct expression of unmixed grandeur, will not be doubted by those who have see the severe and pure examples of the Doric at Pæstum, (those stupenduous structures which must be seen, in order to be comprehended, for, believe me, there is not in Great Britain a single instance of a building from which their character can be illustrated,) and that it is also capable of conveying the simple sentiment of beauty, is equally apparent in surveying the little buildings of the Pandrosium, the Lantern of Demosthenes, and various other examples. In fact, the characters impressed upon those buildings are as distinct from one another, as that which sculpture has conveyed in the strength of the Hercules Farnese, and the exquisite beauty of the Venus de Medicis. From these original elements, the skill of the ancient architects knew how to compound a mixed and modified character, not purely grand, nor purely beautiful, but according as occasion required, partaking of either. I shall not pretend to say that I am capable of guarding the mind against those predilections, or prejudices if you will, which sometimes, without our knowing it, mingle themselves with all our ideas of the venerable ages which are past. But, placed as I now am among the ancient edifices, and endeavouring to free myself from this source of delusion as much as possible, every comparison which I have been able to institute, confirms me in the opinion, that the ancients possessed that sagacity which enabled them to express the peculiar sentiment they wished to convey, whether that sentiment was of a single or of a mixed kind; and to carry that expression to the very limits, beyond which, the building would have departed from the character intended to be impressed upon it.

LETTER LXVII.

ATHENS.

The Arts.—Character of the Drawings of Haller, Lusieri, and Fauvel.

With such examples of perfection before them, in architecture and in sculpture, you may imagine that many of the modern Athenians are profound and skilful artists in both of these departments. If you expect this, what will be your disappointment when I tell you, that none of them seems to have a single idea regarding either? Their buildings are rudely constructed, without the smallest sign of taste; and, unless it be a Turkish turbaned grave-stone, sculpture is not attempted. Their paintings, which are always of Scriptural subjects, are generally assisted by the aid of metal. Crowns of silver are placed on the heads of the Virgin and Child, and circles of the same metal upon the saints; the back-grounds being stamped and gilded. This mixture of painting, gilding, and stamping, is of a very early date, and that it should be here, at Athens, esteemed at the present day, demonstrates unequivocally on what fortuitous circumstances the state of human taste depends. These productions, of course, are wholly executed by the Greeks; and I question whether the Transfiguration by Raphael, or the Holy Families by Correggio, would please them nearly so well. From early associations they must be more attached to those pictures, before which they have so often appeared on bended knees. Are we not ourselves, from analogous causes, delighted often with very clumsy workmanship of ancient years? And do we not prefer it, in many cases, to better works of contemporary art? So powerful is association in modifying our sentiments, even in opposition to our judgment or taste.

The total apathy of the Athenians, and I may say of the Greeks in general, towards the arts, even to their music, extends itself to the elegancies of life, to their jewellery, printing, engraving, and pottery. Good taste is nearly allied to comfort. But here their gardens, furniture, and, in short, every kind of workmanship, betray an equal want of both. Till the principles of art be cultivated among them, they can hope for little progress; and, even then, if the spirit and feeling of the people be not excited, the mind must sleep. Man must have a motive for his toil,—the approbation of his countrymen, or the hope of gain. Neither of these can be expected at present in this impoverished and degraded country, where, I may say, accomplishment is

despised, or, at least, does not meet with that regard which it so justly merits. What a contrast to ancient times! when "an eminent painter, an ingenious architect, and skilful statuary, enjoyed among the Greeks the highest consideration, and the most flattering distinctions. The laurel was bestowed on them by the consenting voice of the country; and their names were celebrated by posterity at festivals and on public occasions;—a city valuing itself as much on having produced an artist celebrated for his talents, as for having given birth to a statesman or a general of the highest merit. To this elegant and liberal turn of mind Greece owed that pre-eminence and superiority in the arts, which it enjoyed over other nations." If, as it is said, the arts follow or accompany knowledge and power, what hope can be entertained of their revival among the modern Greeks?

But though the Turks and Greeks are yet in ignorance respecting art, Athens is seldom without foreigners of genius and refinement. At present there are several. Baron Haller,* Lusieri, and Fauvel, who do honour to their respective countries, have been here for years. The architectural drawings of Baron Haller are inferior to none; and his taste for landscape is judicious and correct.

* Since this letter was written, the world has to regret the loss of this accomplished person. He died in Greece towards the end of the year 1817.

Lusieri, so well known in the transaction of the Athenian marbles, is likewise a man of great ability in the delineation of the country and its splendid ruins. Fauvel excels in modelling from ancient sculptures; his drawings, too, are masterly and free.

Believing you might wish me to be more particular in characterizing the works of these celebrated men, I shall venture to give you a brief statement of their respective merits, but principally regarding their outlines or drawings from nature. Lusieri's designs are upon a considerable scale in length, not less than seven or eight feet, and generally they embrace the eighth of a circle; he has even one, a View of Constantinople, eighteen feet by three or four feet high, comprehending the fourth of a panorama. These drawings are merely careful outlines, done with a hard pencil or crow-pen, and no attempt is made at light and shade. He takes an incredible time in doing them: the outline of Constantinople alone was a study of three months; and the rest in proportion. He generally has several outlines in a progressive state from various quarters of Athens, so that, let the wind blow as it may, he can always secure to himself a comfortable situation to proceed in colouring. As he finishes his drawings chiefly upon the spot, this precaution saves him from many interruptions. The atmosphere of Greece being very clear and

luminous, (except when the sultry siroo invests the country in an opaque and whitish mist,) the sun seeming to throw his rays unmixed from heaven to earth, the details of nature are seen even in objects removed to a great distance, and claim a consequence, to which, if seen through a British atmosphere, they would have no pretensions, and, therefore, require an accuracy of delineation suitable to the appearance which they exhibit. This Signor Lusieri has minutely attended to, but I have more than once presumed to think that he carried those details a little too far, farther, indeed, than nature seems to authorize, and without that peculiar character which is referable to her, exciting painful feelings on reflecting on the wearisome toil and trouble such outlines must have cost him. On examining the subjects from which several of his outlines have been made, I confess I could not perceive the minutiæ described in them, which has led me to suppose he must have used a telescope. I mention these particulars, because I know they will be interesting to you; and by the way, I may hint that a glass is not to be despised in cases where a little careful marking might be necessary. I saw only one coloured drawing by Lusieri, and that consists of a few columns of the Temple of Minerva. It is a meritorious work of art, as far as relates to breadth of effect, and truth of light and shade, without mannerism or

fallacious touching. The colouring, however, is rather heavy, and seems to be shaded with Indian ink, which loses its clearness where there is any depth of shadow. A partiality to any sort of colours often leads the eye astray, and is much against the discrimination of those delicate and tender hues which require the nicest care. In nature the subject of Signor Lusieri's drawing abounds in clear and fascinating dyes, and I regretted that an eye, which has been so highly cultivated in all that relates to form, should be so defective in perceiving justly the distinctive qualities of delightful colour.

The Baron Haller's drawings of landscape are extremely good; the subjects chosen with taste, and executed in a free and masterly manner, with due attention to the details of nature. His temples of classic buildings and ornaments, in particular, are full of characteristic and exquisite precision. He has discovered, too, a new region of beauty in the Turkish tombs and cemeteries* at Constantinople. In colouring I cannot say the Baron is successful, and it appears to me he does not study this department of his art upon the spot. He is aware, however, that it can never be acquired with-

* Baron Haller is of opinion that there is a pretty good taste for architecture in Constantinople.

in doors, and has determined to prove that imagination cannot boast of hues like those of nature.

In style Baron Haller never fails to seize with firmness the characteristic beauties of his subject, and to give them correct expression, even in simple outline. His feeling for grace and beauty is chaste and delicate, and prevails through all his works. With such truth, indeed, does he embody some of the finer and more evanescent traits of delicacy, that, on seeing them so distinctly expressed, we feel surprised at our not having recognised in nature itself, that which his representation has rendered so palpable and striking. From the survey of his works, we return to the study of nature with a more informed eye and more discriminating taste. Signor Lusieri, on the other hand, makes his outlines with the intention of finishing the subject in colours on the spot, in which case a comparison can hardly be made between those artists. It is, however, to be regretted, that Signor Lusieri, in all probability, will leave the most of those extensive outlines unfinished, and therefore the want of that peculiar expression which is to be found in Baron Haller's drawings, will take much from the warmth of interest, with which we should otherwise contemplate such pleasing delineations.

The works of Monsieur Fauvel are very different from those of either of these gentlemen. They are done with a rapid hand, clever, but with a little

ostentatious dashing, exciting some surprise in regard to execution, but certainly producing no pleasing train of sentiment in the mind. His models, however, are in better style ; still it does not appear that he can bring himself to enter into the details of accurate finishing. The varieties of style are absolutely endless ; but those alone which instruct the mind, and approach to all conquering nature, can ever hope to be handed to posterity.

LETTER LXVIII.

ATHENS.

Circuit of the Town and Acropolis, to establish the finest Points of View.—Necessity of such a Circuit.—Effects of near and distant Views.—View from Mount Lycabettus.—Effects of Clouds.—Skies the principal Machinery of Nature.—Waiwode and Wives.—Monument of Philopappus.

ATHENS, with its Acropolis, is not more interesting to the antiquarian and classical scholar, from the associations connected with them, and the fine monuments of ancient art which they contain, than to the painter, as combining in the most charming varieties with the surrounding country. With the intention of ascertaining the most interesting points of view, I have made a circuit, beginning at the Temple of Theseus, and ascending by the Lycabettus, to the hill of the Museum. * From thence I descended to the Ilissus, visited the Fountain of Callirhoë, the Temple of Jupiter Olympius, and continued my circuit by Mount Anchesmus, till I returned to the Temple of Theseus.

* From Museus a poet, (and disciple of Orpheus,) "who used to recite his verses there, and who, dying of extreme old age, was there buried."—*Pausanias.*

This circuit may be easily accomplished in two hours and a half, allowing a few minutes to examine some of the principal objects. * But I was not so expeditious; for, beginning early in the morning, my investigation was not completed till the day was near a close. It was necessary that I should often leave the course, in order to satisfy myself with regard to those points which to me seemed to promise the most characteristic views; and, although the day certainly was one of the most interesting in my life, I do not know that I ever suffered more from mental and personal fatigue.

To those who have not studied much from nature, this may appear to have been an idle waste of time; but the artist, who knows how necessary it is to get the great and striking objects to combine with subordinate yet interesting details, and *that* without the former losing any thing of their importance, will readily admit the necessity of this preliminary investigation. Those who dispense with such trouble, and at once fix upon the view which first occurs, will often have reason for regret, in discovering that they might have made a happier choice. Indeed, with the most careful examination, it often happens that the finest views escape us. This par-

* The ancient circumference of the walls of Athens was 24 miles and a half, but that embraced the ports.

ticular attention being necessary to scenery in general, surely Athens demands, in this respect, our most careful study.

It is impossible to give rules to others in regard to choice,—taste being so often under the control of accident and feeling. When nature presents her endless effects of beauty and of grandeur, the judgment, even of the wisest men in art, may hesitate, and adopt the very opposite to that which had at first appeared to be the most eligible. The works of our greatest painters, therefore, can only shew what has been done, but do not determine what may be done. They animate and improve, but nature instructs the mind beyond those limits to which the study of art alone can carry it. But while she possesses the inexhaustible sources of originality, she must be courted, and seen, as it were, reflected in the mirror which art holds up to her. Unless we are familiar with what has been discovered by her favoured sons, she will not present those electrifying truths, which flash upon the mind in studying her, not only as she is, but as seen through the medium of works of genius.

The works of Niccolo Poussin, Domenichino, and Sebastian Bourdon, agree with the character of Athens, as viewed at no great distance from the ancient buildings. The simple dignity of form and colour, perceptible in the works of these great men, enters into the spirit of its story, and calls

forth corresponding sentiments. The distant views of Athens claim the style of Claude: his unbroken lines, that continuity and taking up of parts, sweetly transferring them to each other, and conveying to the mind the sentiment of beauty, well express what Athens is in her robes of silvery grey. The colouring, too, of Claude is just and accurate, as referable to Greece in her remote and lovely scenes. His luminous and unsullied purity of atmosphere, his delicate and undisturbed breadth of air, reveal to the eye the most fascinating hues in tender unison with each other. Those points, too, of decided colour, which he never fails to place in harmony against mysterious and bewitching tones of air, are supplied in all the scenery of Athens, by the bright robes of the Turks and Greeks.

But how have I come to wander thus? You will say I am out of my course indeed; and not likely soon to take you round the walls of Athens. I grant I have digressed, and without further loss of time, I shall start again from the lovely fane of Theseus. At a little distance from the Temple is the Lycabettus, which is part of the hill of the Museum, and, perhaps, affords the finest and most characteristic view of the Acropolis and Theatre of Regilla: * especially if taken near the Pnyx, a noble object for the fore-ground, it

* A Roman building built by Herodias Atticus, in compliment to his wife Regilla.

rises, crowned by the Parthenon, between the Mounts Hymettus and Anchesmus.

The Parthenon, opposed to clouds, appears with greater dignity than when the mountains interfere, and, indeed, it seems of greater size. The great and sweeping lines, subduing all detail, appeal strongly to the mind, and claim the character of grandeur. The pyramidal form of the rock and buildings of the Acropolis, as seen from near the Pnyx, is a favourite with the painter; and when the horizontal streaks of the morning sky appear behind, the idea of elevation is much increased, as would, indeed, be the case with any object, even if on a plain. Should it rise through various tiers of clouds, it matters not whether they be of any magnitude, the idea of height will certainly be excited, if the clouds should be but narrow lines. And here I may venture to observe, that the skies are the principal machinery of nature. How often do they conjure up the episodes of beauty or of grandeur? Without them, the bare truth of outline would be vapid. They take up, they assist, or they oppose the various objects which seem to court their aid: and what do they not teach by their constant changing, and directing the light of heaven to gild those parts, where the most daring mind would not have ventured to conceive it,—leaving masses in mysterious shade, and other parts invested with strange uncertain hues of colour from reflected light? The

divided rays, too, will stream among the dubious forms, and anon with magic swiftness will change the illumined parts to darkness, and the dark ones into light!

Ascending further on the Hill of the Museum, close upon the Monument of Philopappus, the view next in picturesque effect appears; but, being high, the Mounts Pentelicus and Anchesmus rise above the Acropolis, and reduce it a little lower in the scale of grandeur. But the exquisite aërial hues of the distant mountains, contrasted with the rich colouring of the varied buildings, produce the finest harmony for picture.

While studying this affecting scene, and while my eye was on the road to Marathon, I was roused and accosted by an Albanian soldier, who came to tell me that the Waiwode (the governor of the city) was approaching with all his wives. This was an intimation for me to leave the place; for no one must look upon a Turkish lady, even though she veils her face. You may be sure I did not tarry long; but desirous to know the result of this adventure, I placed myself in a situation where I could see the party at a little distance. First then a janizary appeared with a carpet and some wine; then followed the waiwode with a friend, both richly dressed in Turkish costume, with turbans white as snow. The Turks proceeded to examine the hill to see that all was clear; while the ladies, four in number, advanced at a distance

from the lordly Turks, and from each other, with their faces as usual muffled to their noses. The soldier spread the carpet for the Turks, on which they squatted down, and smoked and drank their wine; while the ladies, in a tottering sort of gait, wandered separately to and fro: occasionally they would stoop to pick the flowers of the squill, but none of them approached their master. This stupid sickening scene continued for an hour. When the Turks arose, they proceeded on the path from Philopappus, which was close upon my station; but, as soon as I was seen by them, they made a sudden halt, and not wishing to disturb me a second time, they struck off to the right, and marched through fields of growing corn. The ladies veiled their eyes with gauze,

> "And thus through mists we see the sun,
> Which else we durst not look upon."

They were large in person, dressed in simple woollen habits, and wore no stockings. What an idea does this scene give of the state of the unhappy women of this country! What respect can a son have for his mother or his sister, while he sees the poor female sunk so low? Can he even have affection, that blessing of the human heart? But instead of pursuing these reflections, I shall proceed to follow the circle of that scenery, which will lead

me back to days when women could command respect in Greece.

When the Turks were fairly out of sight, my janizary and I reascended the Hill of the Museum, and gave a little time to the Monument of Philopappus. It is a Roman structure of white marble, but not in the finest taste, approaching to a semicircular form. The figures in the niches are sadly mutilated by time. Stuart is of opinion that this monument was erected to the last king of Commagene and his descendants; and this conjecture seems to be confirmed. * The relievo on the basement is almost exactly the same as that on the eastern side of the arch of Titus at Rome, consisting of a figure in a car drawn by horses, preceded by attendants, and followed by victory. From this monument, we went to the fountain of Callirhoë,

> "Where oft enchanted with Socratic sounds,
> Ilissus pure devolv'd his tuneful stream
> In gentle murmurs."

---

* In the first niche on the right is a statue sedent; and underneath an inscription in Greek. "King Antiochus, son of King Antiochus." In the middle niche is another statue and inscription. "Philopappus, son of Antiochus Epiphanes of Bisa." These were the ancestors of the person, who, it is probable, filled the third niche. His name was Caius Julius Antiochus Philopappus, and he lived under Trajan.—*Chandler*, p. 98.

LETTER LXIX.

ATHENS.

Continuation and conclusion of the Circuit of Athens, which includes Jupiter Olympius.—The View from Hagio Asomato and Mount Anchesmus, Colonus Hippius, and the Academy.—Tomb of Pericles.

THE poets have given such flowery and overcharged descriptions of every feature of Greece, that the mind involuntarily startles on seeing the realities, and secretly inquires whether these be really the objects which the poets celebrate. The Ilissus in particular excites disappointment. The words of the Bard of Paradise Regained, "There Ilissus *rolls* his *whispering* stream," would not now correspond with this water-course, and even the whispering does not apply. As it exists at present, I can give you no better account of it, than by saying that I have walked its channel bed for nearly an hour, without my feet being wet, except when I inadvertently stepped among the water-cresses in the various hollows. But in ancient times, the water of this stream has been collected to supply the once

"cool and delicious fountain of Callirhoë," and it might have had a placid, quiet, and serene expression, inviting the philosophers to walk and study on its banks, which were graced with altars and with temples, beside the "high, shady, and fragrant thicket of the Agnus Castus," forming scenery deserving of the praises bestowed on it by Socrates. Now, alas! there is no wood nor buildings on its banks: all is bare and desolate, and the Fountain of Callirhoë can merely supply trickling water for the labours of a few half-starved washer-women.

But the disappointment which we experience in viewing the condition of the ancient fountain, and the nearly lost Ilissus, is amply repaid by the majestic ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Olympius, and the south-east prospect of the Acropolis of Athens, as seen from the fountain, and near the spot supposed to be the situation of the Eleusinium, looking over the ground once graced by the Lyceum * and Ceramicus. † The rocks of Callirhoë, though conveying no idea of the ancient fountain, still constitute an object inviting to the painter; and fortunately the ruins of Jupiter Olympius, the Arch of Hadrian, and the Acropolis, with the Odeum of Regilla, and hill of the Museum, combine to admiration. The scene, though not

* Sacred to Apollo Lycius.

† Where gymnastic exercises were performed.

so striking as the view from Lycabettus, is, from various associations, deeply interesting. Here were performed the rites of the Eleusinian mysteries; here were the walks and hallowed haunts of the philosophers. On this spot I took my station for the general view. The Temple of Jupiter Olympius is of the Corinthian order, supported on fluted marble columns, 60 feet in height; and, like the other temples, it is enriched with a variety of beautiful golden hues. From a small flight of steps, * about 40 yards on the side towards the Ilissus, we have the finest view of this noble structure. Here Grecian magnificence will strike the mind with wonder, nor will it appear surprising that this splendid work remained unfinished for more than 700 years;—no monarch, from the time of Pisistratus to the days of Hadrian, having possessed power and riches sufficient to put the finishing hand to it. The Arch of Hadrian seems unworthy of his time, but as a connecting link between the mass of pillars of Jupiter Olympius, which support their architraves, and the three detached columns belonging to the same range which approach the city, it is not without its use, and its defects are, from such a distance, scarcely observable.

* From whence, in dry seasons, it is said, prayers are offered up to heaven for rain.

From the Fountain of Callirhoë I went to the Stadium of Herodes Atticus, and found its site merely perceptible. The olive trees of Hagio Asomato invited me to deviate from my course, and, as I expected, I was well rewarded by a variety of exquisite views of Athens. No finer subjects ever were presented to the pencil. The grove of olive took its part with the monastery of Asomato, and the snowy mountains of the Morea refreshed the eye while looking through the sultry air, which gave to Athens the warmest tone of grey. The various windings of the Ilissus met the Temple of Jupiter Olympius, the pale light on which uniting with the illumined fields, and these advancing to the Ægean Sea, produced a smile upon the landscape, which cheered old Athens in its day of ruin.

Yet, striking as the scene appeared, it must be poor, compared with what it was in ancient days. Imagine, united to the objects which I have just described, the Temples of Venus, Juno, Diana, Apollo, Jupiter, and Saturn, with many others; the Gymnasium of Hadrian, the Cynosarges, the Delphinium, Eleusinium, and Stadium of Herodes Atticus. Then the rivers Ilissus and Eridanus gleaming through the various groves, the favourite resort of the philosophers and their followers, who mingled with the beams of heaven,—emblematic of the light they have given to the world by the splendour of their minds.

Proceeding by the way towards Mount Anchesmus, innumerable pleasing views appeared, but the finest is from the mount itself, and certainly affords by much the best idea of the modern city, with the Acropolis towering over it. This scene is composed, in part, of the objects I have mentioned in a former letter, as seen from the top of the Temple of Minerva ; but that from Mount Anchesmus has many combining features which keep the whole together in one chain of interest. The scene presents a picture, independently of association, without a parallel. Its character is unmingled beauty. Viewed from Mount Anchesmus, Athens presents itself as an entire uninterrupted whole. The intervening space is such as softens, and forbids to obtrude those individual forms, and those local tints, which, on a nearer survey, are so apt to solicit our attention to particulars, and from the contemplation of the whole, carry us insensibly into an attention to individual parts. Every true lover of beautiful scenery can testify the delight, the calm, soothing delight, which a favourite scene, seen under such circumstances, has the power of imparting.

In colouring, the view from Mount Anchesmus induces on the mind the dream of Athenian glory. Uncertain hues and forms are presented to the eye, which require a gentle yet pleasing exertion of the mind to study them, leaving an impression of tender melancholy ;—a style of colouring between that of

Claude and Gaspar Poussin, in which the atmosphere must not wholly interfere to destroy the effect of local colour, but allow streaming lights to travel from scene to scene, as the clouds shall permit the sun's bright ray to gild them. *

Colonus Hippius, † once the property of Plato ; where, too, Sophocles was born and lived, and at a short distance the site of the academy where Plato

---

* In landscape, light and unity of colouring, produced by air, chiefly excite the sentiment of beauty. But the harmony of direct colouring, with powerful and opposing light and shade, allies itself to grandeur. Objects then, according to their nature and situation, should partake, in a greater or less degree, of the one or the other of these attributes of character. Such as may be grand when near, will assume a different character by distance, and require a change of treatment. Thus, the view of Athens from Mount Anchesmus induces, as I have said, the dream of Athenian glory, or, in other words, that general feeling which we have on our minds with regard to it. Independent, too, of colouring, when near the city, there are affecting details which appeal strongly to the mind. No one can look upon the divisions of the columns of the temples, burnt by Xerxes, built in the fortification walls of the Acropolis, or on the steps of the Pnyx, without being strikingly reminded of facts in the history of the country. This rousing quality, both of detail and colour, loses itself by distance, and gives way to undecided recollections.

† Colonus Hippius is now a barren rock with little vegetation, about a mile from Athens, and a short way in advance of the site of the academy, a little to the right.

taught, successively engaged my attention. They were both within the sacred grove, and three short words may tell their fate—they are gone! and we must sit upon the ground to muse, for not a stone remains upon which to seat ourselves! The views of Athens, however, from these two celebrated places are extremely fine. Mount Hymettus takes a greater share in the scenery than from any other point, but it reduces in appearance the size of Athens and her temples.

I returned to the city by what is called the Tomb of Pericles,—a rude unshapen mass. That it is the remains of the Tomb of Pericles, I have my doubts; yet certainly his tomb must have been at no great distance from the spot, as it was known to be but a little off the road to the academy. Be that as it may, it is impossible not to feel a reverence for the memory of that great man, while near the ground where his sacred ashes have been laid. The eye naturally directs itself to that splendid monument of mind, * erected by him in the Acropolis, and turns to the scene of barbarism around. One is led to believe that the Supreme power, by allowing these opposite extremes to exist together, intended them as a means of forcibly conveying to the world the results of wisdom, and of murky ignorance; making the latter seem the more revolting by the immediate and striking contrast.

* The Temple of Minerva.

LETTER LXX.

ATHENS.

Description of the Streets, Markets, and Dance of Dervishes.

On returning from my circuit of the city, I could not help remarking that the ancient temples owe much of their apparent size to the smallness of the modern buildings, which, like those of the other towns we have seen, are chiefly constructed with clay. But, though insignificant in appearance, they cover a very considerable extent of ground, for a population not exceeding twelve or thirteen thousand souls. If we except the Acropolis and temples, the few Turkish mosques (four in number) are the only features which give variety, and these are much inferior to those of Livadia. The Greek chapels rarely appear above the private houses. Within the walls are many fields, and the vacant spaces are strewed about with bones, old slippers, and a multiplicity of rags, a kind of rubbish peculiar to the towns in Greece, and which give them an appearance of poverty and wretchedness.

The streets are no better than those of Thebes or

Livadia; narrow, without pavement, and winding in every direction. Any windows that face the streets are latticed up, and appear as if they could not admit a ray of light. The houses are generally surrounded by courts or high walls built by the jealous Turks, and, consequently, are not seen except from the elevated ground. In wet weather the principal street is rendered very uncomfortable by the boughs of trees which are laid across from roof to roof to keep out the rays of the sun. These continue dropping long after the shower has ceased, and make a wretched puddle. If carts or carriages were used it would be quite impossible to walk; as it is, it requires some management to brush past the numerous and heavy laden mules, especially when they carry sticks or bulky wares.

Athens being one of the superior towns in Greece, I expected to find some handsome shops, but nothing of the kind appears. The strangest mixtures and varieties,—caviare, pipes, books, cloth, blue, vitriol, grain, oil, honey, cheese, dried fish, &c. are all jumbled together. Every article of wearing-apparel seems clumsy and rudely made,—the iron and carpenter's work in particular; indicating that Athens is now as far behind, as in ancient times she outstripped the rest of the civilized world. The inside of the chapels are covered with contemptible daubings of the histories and adventures of the saints, in which they are represented performing miracles, which it is hardly possible for human credulity to believe. The people are seen lounging in idle groups in every street. The fast of 142 days, united to the oppression of the government, seems to have enervated them, and rendered them quite unfit for any great achievement.

The market-day is kept on Sunday, when provisions are to be had in considerable variety, and very cheap. * The seeming confusion of tongues, Romaic, Albanian, and Turkish, is not a little bewildering to a stranger; and when an Italian or a French servant happens to be bargaining among them, their animated gestures render the scene abundantly amusing. In these markets I have perceived a variety of fish, such as we had been

* As the purchases, however, are made by servants, some imposition may be practised, though not to a great extent; at any rate, most travellers must be exposed to it. We pay here, in Athens, for a lamb, which is very small, five piasters, according to exchange with England at this time about 3s. 4d.; for half a sheep six shillings; for a bottle of rum three piasters, 2s., and for a bottle of wine of the country, strongly impregnated with resin, threepence. We never tasted this ingredient so predominant as here. The reason usually given for this practice is, that without resin the wine would not keep. Dr Chelli, a Roman physician, attribute the custom to the knavery of the Greeks, who, he said, used the resin to prevent the discovering of the quantity of water with which the wine is adulterated.

familiar with in the Mediterranean, red and grey mullet, calamara or ink-fish, eels, marluzzo, &c. Game, too, is not uncommon, especially wild ducks, teal, thrushes, snipes, pigeons, woodcocks, beccafico, hares, &c.; but I have seen nothing rare except the red-legged partridge, which is by no means common. The vegetables are few, principally garlic, onions, endive, radishes, broccoli; no potatoes or cabbages, or varieties of salads. Grapes, melons, figs, oranges, and lemons, seem to be the only varieties of fruit. In short, they are much behind in gardening, and flowers are seldom seen. The few gardens within the walls of Athens (there are none without, nor any kind of nursery of trees) principally belong to the consuls and Franks, who appear to have as little taste for them as the Greeks or Turks. * A few orange and lemon trees, and one solitary palm, are all they have to enliven or give relief to the wretched buildings.

---

* The gardens are in the rear of the houses, and being the frequent resort of the females of the family, are protected from the observation of the passers by. Dr Chelli has a very pretty garden (not large) full of orange and citron trees, and attending it is a favourite occupation of the ladies of the family. But such of the Turks as have gardens, have very commonly the women's apartments opening into them and hence, they are jealously shut against strangers.

But you will say I am escaping from the market. Kid, goat, lamb, and mutton, constitute the only choice of meat; the last, in particular, is very bad, almost as strong in taste as the flesh of the goat. The cattle, wood, and wine market, is likewise held on Sunday, in the afternoon. But do not suppose that any thing like a drove of animals appears; only a few half-starved creatures are to be seen. The numerous fasts are decidedly against the breeding of cattle. Olives and bloodless fish are the principal articles of food. When the town is full of strangers the provisions rise in price; yet, generally speaking, they may be had about a third cheaper than they can be purchased in England; and, balancing one thing with another, the market prices are much the same throughout the continent of Greece. Wheaten bread is bad; but a foreigner, now resident in Athens, has undertaken to bake it in the Italian way, and even then it will be tasteless without salt.

Hotels, inns, or taverns, they have none; the khans certainly do not come under these denominations;—they have neither beds nor food, and are in general totally destitute of comfort. Strangers must look for lodgings in private houses, and the best of these are to be had at the Consulina's, the convent of the Capuchins, Dr Chelli's, and Signor Urtali's; and even in them the accommodation given is considered partly in the light of a favour, no

no regular charge being made, and every traveller giving according to his inclination. A dollar a day for each person is generally expected, and even more, according to the accommodation required. The houses which I have mentioned are generally full of strangers, who, with the foreign residents, (about a dozen families,) constitute what is called the Frank society, the consuls forming the very point or pinnacle of distinction among the latter. *

The British consul, Logotheti, (a Greek,) is most attentive to our countrymen. At his table there is comfort and cleanliness; and I was not a little surprised to see English knives and silver forks, with a napkin put down before each person. His lady, too, appeared at dinner, and, though she said but little, she had self-possession, with easy manners; which, perhaps, will be preferred by many to silly professions and fidgeting attentions. Her dress was much the same as that of the Maid of Athens, but with a greater appearance of wealth;

* There is much talk of a mysterious lady who recently visited Athens. She danced the Roméka, and the ladies of Dr C——— boasted of their having been parties with her in their national dance. At Corinth, the Bey, on the occasion of her visit there, came down with a party of horse to meet her, conducted her in form to his palace, and, in the course of conversation, expressed, it is said, a Mahommedan feeling of impropriety at the manner of her travelling unaccompanied by a relative of either sex.

in beauty, however, she was not to be compared with the fair Theresa! She sat at the corner of the table, understanding, I presume, that this is a custom with our tonish ladies in old England. Not more than three dishes were placed on the table at a time. No one ventured to help himself till each dish was taken to the landlord, so that if one does not choose the first, he must wait with patience till the second or the third is carved and presented to him. In this respect, especially when the appetite is keen, the English arrangement is certainly preferable; and I am surprised that our worthy host has neglected to imitate us in this important circumstance. The lady retired soon after dinner, but the gentlemen sat a considerable time, and, wonderful to say! no pipes were introduced.

The few Greek ladies I have met with are generally of the middle size. None fo them has the straight nose and forehead, which we understand to be peculiar to the Grecian countenance. * They have greater liberty than the Turkish females; yet they are seldom met with abroad, except when going to the bath, a marriage, or a funeral; † but as they nurse their own children,

* The ancients acknowledged the straight forehead and nose to be their beau ideal.

† A short time, however, before our arrival here, a French frigate, on its destination to cruize for the protection of the

their confinement may be tolerable. Those who mix with the Franks, or are related to their families, are lively and easy in their manners; but I cannot say I have ever seen any thing like dignity. Dignity without mind, one would think, could hardly exist; yet, in the stately gravity of the Turk, there is something strangely imposing. When the Greeks of Athens are inclined to be a little merry, and have a ball, they must ask permission from the Turkish governor, nay, they cannot indulge in any public game without first obtaining leave; and it would not be advisable for a Greek to sing or speak loud before the residence of a Turk of consequence.

From the peculiar nature of the government, the Greek is, in some degree, obliged to dissemble, and use a little trickery. As the governor

Smyrna trade, put into the harbour of Athens. The gaiety of the crew was very congenial to the Athenians, and they spoke in raptures of the manners and hilarity of the French sailors. Several entertainments had been given on board the frigate, and the Roméka, between French and Grecian gaiety, was executed in high perfection. A short time afterwards, an English ship of war anchored in the Piræus; the captain had his lady on board, and an entertainment was given to such Athenians of both sexes as were eligible to be invited. A grateful recollection of the entertainments exists in the minds of the Athenians, but a preference seems to be felt towards the manners of the rival nation.

purchases his situation annually, he will naturally endeavour to make the best of his bargain. The Greeks, therefore, pretend to be poorer than they really are. In general they are indebted to the government, and even, it is said, suffer themselves to be imprisoned for several days before they pay their tithes and duties.* Nevertheless, it is believed the Greeks and Turks live upon better terms in Athens, than in any other town in Greece. The Turks must see the veneration which all nations have for that city, which was the parent of philosophy and eloquence, and once the centre of taste and genius. They must know, too, that if the number of travellers who visit that devoted city have any respect for the present inhabitants, it is for the Greeks; for, depraved and sunk as they are, the liberal heart will ever cherish a kindly feeling towards them, and will hardly refuse

* The Waiwode or governor of Athens gets a tenth of the harvest in the neighbourhood of Athens. The ceremonial of the old government by Archons is still kept up, but of course the Turkish Waiwode is the person who really governs. The Disdar has nothing to say in any place but the Acropolis, and is quite a petty officer, with not more than fifteen or twenty men under him. The Kislar Aga, or chief of the black eunuchs, appoints the governor of Athens; the Waiwode, however, is subject to the Bey of Negropont in matters of government.

them its pity, while reflecting that Athens is now the property of a slave and eunuch. * Contempt will not be shewn where gratitude is due.

Justice for the poor, I believe, is somewhat rare ; the judge pays for his appointment, and of course with him, as with the governor, money is omnipotent. The priests are very numerous, and in good personal condition ; but how so many are provided for, where the population is so small, I was at a loss to conjecture, till I recollected that it is the residence of a High Priest, whose ecclesiastical power extends over all Bœotia and part of the Morea. Still it is a matter of wonder where the people find means to support the clergy of nearly 200 consecrated buildings in the town.

The Turks do not allow unbelievers to enter their mosques. A positive prohibition exists at Constantinople, and I believe generally throughout Turkey. I have in different towns procured a glance at several mosques, but have been compelled to make my visit very short, for fear of insult. They were mean in appearance, and destitute of ornament,—the naked walls being merely inscribed here and there with passages from the Khoran. At Constantinople, till of late years, the mosques might be visited. It is said that the interdiction arose from the Secretary of the Russian Embassy having

* The Kislar Aga, guardian of the women of the seraglio.

spat while in one of them ; he was with difficulty rescued from death.

At Athens there is some approach to liberality. In 1812, the Turks allowed Lord Elgin to put up a clock with a Latin inscription, purporting it to be a present from his Lordship to the people of Athens ; * but they had to build a tower for it, an expence at which they murmured considerably. A clock in a town, under subjection to Turkish government, was said to be a circumstance before unknown ; but the Turks are very well satisfied with their having permitted its erection. This, I believe, is the only clock seen in a public situation in the Turkish dominions : even bells are not permitted to the Greeks, except in one or two places, of which Mount Athos is one. The Mahommedan nations mark the time of day by a cryer, who proclaims from a little gallery attached to the mosque the hours of prayer ; he turns himself first towards that point of the compass which is in the hearing of Mecca, then successively to the other three cardinal points.

Of all the modes of worship I ever met with, that of the Dancing Dervishes seems the most extraordinary. Yet one would think there is reason in

* Inscription on the Clock.
THOMAS COMES DE ELGIN.
ATHENIEN . HOROL . D . D.
S . P . Q . A . EREX . COLLOC
A . D . 1814.

their apparent madness ; certainly it prevents them from being so corpulent as the lazy lounging monks of Italy. The general introduction of such exercise in the monasteries might be attended with some benefit, and be conducive to mental exertion. There are no less than four societies of them in Athens, all Turks, who do not worship in the mosques. Their strange and frantic exhibitions are held in the ancient Temple of the Winds, which is not more than 25 or 26 feet in diameter. When I saw them, about thirty collected and seated themselves cross-legged round the temple, and sung and bowed their heads to the sound of three little flat drums, struck forcibly with a strap or piece of leather. The Sheik or chief, clothed in green, swung his head lower and more forward than the rest ; others followed as they began to be affected ; a shout in the midst of their chaunt announced the name of God and their prophet. The drums began with a loud single beat, and all the Dervishes kept tune with their heads. The beats and the bowing quickened rapidly, when in an instant they sprung to their feet, and resting on each other's arms, formed a wide circle, leaning forward and retiring a step alternately, chaunting all the time, and moving slowly round in one great ring. Then the Sheik stepped forward into the middle and bowed round to all ; others followed as they began to feel the inspiration, forming an inner

circle, with a young Dervish in the centre. The outer circle still held together, the inner stood separate ; exhaustion came on, and they bowed only without turning round. The Sheik took off his turban, and began to dance and jump extravagantly ; others followed, swinging their arms, stamping and jumping to the quickening beat of the tambour ; when that became slower, the Sheik forced some out, while others sprang forward of their own accord to occupy the centre and exhibit their agility. In these frantic exercises the turban generally fell off, and their long hair, thrown over their exhausted countenances, gave them all the characteristic appearance of the votaries of Bacchus. They became by degrees more frantic, and the quick and violent beat of the tambour increased and kept pace with the violence of their gestures. This was succeeded by heavy single jumps and slower time, till, by degrees, as before, the chaunt, the tambour, and the dancing, became quicker and more violent. The witches' dance in Alloway Kirk, as seen by Tam o' Shanter, could not have exceeded the rapidity of their motions. Next they began to walk separately and slowly round in a large circle to a sort of psalmody, each as he passed the Sheik bowing low. Two Dervishes then came into the centre, taking a firm hold of each other's tunic with the right hand, and foot to foot, swinging round with the rapidity of a jack-

wheel, leaning inwards, breathing strong, with faces raised, mouths open, and eyes half closed. This lasted for a couple of minutes. They then stopped abruptly, bowed to the Sheik, and retired into the great circle, without the least appearance of giddiness. A small circle of the younger Dervishes, several of them boys, was then formed, while the elder resumed their pelisses, which they had thrown aside to fit them for this act of devotion. This inner circle turned round and back again, to a loud monotonous chaunt. Part left the temple, but a number remained seated on sheep skins and chaunted Amen. Silence ensued, and all repeated a prayer. After another short interval of silence, a second prayer was repeated, with their heads projected considerably into the circle; then the whole terminated with a long drawn tone, as if they had been recovering from a swoon; their heads rested on their breasts; they kissed the ground, and then each other's hands, and retired, pausing a few minutes at the door, to pray for the repose of one of their late superiors, who lies interred within the temple.

LETTER LXXI.

ATHENS.

Continuation of the description of Athens.—Philomouson Society.—Grecian Music.—Games.—Dress.—Usury.—Weather.—Report of the Plague.—Ignorance of the Greek Physicians.—Opium-Eater.—Preparations for Departure.—Resolve to visit Cape Colonni.—Apology for Signor Lusieri.

From the increasing number of Franks who have come to take up their permanent residence in Athens, as well as from the number of travellers, who, since the general peace of Europe, are continually passing through this country, the Athenians seem to have a better chance of receiving a little of the light of literature. Several Franks and Greeks have instituted a society which they have denominated the Philomousoi, φιλομουσοι, or lovers of letters and arts. Into this society almost every well informed stranger who visits Athens may be admitted.* Their library is increasing in books of various languages, but, as yet,

* This society has, I believe, for its object, to give the means of a foreign education to as large a number of Athenian youth as its funds may admit.

consists chiefly of such as relate to the history and antiquities of Greece. For this they are indebted principally to the British, and I fondly hope that this generous feeling may still go further, and donations in money and valuable literary and scientific works be made by the affluent, who have any warmth of feeling toward this interesting country.* Indeed, it would not be unreasonable to hope, that every civilized nation would step forward, and assist the Greeks of Athens in any praiseworthy effort to improve their minds, and, even if they

* The funds are formed by donations, a part of which have been raised in London, and from persons who have never visited Greece. A donation of 20 dollars constitutes a person an ΕΥΕΡΓΕΤΗΣ or benefactor, a class of subscribers which has some peculiar privileges in the management of the institution. A diploma is presented to each ΕΥΕΡΓΕΤΗΣ, of which the following is the form.

Κατα την αιτησιν του ὁ ευσεβεστατος κύριος ——— συνηριθμηθη, εἰς τον Κατάλογον τῆς εν Α'θήναις φιλομουσου Ε'ταιρειας, και γνωρίζεται εἰς το ἐξῆς μέλος ἴνησιον τοῦ ὁλοκλήρου αὐτῆς σώματος και ὡς ΕΥΕΡΓΕΤΗΣ——

'Εν 'Αθήναις. τῃ. ΚΓ. 'Απριλ' ΑΩΙΖ. Ετος. Δ.
Οἱ τῆς. Φ. Ε'ταιρείας Εφοροι.

Then follow the signatures.—The classical scholar will perceive, in the construction of the words του ὁ κυριος, an apparent violation of grammar. But the modern Greeks, (I speak from the information of a learned friend,) after putting the article in the case which the syntax requires, give the noun in the nominative, as in this example.

should be a little hopeless or indolent themselves, to stimulate them, and reflect back a little of that light which originally came from them.

The enlightened Earl of Guildford has done much, and is unceasingly endeavouring to be useful to this country.* I have been told that his Lordship, with the assistance of the British Government, proposes to build and endow a college in one of the Ionian Islands.† But, while any attempt is made to illuminate the minds of the men, I could wish the poor females were not forgotten. There are, or might

* This year, the Earl of Guildford presented the city of Athens with valuable sets of surgical instruments, of the most perfect workmanship.

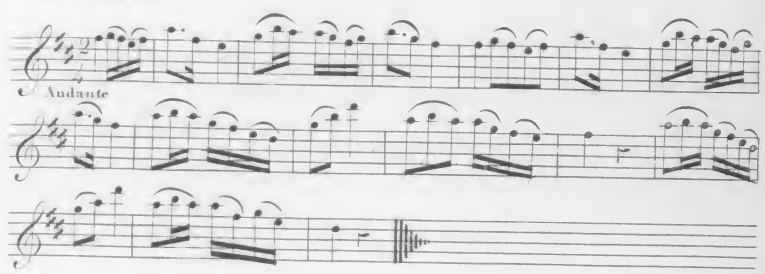
† When we were in the Ionian Islands, it was not settled that Corfu should be the place for the erection of the college. Ithaca was at that time designed for the purpose, and, in fact, it possesses, from its situation with respect for the Continent of Greece, greater local advantages than Corfu.—It is most gratifying to learn, that this enlightened and benevolent plan is now realized. The Earl of Guildford has, within these few days, been nominated chancellor of the university by the Prince Regent; and the University of Oxford, as a testimony of respect to that nobleman, and of the interest which it takes in the success of the institution over which he is appointed to preside, has conferred on him the degree of doctor of civil law, and resolved to present to the library of the Ionian University, all such books, printed at the Clarendon press, as are likely to be useful to the general design of the institution. Under such patronage, it can scarcely fail to prosper.

be books adapted to their improvement, and who would not rejoice to hear that a Genlis, a Burney, or an Edgeworth, should appear among the modern Grecian fair? At present few of them can read or write; and, except it be a little music and dancing, which they learn from one another, they have no accomplishment whatever, unless that name may be given to embroidery, which has neither taste nor neatness.

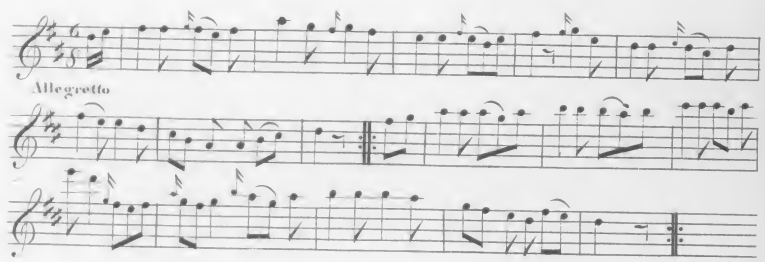
The Athenian and other Grecian airs are generally of an inferior character, and incapable, I suspect, of expressing any varied feeling of the mind. It would be unreasonable, indeed, to expect it could be well adapted to refined or lofty sentiment; but you may judge from the few popular strains accompanying this letter. The other evening the three Graces joined some friends in our apartment, and I had hoped to hear them sing; but they told us they only attuned their voices to the winds. However, we had some Grecian games, and, among the rest, the game of forfeits. When we were in fault, they did not spare us, but struck our hands (with a knotted handkerchief) with provoking spirit, thus shewing they could enter into a little frolic as well as certain graces in Scotland. The most of the Grecian ladies believe in magic, and the men in charms. * Foot

* The Waiwode has sometimes exhibitions of the djerid, a spectacle which has its denomination from the name of the

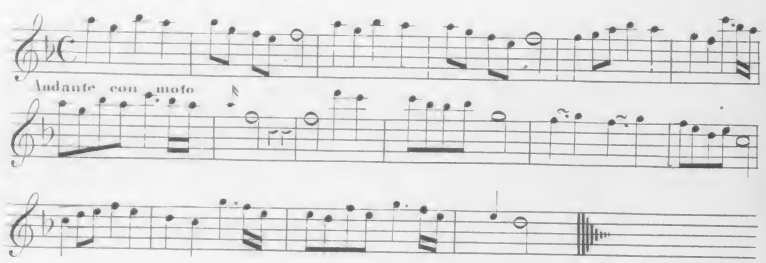
ATHENIAN AIR



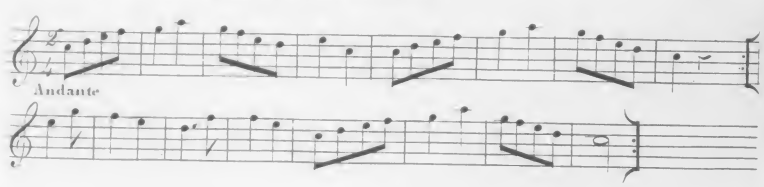
ATHENIAN AIR



ATHENIAN GIPSEY DANCE CALLED CHENGI



SUNG AT PATMOS & SAMOS BY THE PEASANTRY



races is common here, and the game of penny-stones or coits. The little children play at *chucks*, * and once I really thought myself in Scotland, when I heard an Albanian boy desire his sister to bring him a piece of skeingie (Scotch for string) to tie his sandals with. The children generally are very healthy, and rather handsome ; the men firm, well built, and seldom corpulent, with keen, but not unpleasing eyes ; and notwithstanding their wretched state, they have lively spirits and an active mind, which, if turned into a good moral channel by education and example, would doubtless render them a noble people. I speak of the lower class, of which, notwithstanding all that has been said against them for their cunning and deceit, we have had no reason to complain.

Many of the better Greeks in Athens wear

---

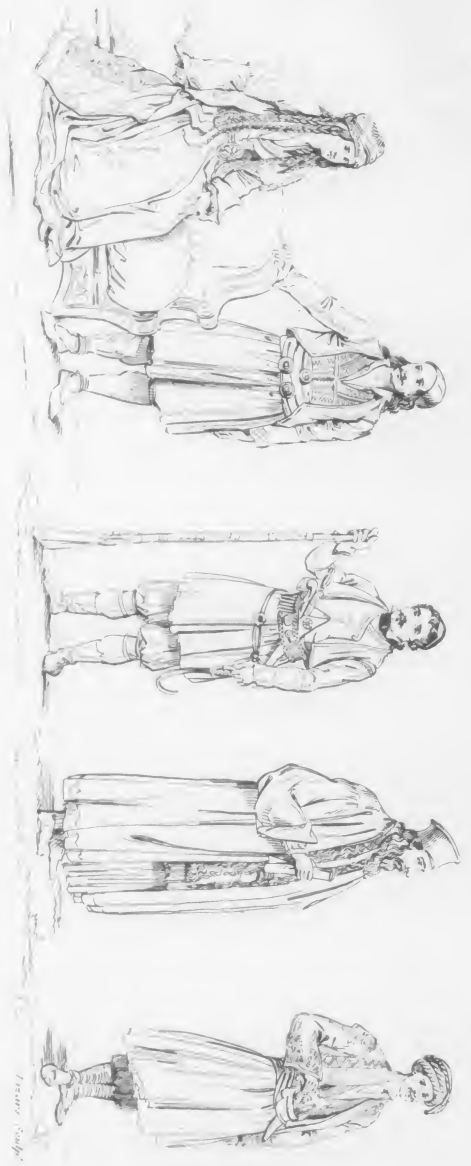
shoots of the palm tree, from which the lances, as they are called, which are thrown in the game, were originally composed ; they are often formed, likewise, of willow or any light wood. Much skill is shewn by the horsemen, who dart at one another while riding at speed, and avoid the dart of their adversary by stooping their head, at the same time riding away as fast as possible. The Waiwode's residence is in the centre of the city, but when he exhibits the spectacle of the djerid it is usually at his country house in the plain of Athens. The governor seldom troubles himself with strangers.

* A game among the children in Scotland.

the Frank dress, which, compared with their own or the Turkish costume, looks extremely mean As there are no tailors here, who can make a coat, some of the foreign visitors appear a little shabby ; and I could not help remarking the whimsical appearance of the master and the man ;—the janizary with his ample scarlet mantle, embroidered clothes, and silver-handled pistols richly embossed, marching in great dignity before a person dressed in plain and closely cut attire.

At night the Greeks must carry light. One evening lately, in returning home, we met a patrole of Albanian soldiers, who stopped us, and said we should have had our lanterns. We were allowed to pass ; but had we been a party of Greeks, we might have been obliged to pay a fine, or perhaps have suffered chastisement. Travellers seem to be more highly favoured than the natives ; they escape from all vexatious contributions, exactions, and oppressions.

A wag of a Greek who had been long in Italy said, that he had little hope of the condition of his brethren being ameliorated, till the Turks would shave their beards !—supposing that the beard begets pomposity, consequence, and formality, and all the train of illiberal conduct incompatible with freedom. True it is, the Turks are not much given to suavity of manners, or those social virtues which bring man to man in happy intercourse with each



other, suggesting the necessity of mutual rights; but the poor beard is not the cause. The rogue, I suspect, glanced a little at the numerous priests, who are generally well provided with this appendage of solemnity.

Since I have mentioned the subject of beards, I may inform you, that no Jew can live in Athens, and that for the best of all reasons, because they would have no employment,—the trade of usury being taken up by the Greeks themselves, who will not blush in asking 20 or 30 per cent. If I am well informed, some of the residents also lend their money to great advantage; but neither money lending nor the trade in oil and honey is considerable. The olive groves are not at all so extensive as they were in former times; and, perhaps, considering the state of modern Athens, this may be for the advantage of the people, grain being a more regular and certain crop. *

In general the weather has been very fine; sometimes, however, we have had heavy showers of rain, and once (on the 25th of April) some chilling hail. The wind too has been very high;

* The oil of Attica preserves its celebrity above that of the Continent of Greece, and is, we were told, well adapted to the English market, which is not generally the case with the oil of Greece.

indeed, I have been greatly annoyed by it while drawing in the Acropolis,—and nothing could be more dismal and melancholy than the creaking hinges, the banging and the clanking of old doors, united with the howling, moaning, and sighing of the wind among the ruins of the Parthenon :—this very day it blew a blast which drove me from my station. While walking round the edifice till the storm abated, I observed, sculptured on the eastern tympanum, the remains of a horse's mouth open, with two teeth in it. In this stormy day it looked extremely ghastly, and I was wicked enough to wish it could have snapped at the spoilers of the temple, while they were mounting in succession to destroy the cornice.

No sooner had I seated myself for study, than my friend the Turk appeared with an altered countenance, exclaiming, while pointing to the north, Morto! morto! morto! *(death, death, death!)* I could not understand him, till our janizary explained, telling me that the Governor of Athens had just been informed, that the plague had broken out in Negropont, at no great distance hence. * This was, indeed, unwelcome news ;—not that I was apprehensive of the plague, but that it would certainly shorten our stay in Athens; because, if it

* About thirty-five or forty miles.

were known in any other part of Greece, that we remained for any length of time so near the pestilence, we could not well proceed upon our journey, but should be obliged to perform quarantine, perhaps, at every town. The worthy Turk kept moaning, much to my annoyance ; at last he betook himself to smoking his chibuc, occasionally rubbing his back with a flat piece of ornamented wood, which he constantly wears for that elegant and graceful purpose, at the same time looking very doleful, and continuing muttering in a subdued tone of voice, Morto! morto! His belief in predestination did not soothe his sorrow. Perhaps he imagined the time of his departure might be near; or, Turk though he was, thought how painful it might be to leave his family and friends.

Being desirous to know the particulars of this report, I hastened to the city, and no sooner reached our lodgings than I found the Graces weeping,—the Maid of Athens in tears through terror of the plague! In short, the whole town is in dismay, and the governor is about to issue an order, that no person from Negropont shall enter the gates, which are to be guarded by Albanian soldiers. Meantime, having held a council on this important subject, we think it advisable to prepare to leave this city as soon as possible. As the plague is caught by touch, we must be upon our guard in walking the narrow streets. Indeed,

it appears astonishing to me, that the population is not wholly carried off when visited by pestilence.

The native Greek physicians are no better than the Turkish ones, being wholly ignorant of the treatment of the plague, and prejudiced, like the other orientalists, against the acquisition of any insight into anatomy by dissection. A few of them have passed a little time at some of the universities of Italy, but these are nearly as ignorant as their brethren. Occasionally, however, you meet in the Levant an Italian physician: there is one settled at Patras. Most of these have been obliged to leave Italy from political causes, as being obnoxious to the government; but they are always regretting the necessity of living among the Greeks, who, indeed, will seldom employ them.

As we shall depart so soon, we must settle money matters with the Disdar, who expects to be presented with a sum equal to that which was given to him on our entering the Acropolis. On my visit to him, I could not resist going up the principal streets for the last time. Picturesque groups were to be seen every where; and it was evident from their manner and the expression of their countenances, that they were speaking of the plague. The street views would make curious subjects for the pencil; the figures, especially, are incomparably fine, and the variety of dress is endless.

In the way to the Acropolis, I met for the

first time an opium-eater. The poor cadaverous emaciated wretch was pelted by the boys. This is the first instance we have seen of intoxication of any kind in Greece, where, too,

"No young eyed lewdness walks the midnight rounds."

These opium-eaters, I understand, are very rare, and none but the most debased intoxicate themselves with it; of course, I speak of the country we have visited. In such a place as Constantinople, no doubt, this vicious custom may be more prevalent.

My friend the Turk met me with his fallen countenance; and when I told him we were about to leave the city, he appeared a little vexed. He left me soon, and returned with the present of a melon, in exchange for some gunpowder which I had given to him. At the Propyléa the Disdar was committing a black girl to a dungeon in the Temple of Victory without wings! He said she was an unruly servant, and muttered something about the bastinado. Ten crowns, however, which were given to him as a farewell present, brought a smile into his face, and I believe softened his heart in favour of the girl.

On returning home, I examined the rocks of the Acropolis, the Areopagus, and Lycabettus, all within a short distance of each other; they are composed of puddingstone.

Every thing being arranged for our departure, we leave Athens to-morrow. A boat with ten powerful men is ready at the Piræus to take us whithersoever we please. We have determined, then, to go to Cape Colonni, and see the Temple of Minerva Sunias, and the scene of Falconer's Shipwreck; from thence we shall visit the Isle of Ægina, and afterwards cross the Isthmus of Corinth, and advance along the Corinthian shore to Patras, where we are certain of finding a vessel waiting, through the kindness of Sir Thomas Maitland, to convey us to Zante to perform quarantine.

M. Logotheti, our consul here, is much against our going to Cape Colonni, having lately heard that the caverns there are infested with pirates from the island of Macronisi, a nest of robbers; indeed, from all accounts, there are few instances of strangers going thither with impunity. * Our crew, however, being so very strong, and as we have already encountered more serious dangers, we have determined to run a little risk. So if you should not hear from me at a reasonable length of time, you may almost conclude we are in different society from any with which we have yet associated.

* Baron Stackleberg was carried off by the banditti, and kept among them till ransomed by his friends. The threatenings, hunger, and misery, which he endured, would make a pretty subject for a novel.

We shall leave Athens with regret; for, although we have had our eyes and ears in constant exercise, still there is much to see and know. The few acquaintances we have made in Athens have the highest claims to our regard; more particularly Signor Lusieri, whose attentions have been most obliging. Lusieri is a worthy man; and although engaged in despoiling the Parthenon of its marbles, a proceeding which, I believe, he was the first to suggest to Lord Elgin, is not altogether without apology. He may have foreseen the happy change which those precious marbles must produce on modern taste, and, with a view to their reviving the purity of ancient art, may have thought that no situation could be more eligible than where the wisdom of Minerva is centered—in Britain.

LETTER LXXII.

CORINTH.

Departure from Athens.—Piræus.—Cape Colonni.—Temple of Minerva Sunias.—Views in sailing up the Gulf of Ægina.—Island of Ægina.—Singular mode of Rowing.—Isthmus of Corinth, &c.

When our friends in Athens had collected to offer their adieus, the party of the British alone consisted of about a dozen. The three Athenian Maids graced the meeting in the court, and our hearts, at this moment of separation, did full homage to their charms. Modesty, and delicacy of conduct, will always command affection.

Before our baggage could be adjusted, and the unruly mules be brought quietly to receive their burdens, the sky was putting on its amber-coloured robes, and ere we reached the port of the Piræus, the night was throwing her shadow over the farewell hues of day. Still a rosy cloud hung above the Parthenon; and the dark and solemn olive grove was rendered doubly interesting by the hooting of the owl, and the few remains of the long walls of the Piræus, which were but indistinctly seen through the mysterious shades.

We remained in the Dojanna * for the night, and the morning disclosed to us the site of what was once the pride of Athens. The splendid porticoes, the numerous temples, the theatre, the grand armoury, and other magnificent buildings of ancient date, have vanished from the earth, to give place to a few wretched sheds!—But what is become of such extensive works? The long walls were high, and cased with hewn stone, and so broad, that a carriage might have been driven on them, yet scarcely a trace of them is now perceptible.

Instead of the riches of the world pouring into the Piræus, we could perceive nothing but a heap or two of tiles, and a few empty oil and currant jars. The sailors, for want of shelter, were lying rolled up in their capotes, (or great-coats,) like as many Russian bears, upon the beach; one of them was sleeping with his head within a jar.

Finding nothing at the Piræus to detain us, we stepped into our boat, and rowed away for Sunium, † our sailors singing a morning hymn, and the cool morning air bringing from the various hills

---

* The custom-house.

† Cape Colonni

the most delightful odour. We rushed through the waters with great rapidity, " breaking the blue crystal of the seas." By word of command, the ten men stood upon the cross benches, and with their whole force and weight they fell upon their seats. Each gave the word for action in succession, in a loud or low tone, according as they should proceed fast or slow. Sometimes they would halt a few seconds; then, as if they had lost their time by doing so, they sprung up suddenly, and pulled together like as many furies;—rising and falling with a quickness of motion and bodily exertion, quite astonishing.

On neither side was the scenery at all striking. Hymettus has not a pleasing form, (being rather lumpish,) and, without the aid of association, our eyes would have hardly dwelt upon it. The sea is overpowering, and reduces in importance all the points and promontories. But a few short hours presented to our admiring eyes the columns of Minerva Sunias: * and very soon we entered the scene of Falconer's Shipwreck:

" Where o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high;
Beside the Cape's projecting verge are plac'd
A range of columns, long by time defac'd,
First planted by devotion, to sustain
In elder times Tritonia's sacred fane."

* Nearly forty-two miles from the Piræus.

From the sea, the whole scene did not appear to much advantage, perhaps from being too near the shore. We soon reached the land, but our men took the precaution to row about the promontory, to ascertain that all was safe. We entered a cave or two, and saw that fires had been lately kindled in them; but, as no boat was seen either on the seas, * or on the shore, we concluded there were no robbers near.

You may be sure we did not tarry long before we proceeded to the temple. All was wild and desolate, impressing the mind with melancholy thoughts. The place where Plato and his scholars once assembled is now a trackless waste. Only fourteen columns of the temple now remain, of the whitest Parian marble, some of them greatly corroded by time, and dislocated by lightning. As seen by us they were relieved against the sky; but when the white clouds appeared behind them, the temple was just perceptible, and looked like a faint vision of a thing that had been! All was still as death, save the murmuring of the waves below, polishing the fallen marbles into pebbles on the shore, and degrading them into dust, to be blown before the winds of heaven!

* Towards Macronisi, (where Helen landed after Troy was taken,) which is about five miles distant.

Pure as this temple is, like a mild and decaying beauty, yet it has not escaped from the rude hands of British sailors, being besmeared with black paint or pitch, and names written in letters at least two feet in height all round the architrave. Centuries (if the temple shall stand so long) will be required to eradicate the mischief. I shall forbear mentioning the name of the ship which occupies the whole of the front next the sea, nor shall I give the names of those who have been so barbarous; but I advise our Scotish youths * to reflect a little, before they again proceed to such wantonness. They, of all others, should be grateful for the stream of light which has flowed from Greece, and accordingly should respect her few remains.

The architecture of this temple is of the Doric order; but it does not appear to me, that the proportions of the columns are so perfect as those of the Temple of Theseus, to which this temple is generally compared in form and size; the shafts of the pillars are taller. The capitals, however, are exquisite, and I do sincerely wish, that such were adopted in some of our public buildings in good old Edinburgh. In colouring the Athenian temples are preferable to that of Minerva Sunias. White looks cold and chalky, yet, when the sun was full upon the columns, and the glossy leaves of

* Midshipmen and Lieutenants.

the mastic bushes, the various orange-coloured plants, and brilliant greens blended with the rich and powerful browns, there were hints for colouring, where white assumed the ascendancy, that would have pleased the most fastidious eye.

The best view of this edifice is below the temple, on the bank sloping from the sea, and this embraces several projecting points, islands, and distant mountains. * The views from the opposite bank, too, are very fine, especially that which includes the sweeping bay. Remains of black and red pottery are strewed about among extensive foundations of hewn stone. After dining in a robber's cave, we rowed off to a small island, four miles towards Athens. There we intended to remain all night, but the wind got up, and not having a well protected harbour, we moved to the Island of Patroclus, (quite at hand,) where we laid our beds in the open boat, and slept as soundly as if we had been in a palace.

Early next morning we steered for Ægina, where we arrived about ten o'clock to breakfast. On sailing up the Gulf of Ægina, we found the scenery infinitely more attractive than when we kept near

* ——— "Those blessed isles
Which, seen from fair Colonna's height,
Make glad the heart, that hails the sight,
And lend to loneliness delight."

the shore for Sunium. The mountains of the Morea often drew from us expressions of admiration. Athens appeared again, the Queen of Greece; and, of course, we were too well bred to pass without uncovering. Both my friend and I agreed that this distant view of Athens from the sea is extremely like that of Edinburgh from the Firth of Forth, though certainly the latter is considerably superior.

The shore of Ægina, when near, is very picturesque; strange caverns are seen in the puddingstone, and abrupt points shoot through the water in wild fantastic shapes. In many places the strata of lime above the puddingstone, lying in a horizontal position, are composed of perpendicular lines, eight, ten, or twelve inches separate, like a ladder placed upon its side. After breakfast we hastened to the Temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, and, in advancing to it, we found the country almost in a state of nature. Some patches no doubt were cultivated, but in so miserably thin and scattered a manner, that it only made the country appear more desolate, by exciting the idea of starvation. As usual, the ground is strewed with ancient pottery, contesting with a small sickly, yet lovely pea, the honour of being seen. Our track was through the thickest brushwood, composed of mastic, arbutus, and thyme, with many aromatic plants. On ascending the hill on

which the temple stands, our way was disputed by huge loose stones, dwarf pine and cedar trees; however, with much fatigue, we contrived to reach the temple, though our steps were often retrograde. We seated ourselves on a fallen capital, to recover a little from our fatigue, before we ventured to examine the Doric ruins, and we could not but admire the glorious scene before us; Attica, Peloponnesus, and the Gulf of Ægina, with their many points of attraction, addressing both the eye and mind! While we were enjoying the splendid view, two shepherds stepped from the ruins, and passing their crooks from their right hand to their left, pressed their hearts and foreheads, and kissed our hands, in a manner than which nothing could be more graceful! Their eyes bespoke their curiosity to know what brought us there, and when we looked across the gulf, they both exclaimed, Athenæ, Athenæ! as if we were desirous to know the name of the distant spot that marked the site of Athens.

After examining this celebrated temple, which is a great favourite with every traveller, it appeared to me, that, although the proportions are extremely just, yet, as a Temple of Jupiter of all Greece, (which its name implies,) it must have been by much too small, the style approaching more to beauty than to grandeur. But, perhaps, the architect conceived that the commanding and ele-

vated situation was sufficient, without the aid of magnitude, to convey the idea of sublimity and power; and, certainly, from below it has an imposing and grand effect; so much so, that we were surprised to find the fabric so diminutive, when we were close upon it. The utmost height of the temple, including that part of the architrave which now remains, does not appear above 20 feet! Twenty-five columns are still standing, with three or four broken shafts, rising amidst the ruins of the entablature. It is built of the stone of the mountain, which is of a grey clay colour. Time has eaten the columns in various whimsical corrugations; nevertheless, there is all the appearance of their still being able to brave some hundred years.

The date of this temple is earlier than that of either the Temple of Theseus or the Parthenon; * and the marbles of the tympanum, which were discovered by Messrs Cockerell, Lynck, and Stackleberg, would have formed a curious chain of art, with those of Phygalia and the Temple of Minerva. Unfortunately, the British Government has allowed them to pass unto other hands, in which, comparatively, they can be of little value. † I say unfortunately, because, though much inferior in merit, they would have conveyed consi-

* Supposed to be built 520 B. C.

† They now belong to the Prince Royal of Bavaria.

derable information and instruction, and afforded, too, a stimulus to our sculptors, while they exhibited the early and regular stages of sculpture up to the time of Phidias.

These marbles are now in Rome, under the hands of Thorwaldson, to be repaired. Minerva is represented as the Goddess of War, with her warriors in various attitudes, to suit the form of the tympanum. The spearsmen near the goddess are nearly erect, and the archers immediately behind them are made to kneel; the others recline towards the angle. * This is the arrangement I saw in Rome, and it seemed to me to be very just. The figures on the right and left of Minerva are in a similar attitude, only reversed.

The sculpture being of so great antiquity, purity of taste could hardly be expected; and, indeed, in this respect they are a little faulty. An awkward stiffness is prevalent, with the same mannered face, and the same stupid smirk in all the countenances. The goddess herself is without dignity, having a large mouth and thick lips, with an un-

* In a note to an article by Mr Cockerell, published in the twelfth number of the Quarterly Journal of the Arts and Sciences, Colonel Leake gives it as his opinion, that these figures are intended to represent the Greeks and Trojans contending for the body of Patroclus; Minerva having descended at the command of Jupiter to inspire new courage into the Greeks.

meaning expression, conveying nothing of her character. Her right leg is turned inwards in the most ungraceful manner, and her drapery is bad; yet there is an attempt at some advancement in the art, which is extremely interesting. The limbs and bodies of the warriors (without drapery) are well executed, and true to nature. Nature, indeed, seems to have been the model of the sculptor, and those parts which he found stationary, are not inferior to the Phygalian marbles; indeed, I would almost say, to some of those of the Temple of Minerva. The countenances, however, have puzzled the ancient sculptor; and, in these, there certainly is a failure. The figures are finished with the same care behind as they are in front; and, it was curious to observe, that the hands within the shields, where they could not possibly be seen, are executed with the utmost delicacy and precision. Thorwaldson's restorations are truly admirable, completely in the spirit and conception of the originals. The marble is rough from age, having much the appearance of a warm grey stone. This Thorwaldson has likewise imitated; so happily, indeed, that it is almost impossible to perceive his hand upon them. The Temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, from various points, forms a striking object, but the best combination is from the eastern bank, where it gives a classical air to the varied woody grounds of Ægina.

On returning to our boat late in the evening, we found a stewed fowl and macaroni done to admiration! You can conceive nothing more picturesque than the appearance of our Greeks and janizary by the blazing fire and the light of the moon. Our trusty Greeks squatted on the ground at supper, with an expression in the face of each, indicating that he swallowed in his mind the whole of the repast; mixed, too, with a slight suspicion that he should be a little wronged by his neighbour's taking more than his allotted share. "Of what?" you will say. Hard bread soaked in water, and a few olives dipped in oil. Yet with such scanty fare were they robust and happy.—But this is not the picture. Our hungry Greeks had huge mustaches and varied costume, and our janizary, the hero of the subject, with large bishop-looking sleeves, and turban, partly untwisted, hanging gracefully on his shoulders, his embossed pistols, too, shining in his belt, kept feeding the tremendous fire with mastic and with thyme, till the flame searched into every nook and corner, while the pale moon contrasted herself with the ruddy smoke, and the silver wave glided past the dark rocks which were opposed to the splendour of the blaze and falling sparks.

Here we rested for the night, and found our bear-skins a good protection against the heavy dew. In the morning we were awakened by the singing

of the Greeks, who were adjusting their oars for our departure; and soon we skimmed away for the Isthmus of Corinth before the sun had glanced upon the sea. As we advanced, and neared the rugged rocks and hills, there was nothing in the scenery remarkable or picturesque. The snow-capped Megaspelia and the Acrocorinthus * immediately before us, were all that sought our admiration.

The activity of our crew soon brought us to the port of Cenchreæ, but it was some time before we were allowed to land. The stupid master of our boat had forgot to procure a passport from the governor of Athens. "Athens is a suspected place, the plague may be there, and you should have had your passport." Here was an unexpected and unpleasant obstacle; but it vanished before the golden talisman, whose powerful magic likewise conjured up horses for our service, though they had been at first denied.

The port of Cenchreæ is about nine miles from Corinth; and in condition and appearance, much the same as the Piræus. Three or four small craft, and one or two miserable sheds, are all of trade and shipping that it now exhibits. Some marble columns were strewed about, and some foundations barely seen among the rubbish. Advancing on the Isthmus

* On which stood the citadel of ancient Corinth.

we found it rough and hilly for a time, but at last we came into a cultivated plain. A few remains of ancient buildings were scattered here and there, but nothing of any pleasing form or magnitude, and all, to us, without a name. The citadel of Corinth, seated on an elevated rock, is no feature in itself, but the rock on which it stands is extremely picturesque, and always forms a principal object in the scenery of the Isthmus. * After a journey of three long hours we reached this ancient city.

* The Isthmus is formed of puddingstone, chalk, lime, and sand.

LETTER LXXIII.

CORINTH.

The Temple, and Views of the Town.

" Corinth !——
Whose gorgeous fabrics seem'd to strike the skies,
Whom, though by tyrant-victors oft subdued,
Greece, Egypt, Rome, with awful wonder viewed.
Her name, for Pallas' heavenly art renown'd,
Spread like the foliage which her pillars crown'd,
But now in fatal desolation laid,
Oblivion o'er it draws a dismal shade."

THESE lines of the poet express what Corinth was and is. Of all the noble buildings which graced this once famous city, nothing now remains save a few Doric columns of an ancient temple, and some paltry foundations of a theatre and stadium. The besom of destruction has swept clean !

" Out upon Time ! he will leave no more
Of the things to come than the things before !
Out upon Time ! who for ever will leave
But enough of the past for the future to grieve."

The present town does not seem to contain more than five or six hundred houses, and these

are scattered, irregular, and with little feature. The whole appears to the greatest advantage about a quarter of a mile in front towards the sea. The buildings inhabited by the governor stand on a rising ground, and are remarkably picturesque, united with the mosques and cypress trees. Above all rises the hill called the Acrocorinthus in stupendous majesty. A fortification-wall traverses its top, and the left summit is crowned with a square building, which, however, is insignificant in size. To the right of the town a singularly pointed hill shoots up to a considerable height, with a tower entirely covering its top. The whole scene has an air of peculiar grandeur, and ranks among the first subjects for the pencil that I have seen in Greece. Above the town there are likewise some charming views, embracing the extensive plain and olive grounds, the sea and distant mountains. In these views the remains of an ancient temple appear to great advantage, giving a classical expression, and, at the same time, affording a leading feature for the eye to rest upon.

The origin and destination of this temple seem to be entirely unknown. One author calls it the Temple of Juno, another the Temple of Venus ; some suppose it to be the Temple of Neptune ; and Chandler seems to think it is a vestige of the Sisypheum mentioned by Strabo. As for the Greeks and Turks, they know

nothing about it at all; and I must confess myself in the same predicament. But, be it what it may, it has a reverend and aged appearance, curiously incrusted, and wrought and wrinkled by the corroding hand of time. In colouring it is perfect; of a subdued brown, containing weather-stains and lichens of every hue, from the pale grey to cool greens, red and yellow, moss and orange tints, mingling with the richest browns. When very near the columns these colours appeared a little overpowering; but at the distance of a few yards they harmonize to admiration, and have a quiet soothing rich effect, most grateful to the eye. The whole remains consist of seven columns, in proportion like the Temple of Neptune at Pæstum, and certainly not inferior in grandeur. Several storks have made their nests upon the architrave, and kept up a rattling noise with their wings.

On the road, a little from the temple, I perceived, for the first time since I have been in Greece, the mark of a wheel upon the ground; and truly, I believe it excited as much surprise in me, as the impression of a human foot upon the sand did in Robinson Crusoe in his solitary island.

Before I could command a few minutes to walk through the market-place, it was near the close of day. The Turks and Greeks had retired from their shops and lounging places, and a more

desolate miserable spectacle I cannot well conceive. The superficial, flimsy, nasty appearance of every thing, was quite disgusting. Content is a virtue, when not united with indolence; but here, and, indeed, in every part of Greece, there is a strange and unaccountable mixture of both; and I have often wished I could stir up a little dissatisfaction among them; their present seeming comfort being so ungracious to the traveller.

A murder was committed here to-day, in a quarrel between two Greeks. The murderer, after a little search, was discovered in the olive grove, and the first proceeding was to inflict the bastinado. In a few days he is to suffer death.

The governor * has heard of the plague in Negropont, and is very scrupulous what strangers he admits in Corinth. My friend had to wait on him, and tell him whence we came, very properly, during this interview, holding a present in his hand, which occasionally caught the eye of the *disinterested* bey; the questions were accordingly put in a softened manner, and all went off agreeably. To-morrow we shall sail along the Corinthian shore, and down the Gulf of Lepanto to Patras.

---

* Subject to the Basha of Tripoli.

LETTER LXXIV.

PATRAS.

Journey from Corinth to Patras.

At Corinth we hired a small vessel, the only one that we could procure, to convey us to Vostizza; but no sooner had we put ourselves on board, than the wind sprang up, and our captain, afraid to put to sea, would only sail close upon the shore. In this manner we zigzaged slowly on, with the wind against us. But finding the weather getting worse, we were obliged to land near ancient Sicyon, where we remained near 20 hours before the wind abated. A noble fig-tree spread its branches upon a bank of flowers, and tempted us to fix our station under it. Our janizary and servant then proceeded to their duty, and a fire was soon kindled among some ruins, the cooking utensils were put in use, and while dinner was preparing, we sauntered among the woods and lofty banks.

Long horizontal lines of rocks, in some parts eight, ten, or twelve feet high, crowned the

summits of the hills, * like the face of a wall built with huge Cyclopean stones. Many of the rocks had fallen down the declivities in square blocks; and before we examined them, we could hardly persuade ourselves that they were not the work of human hands. In thickness, I should think they might be about a third their breadth, and generally of oblong forms. We found these blocks composed of puddingstone, containing a great variety of curious pebbles of various colours. The long lines resting on a soft and yellowish lime; proceeding farther among the banks, many of which were 400, 500, and 600 feet in height, we perceived singular strata among the deep ravines. Horizontal lines of a reddish earth, of about 12 feet broad, took their course through diagonal strata of yellow lime, inclining towards the sea; and both sides of these precipitous banks, at least 500 or 600 feet asunder, corresponded to each other in the appearance of the strata. A small stream ran below, but could hardly be perceived among the hanging woods. Some of the banks are insulated, forming detached hills, others were crowned with trees, while some striated or channelled, were joined by narrow necks of land, as the water had been obstructed, or had worn away the softer soil. These banks have a resem-

* From 200 to 300 feet in length, these peculiar rocks are common along the coast 20 or 25 miles from Corinth.

blance to the subordinate or secondary hills near Patras, and their component parts are much the same. The absolute loneliness of the country was very striking, not a house nor a human being was to be seen in any direction. The sea of Corinth was without a sail! Mount Helicon and Parnassus towering in sight, reminded us of better times; while the rugged, but sweet-scented wilds, at once encouraged and softened the ready sigh.

Descending these singular hills, I walked the plain below, and at the distance of some miles, the hills assumed a different and still more surprising character. Parallel divisions rose above each other like steps, four of these flats and slopes upon a bank 200 or 300 feet in height, with all the appearance of having been formed by art. In breadth each flat might measure from 500 to 600 feet, and was level as a bowling-green; each flat had its natural edge of puddingstone, in blocks of the same kind as those further up the coast. I have not seen the parallel roads of Glenroy in Inverness-shire, but from the description given of their appearance, these flats and slopes seem to have a remarkable resemblance to them.

The wind at last abating, we again set sail, but were not long at sea, before the weather forced us to reland; and as appearances were rather threatening, we determined to give up the vessel altogether. Luckily our landing-place was near a farm-house, the only building which we met with, except a village composed of a few wretched huts. After delaying several hours, horses, mules, and asses, were at last procured, but the higgling of the Greeks was hardly to be endured, nor could we get them to be reasonable in their demands. Near the farm was a small chapel, where we observed a curious substitute for a bell, in the shape of a piece of carved iron, near to which was hung a rude hammer; both were suspended from the branch of a tree stretching over some graves; at the head of every grave was a small circle of tiles containing a wax candle.

Our animals were restive and troublesome, but they were soon brought to obey by the active Greeks, who kept beating them on with boughs of myrtle. In a short time we reached the khan of Acrata, situated upon a high rock near a bridge * thrown over a rapid stream. The scenery was high and mountainous, and the ambitious pines clambered to the clouds. Nothing could be more wretched than our khan; we ascended by a common ladder to the landing-place, composed of a few boards three inches asunder, and these were only near the door, so that it required a little management to step on them, and keep from falling over;

* The only bridge we have met with in Greece.

at night it was extremely dangerous. The proprietor of this khan sold wine ; rope, and some other articles for sale, were hanging on the rough cast walls : coarse brown bread and hog's lard was all the provision we could procure.

From Acrata to Vostizza, we were enchanted with the romantic scenes, such as our Nasmyth * would have studied with delight. Every line was brought into play ; mountains rose over mountains in abrupt and singular forms ; some were crowned with wood, which seemed to struggle for existence in the scanty soil. At every step we advanced, the shifting of the scenes was gratifying and unexpected, leaving the imagination nothing to desire. In character the rocks of puddingstone were broad and simple, with few divisions ; enormous masses and fronts of mountains led the eye from their base to their summits, without a resting-place. Thickets of myrtle, at least twelve feet high, with beauteous flowers, perfumed our way. † On entering the olive groves, a more refined and tasteful landscape was disclosed, the combinations of wood and rocks, and snowy pinnacles mingling with the skies, were quite sublime, and I may justly say, that in those regions may be found what

* Mr Alexander Nasmyth, the father of landscape-painting in Edinburgh,—an artist of the highest talent.

† The profusion of beautiful blossoming plants, produced here by nature, may be a reason why the Greeks do not cultivate flowers.

" savage Rosa dashed, or learned Poussin drew." The rivers, though small, were turbulent and discoloured, from the melting of the snow in the higher regions. None of them were impassable : at times, however, they must be furious, if we may judge from the extensive wastes which they have made.

The great extent of the precipitous mountains, composed of stones evidently worn by the waters, in many places exhibiting a perpendicular surface of rock, at least 1000 feet in height, and these retiring to a great distance in the country, cannot fail to excite the astonishment of the beholder. Whether he look backwards or forwards, he will be equally impressed with awe and wonder, when he reflects on the slow operations of nature, on the time which must have been required for the formation of mountains of such a material, or the time which it may take to level them with the dust. One would think that the beautiful pebbles in the midst of the enormous masses might be secure for ever. But no ! ages, and the sea, and the wind, will annihilate them ! They have already been ground by the waters, and they must be ground again, and their dust floated in the air ! We had only to look at the huge fragments fallen from the mountains on the shore, to be convinced of this ; they were decomposing by

the action of the waves, and the detached pebbles, by attrition, were grinding them to sand!

From one of the fragments of rock, we perceived, for the first time, some beautiful honeysuckle. On requesting the Greek to pull us a flower of it, he immediately ran and tore down the whole bush, and presented each of us with a branch, saying, at the same time, that, if we were fond of flowers, he would get us some infinitely more beautiful; and away he sprang to the grounds below and gathered some bunches of the wild red poppy, which is so common among the corn in Britain. We could not refuse to take them, but little did he know how much we preferred the honeysuckle, from the pleasing associations it excited in our minds in such a place; and how much we were surprised at his total want of taste in selecting these, when there were so many superior flowers among the myrtle downs.

When we arrived at Vostizza, we had great difficulty in procuring horses. Every entreaty was made in vain. At last, our friend the Count —— displayed the firman of the Sultan, which had the desired effect; but it was late ere we advanced, and night completely overtook us before we reached Patras. But such a night! The moon was in full splendour; and while we travelled among the mysterious scenes, we were often tempted to pause and ask what could be those shadowy

forms, that were perpetually arresting our attention? Nothing could be more pleasing or more romantic than the winding of our cavalry among the projecting rocks and dismal hollows, when first a gleam of light prevailed, and then a solemn darkness veiled and softened all in sweet composure! The glow-worms peeping from the bushes, seemed like fairies' eyes! fire-flies glanced in thousands, like the sun's bright rays stealing on rippling waters in ebon shade! and how divine the evening star appeared, tipping the dark chain of Mount Olonos! The blackbird, too, with its train of dear associations, awakened our peculiar interest. All seemed, by their looks of delight, to say, Sing on, sweet bird! tell us of our absent friends and beloved country.

Even her ruins speak less emphatically of the melancholy fate of Greece, than her extensive solitudes. Oppression has degraded her children, and broken their spirit. Hence those prodigious plains which God hath given for their good are neglected; hence, too, the beauteous seas almost without a sail,—the lands of ancient Sicyon so thinly peopled!

" 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start—for soul is wanting there!
Her's is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;

But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb—
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of feeling past away!
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth—
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth!"

LETTER LXXV.

PATRAS.

Necessary preparations for Travelling in Turkey.—Baggage.—Servant.—Hiring Vessels.—Money—Presents.—Medical Directions.

I CAN now bear full testimony to the justness of your observation, that this country is, in its monuments, as well as in its history, peculiarly interesting to Britons. It is already attracting crowds of our countrymen; and since the general, but unfounded fear of the Turks is now at an end, it may be expected that few who travel, either for pleasure or improvement, will finish their tour, without spending a considerable portion of their time in Greece. In reply to your inquiries, relative to the arrangements necessary to enable one to sojourn with comfort in this land of the Muses, I am happy in being able, from my own experience, as well as from the information I have obtained from others, to furnish you with some hints, which we should have been most thankful to receive at our outset, and which will be found worthy the attention of any of your friends, who may propose to follow a similar route.

Nothing can be more inconvenient in travelling than a superfluity of luggage; but the following articles will be found indispensable: A small camp-bed, with a bear-skin, sheet, and blanket; a small canteen; a tea-kettle, tin tea-pot and canisters; a silver cup; a pocket knife and fork. The French or English dress is most respected. Two or three pairs of shoes will be absolutely necessary. Few clothes will be sufficient, but they ought to be strong and good. It is unnecessary to take a great quantity of shirts, neckcloths, and stockings, as these may be had any where. A cap lined with an additional piece of leather will be found extremely useful, to protect the head from the heat of the sun. English saddles may be dispensed with, as the mules and horses are apt to be restive under them; our bedding, as a substitute, we found convenient and comfortable. As vessels not unfrequently sail from London for Corfu, it may be advisable to forward the luggage to that island, consigned to a merchant of respectability.

Without a servant who can speak the Italian and Romaic languages, the traveller will be exposed to much inconvenience and trouble. Such servants may be procured in Rome, in the islands of Corfu or Zante, and are occasionally to be met with in London; their usual charge is a dollar a-day. The English consul generally recommends a janizary.

In bargaining with the master of the vessel which is to convey you from Corfu to Zante, your stipulation should be for a certain sum in case of reaching the place of your destination at a given time; if he is to be paid by the day, it will be his interest to delay, and he will, on the most trivial pretext, linger in creeks and bays, as if the slightest change of weather were to be followed by the danger of shipwreck. We have often been mortified to find that the most pitiful craft had braved the open sea, while we were moored by the shore, and of course arrived long before us. These delays, when one's time is limited and of great importance, are to the last degree vexatious; and it is but poor consolation, that the exorbitant charge of your skipper may be reduced, if you apply to the English consul for redress.

In Patras travellers find no difficulty in procuring money for their drafts, which are discounted in the most liberal manner at the British consulate. These drafts are negociated through the medium of Constantinople; if, therefore, no recent information has been obtained, concerning the rate of exchange between that city and London, they can allow you only such a sum for your bills, as they have reason to believe is their fair value. In case of your intending to proceed to Constantinople, they advance a certain sum on your draft, leaving the balance to which you may be entitled to be ar-

ranged between you and your banker in the Turkish Metropolis. At Athens there is no such facility in procuring money ; there being no person of capital resident in that city, on whom an order could be conveniently given. * Should the traveller intend to proceed northward through Roumelia, he will meet another English consulate at Salonica. The gold coins current in Greece are the Spanish doubloon, the value of which, according to the market price of gold in 1816, was L. 3, 8s. Sterling ; the half doubloon, the sequin both of Venice and Alexandria ; and the rookie, a small Turkish coin, which we found equivalent to about twenty-pence. Of silver coins the Spanish dollar alone was current ; excepting, indeed, the diminutive and much adulterated coins of Turkey, called *paras* and *aspers*. The para, as I have already noticed, was equal in value to about half a farthing, and yet was worth three aspers. It may be supposed, of course, that the quantity of alloy was very considerable.

In Greece, sums of money are generally computed by piasters, which, like our pound Sterling, have only a nominal existence. The value of the piaster varies to travellers with the course of exchange between Turkey and their respective countries ; and hence the very different accounts of its value, and of the prices of things estimated by it, which have been given by different tourists. According to Mr Hobhouse, the exchange may be considered at par, when seventeen piasters and a half are reckoned equal to a pound Sterling, which makes the piaster equivalent to 1s. $1\frac{1}{2}\frac{6}{7}$d. Dr Clarke states its value at 20d. At present, the exchange with Constantinople being at nearly thirty piasters for the English pound Sterling, the value of the piaster is consequently little more than 8d. Among the maritime Greeks, the Italian name piastro is sometimes given to the dollar ; which, however, is generally denominated *thalaro*.

To Turks as well as Greeks, except in the highest ranks, money is more acceptable than any other present that can be given them. No charge is ever made by those who accommodate you with lodgings ; but it is understood that you shall remunerate them with an adequate sum, under the name of a present. The amount of this sum may in general be regulated according to what you would pay for similar accommodation at an inn on the Continent. These matters are generally settled by your servant. Except at houses of distinction, it is necessary to carry your provisions along with you, as in general nothing can be procured but mere lodging, and that by no means comfortable. When

* Since that time, however, I understand that Messrs Farquhar and Harris's bills are discounted at Athens by Mr Grossius.

money cannot well be offered, articles of hardware are the most usual presents, telescopes, fine gunpowder, &c. are highly prized. *

Due precautions for the preservation of health, or for the event of sickness, are absolutely necessary in preparing to visit a country, where health may be affected by so many contingencies, and where it is difficult to procure proper medical aid. It will be necessary, therefore, to be provided with some directions from a physician well acquainted with the diseases of the Levant. Dr Down of Florence, who has lived a considerable time there, and has made these diseases his particular study, either has published, or proposes to publish immediately a treatise on their nature, symptoms, prevention, and cure. This treatise, when published, will be a valuable acquisition to all who propose to visit Greece. In the meantime, should the traveller not propose to pass through Florence on his route to Greece, written directions may probably be procured by letter, on applying to Dr Down. It would be of advantage to obtain these directions before leaving Britain, where the medicines are better prepared than on the Continent; at all events, it would not be advisable to trust to the chance of procuring them in Greece.

* I do not know any thing that would be more acceptable to a Turk than a Kaleidoscope.

LETTER LXXVI.

Departure from Greece, and return to England.—Conclusion.

We left Patras for England, and landed at the Island of Zante, where, I may say, we saw the first signs of civilization,—potatoes, fresh butter, and a *gallows!* We performed quarantine of twelve days in a lazzaretto on the shore. Through the kindness and friendly attention of Dr Thomas, our situation was far from being unpleasant. We had recourse to our books, journals, and drawings; and the accomplished Count P———, who accompanied us from Corinth, displayed his fine collection of Grecian antiquities, and various splendid dresses of the modern Turks. Every moment, in short, was agreeably employed, and we felt no languor. In such a place of confinement, however, those who may have no employment must be miserable in the extreme; and, accordingly, we found the walls scribbled over with many lamentations, among which were the following lines:

" O Plague, thou worst disease! For not alone
Does the unhappy wretch who feels thy pangs

Curse his existence :—eke the unlucky wight,
Confined in Lazzaretto, and doom'd to drag
An half-existence during forty days
And forty tedious nights. Thou mortal foe of man,
Destroyer of the first of human virtues,
Love of our neighbour—even the venal wretch,
Who'd sell his soul for gold, shrinks from thy touch."

When our term of quarantine was expired we sailed for Malta, where we remained with the Lord High Commissioner, Sir Thomas Maitland, for several days. We afterwards sailed in company with his Excellency to Syracuse in Sicily; and thence in a sparonarrow to Catania. From this place we ascended Mount Etna, where we were gratified with one of the grandest sights which it is possible to conceive. The first or lowest part of Etna, for sixteen or eighteen miles, is rich in a variety of vegetable productions; corn, wine, the olive, the fig, and the prickly pear, flourish in great luxuriance. This is called the fertile region. The next division is called the woody region, and occupies the ascent for nearly five miles. The barren region comprehends the whole top above the forest of oak, pine, and beech. The climates of the mountain include all degrees from the torrid to the frigid.

No letter, however long, could convey an accurate description of this celebrated mountain,—I, therefore, confine myself to its general character, with a few of its most striking peculiarities.

Shortly after the commencement of the ascent, we entered on a dusky desolate waste of thousands of acres of ashes, and black and dismal overflowings of lava; the scoriæ frosted like the refuse of a glass-house, but in pieces of great size, and uniformly covering the lava, like clods of newly turned up earth left unbroken by the spade. Farther on, this scene of desolation became more marked and terrific. What must it have been in a state of liquid fire, descending upon sylvan scenes, annihilating the labours of man, his dwellings, and his temples? The ravages of fire still increased as we ascended. We travelled among rugged ruts of lavas of various ages till we reached the foot of Monte Rosso, (one of the ancient craters,) which, from below, appeared almost as high as the summit of Etna. At last we gained an elevation from which we could look down on Monte Rosso. The island then appeared like a vast map spread out below us, on which objects could only be traced by gleams of sunshine or by wandering shadows. Ascending still farther, Monte Rosso sunk greatly below the horizon, and the ocean and distant country seemed lifted to the skies! How small the works of man appeared! We arrived at the bottom of the great crater, after having travelled over miles of ashes and lavas, frightfully rough and broken, and without the smallest appearance of vegetable life. Great patches of

snow lay here and there upon the black surface, the lava looking grimly through them like as many fiends. Here we saw several skeletons of mules and horses, which had probably been starved to death by the cold, or died by the fatigue of the arduous ascent. When climbing the cone of the great crater, the ashes gave way under our feet as we attempted to advance, while smoke, strongly impregnated with offensive gas, was seen issuing from innumerable crevices around us.

At last we stood upon the pinnacle!—Where was language then? Our short exclamations of surprise and wonder were interrupted by the almost suffocating vapours from the crater, the hot sulphur, and salt, which covered our feet and ancles, and the piercing cold of the atmosphere. The chaotic appearance of the great mountain, with its many hideous mouths, of all colours, the outlets of former eruptions, all proclaiming the dominion of fire, was quite appalling. The sun was setting in amber-coloured clouds, which shone reflected in the distant waters. Stromboli and his vassal islands were surrounded with glory. Contrasting this scene with the dismal crater itself, vomiting columns of dense smoke from the profound abyss, a subject was presented to the pencil not to be surpassed; tracing the streams of lava from their sources to the sea, and contemplating in imagination the awful meeting of those elements. What a conflict must have ensued; heaven must have been long obscured by the rage of their contention, and man reduced to despair by the horrors of the infernal scene. We stood viewing the sublime scenery till night unfurled her robe of stars, and pierced with cold, and almost stifled with smoke, we pronounced the names of the celebrated philosophers, who have studied and explained the mysteries of volcanic power. We remained for the night in a hut constructed by Signor Gemmellaro * for the curious traveller.

In the morning, we descended to Taormenium, which, compared with all we have seen in Greece and Italy, presents scenery almost unparalleled in point of grandeur. Add to this the noble vestiges of ancient art, still strikingly displayed in the ruins of its theatre, which may be ranked among the most interesting remains of antiquity. From Taormenium we travelled to Messina, and thence, in our way to Leghorn, skirted the romantic and memorable shores of Calabria, no less striking for its varied character, than interesting as a portion of the most celebrated country in the world. At Leghorn, after a quarantine of ten days, it was

* Signor Gemmellaro is a considerable proprietor on Mount Etna.

found necessary to pay a second visit to Rome, in consequence of my invaluable friend Mr D.'s indisposition; whence, after a stay of some months, we set out on our journey to England, taking a new route by Sienna to Florence; thence by way of Turin and Mount Cenis, we travelled through France to our long-desired home.

CONCLUSION.

HAVING now travelled through some of the richest, the most populous, and the most civilized countries of Europe, abounding in the materials of national wealth and power, we could not fail to be struck with the commanding influence which our own country, so small a spot on the surface of the globe, has possessed for centuries in the scale of European policy.

A native of such a country, after journeying long among the neighbouring states, returns from the comparison which is forced upon him, with a degree of pride and exultation, which he never could have indulged before, or without, at least, being doubtful of the grounds on which this presumed superiority was supposed to rest. But the survey is sufficient to convince him that this superiority is just! that it is a moral superiority, independent of, and apparently opposed to, smallness of territory, barrenness of soil, and severity of climate, all of which seem, as it were, forced to yield to the dominion of mind;—to the judgment with which human labour and skill are directed to the improve-

ment of every circumstance which can affect the condition of our species.

" Oh England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart;
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural."

Henry V. Chorus. Act II.

The splendid undertakings, and striking improvements which were begun in Edinburgh, prior to my visit to the Continent, struck me, on my return, with surprise and delight. While abroad, my interest in their progress was kept alive by accounts and drawings* occasionally sent me by a friend who knew how deep an interest I felt in the embellishment of our northern capital. But I had not ventured to anticipate that so much could have been completed in so short a period. Several new streets were nearly finished; the magnificent undertaking of the Regent's Bridge was in great forwardness; together with the improvements

* These drawings, consisting chiefly of the Regent's Bridge, and buildings on the Calton Hill, were executed by Robert Stein, Esq. of this city,—from whose great talents, now directed exclusively to the arts, many splendid works may be expected. The Roman amateurs had an opportunity of judging, from these drawings, of the natural and architectural beauty of Edinburgh, and the inspection of them greatly excited their surprise and admiration.

on the North Bridge, which, in a picturesque point of view, so happily serve to combine the Old and New Towns, uniting in producing a grand whole, which, as seen from the Calton Hill, is at once beautiful and sublime, and not surpassed in picturesque effect by any city in Europe. The various structures on the Calton Hill, with that exquisite and classical building the Observatory, designed by Mr Playfair; the additions to the College by the same scientific architect; the County Hall, Churches, and Hospitals, besides many houses, villas, roads, and improvements of every kind, all in a more refined taste, and the whole accomplished in so short a space, seemed almost like the work of enchantment.

Nor is it less gratifying to observe, that the leading persons in this city are still contemplating magnificent works, and ever ready to give the preference to superior designs, with the view of giving a classical air to modern Athens! Is it too much, then, to expect that a fac-simile, or a restoration of the Temple of Minerva, may yet crown the Calton Hill as a monument, to proclaim to distant ages not only the military glory, but the pure taste which distinguishes our country in the present? Is it too much to expect, that an enlightened patronage may call up genius, kindred to that of ancient times, and may direct our native talents to efforts, similar to those which gave splendour to

the age of Pericles? Such an example of perfection would purify the general taste of the country in all subsequent undertakings, and do more to ennoble the age, than all the other trophies of victory. *

* From the exquisite chiselling displayed in many of the ornamented buildings lately erected in Edinburgh, it can hardly be doubted, that workmen might be found in this city capable of giving a faithful representation of any model or drawing laid before them, and that they could sculpture a figure with as much precision as an intricate Gothic ornament, or Corinthian capital. A professed sculptor might, indeed, be required to give the finishing and characteristic touches, but no more. From what has been done, it is evident that the warmth of patronage might elicit great talent which still lies buried.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

Description of Signor Pizzamano's Medals, emblematical of the Ionian Islands, mentioned in p. 189, Vol. II.

I.—CORFU.

CORCYRA, the daughter of Asopus, carried off by Neptune, was conducted into the Island of Drepano, where, having fixed her abode, she had a son called Feacus, whence the island itself received the name Feacia, and thence Corcyra. The nymph sits upon a rock near the prow of a vessel, having in one hand a cornucopia, in the other an olive branch, with the letters round about it ΚΟΡΚΥ ΡΑΙΩΝ. On the reverse is represented a cow giving milk to a calf.

II.—ITHACA.

ITHACA is famous in the verses of Homer, and Ulysses, after the name of his country, was, by Antonomasia, called Ithacus; the attitude in which he is represented recalls that in which, after his return, he was recognised by his old dog

Argos. The word ΙΘΑΚΩΝ is added. On the reverse is delineated the cock, sacred to Minerva, grasping the lightning in his talons.

III.—CEPHALONIA.

Cephalo, the son of Mercury and Creusa, condemned by the Court of Areopagus to perpetual exile, for having unwittingly killed his wife Procris, passed into Thebes, thence into the Island of Teleboi, which, after his name, was called Cephalonia; he appears in the medal armed with a dart, and seated upon a rock in the act of refreshing himself by breathing the zephyr, with his dog Lela at his feet, and the motto ΚΕΦΑΛΛΗΝΕΩΝ. The reverse has a goat upon a club. This island having four cities, for that reason the goat belongs to Cranii, the key to Pronei, the dog to Samos, and Cephalos to the Pallensi.

IV.—CERIGO.

In the Island of Cithera, called also Porfirus, Venus was solemnly worshipped, and from her it has taken the name of Cithera. The goddess appears upon her shell, holding in her right hand an apple, and drying with her left her hair, wet from the sea, with the letters ΚΥΘΗΡΑΙΩΝ. On the reverse are represented two pigeons kissing each other.

V.—SANTA MAURA.

The ancient Leucadia, the Neritos of Homer, was rendered famous by the leap of Sappho, and was inhabited by the Corinthians, who planted a colony there; thence they take the symbol of Bellerophon, who rides Pegasus, and puts to death the chimera, with the description round ΛΕΥΚΑ ΔΙΩΝ. A lyre with seven strings occupies the reverse.

VI.—ZANTE.

The son of Dardanus, citizen of Psophida in Arcadia, came to fix his residence in this island, originally Hyria, to which he gave his own name; he is represented sitting upon a rock, holding in one hand the lyre, in the other the pastoral staff, ΖΑΚΥΝΘΙΩΝ round the edge. The reverse exhibits a tripod between two branches of laurel.

VII.—PAXO.

This island, called anciently Ericusa, as mentioned by Ptolomy, not having had any ancient monuments respecting it, was advised to assume a helm and an olive crown, with the motto ΕΡΙΚΟΥΣΑΙΩΝ. A trident between two dolphins forms the ornament of the reverse.

APPENDIX, No. II.

Revenue of the Ionian Islands.

Annual Revenues of	Eventual Revenues. Produce of 1815.		Fixed Revenues.		TOTAL.	
	Dollars.	Paras.	Dollars.	Paras.	Dollars.	Paras.
1 Zante, . .	71,779	142	83,015	180	154,795	102
2 Cephalonia, .	79,807	63	8,387	107	88,194	170
3 Santa Maura, .	2,011	129	36,271	138	38,283	47
4 Ithaca, .	1,976	90	6,693	76	8,669	166
5 Paxo, . .	240	—	6,717	196	6,957	196
6 Cerigo, . .	130	—	5,570	4	5,760	4
7 Parga, . .	35	—	1,632	44	1,667	44
Eventual Revenues,	155,979	204				
Fixed Revenue,			148,288	85		
Total,					304,268	

Statement, Ordinary and Extraordinary Expences paid during the year 1815.

Islands of	Expences.		Receipts.		Surplus.		Deficiency.	
	Dollars.	Paras.	Dollars.	Paras.	Dollars.	Paras.	Dollars.	Paras.
1 Zante, . .	102,688	169	154,795	102	52,106	153	—	—
2 Cephalonia,	64,174	157	88,194	170	24,020	13	—	—
3 Santa Maura,	34,973	100	38,283	47	3,309	167	—	—
4 Paxo, . .	5,403	102	6,957	196	1,554	94	—	—
5 Ithaca, . .	6,107	66	8,669	166	2,562	100	—	—
6 Parga, . .	1,956	—	1,667	44	—	—	288	176
7 Cerigo, . .	* 4,267	—	5,700	4	1,433	4	—	—
Expences,	219,570	154					288	176
Receipt,			304,268	69				
Surplus,					84,986	91		
Deduct deficiency of Parga,					288	176		
Real Surplus,					83,697	135		

* *Averaged.*

APPENDIX, No. III.

General State of the Island of Ithaca, for the year 1816.

CLASSIFICATION.

Art. I.—*Population and Buildings by a Census in* 1816.

POPULATION.										Buildings of every Description.
Males.				Females.				Total Number of Souls.		
To 16.	To 60.	Aged.	Total.	To 16.	To 50.	Aged.	Total.			
1726	2215	231	4172	1575	1789	551	3915	8087	2206	

Absent included in this state, males 1156; females 175, and accounted for as follows:

Expatriated ½, ...	190
In native ships, ...	275
In small craft and boats, . . .	135
In foreign ships, ...	250
At labour in the adjacent counties, . .	481
	1331

Accidents of Life for Three Years.													
Year.	Marriages.	Births.			Deaths.								Grand Total.
					Male.				Female.				
		Male.	Female.	Total.	To 16.	To 60.	Aged.	Total.	To 16.	To 50.	Aged.	Total.	
1813	46	111	66	177	8	11	10	29	10	11	22	43	72
1814	32	85	56	141	20	23	15	58	20	15	22	59	114
1815	54	78	49	127	14	22	17	53	14	20	35	69	122
Average	44	91	57	148	14	19	14	47	15	16	26	56	103

From which it appears,

1*st*, That the males born are to the females nearly in the proportion of 3 to 2; whereas those in existence are only in the proportion of 13 to 12.

2*d*, That of the males in existence 1 in every 18 has passed the age of 60, and of the females 1 in every 7 the age of 50.

3*d*, That the births are to the deaths nearly in the proportion of 3 to 2, and the annual deaths of the existing population 1 in 76.

4*th*, That the increase of the population is $\frac{9}{16}$ths of unity *per cent. per annum*, and, consequently, in 124 years it would be doubled.

5*th*, That by an accurate statement of the ages of those who have died above 60 years old, the average age of the males is 74, and of the females 71.

6*th*, That by a comparison of the population of the district of Vathi 4464, with that of the district of Mavrona 3623, and of their respective deaths, the deaths of Mavrona are to those of Vathi nearly as 3 to 2, which proves how prejudicial to health is the emigration to the Continent, since the persons who go are nearly all of the district of Mavrona, for otherwise the air of that division of the island is excellent.

7*th*, That, supposing all the females between 16 and 50 married, nearly each has two children.

8*th*, That, deducting from the buildings 560, Mavrona 410 Vathi 150, not dwelling-houses or uninhabited, and from the population 190 expatriated, each dwelling-house will have $4\frac{3}{5}$ souls, and their number 1686.

In the whole island there are 24 parishes, 15 in the district of Vathi, and 9 in Mavrona.

Besides the above, the Islands of Calamos and Costas contain 1369 souls, making the whole population subject to the jurisdiction of Ithaca 9456 souls.

ART. II.—*Produce*

	Grain of all Descriptions.		Currants.		Wine.		Oil.		Flax.		Flax-Seed.	
	Number of Bacile.	Price of each.	Number of lbs.	Price of each lbs. 1000	Number of Secchj.	Price of Six Secchj or Bar.	Number of Barrels.	Price of each.	Number of lbs.	Price per lb.	Number of Bacile.	Price of each Bacile.
		P. Par		Dollrs.		Dollrs.		Dollrs.		Para.		Piastre.
1815	16,836	8 37	198,283	42	64,926	4	1,950	11½	23,679	16	* 592	9
1816	15,624	10 27	* 172,227	36	48,290	5	* 1,000	14½	22,452	32	+ 561	7
Average	16,230	9 32	185,255	39	* 70,000	3½	1,490	13	23,065	19	576¼	8
	Dollrs. P. Par.		Dollrs. P. Sar.		Dollrs. P. Par.		Dollrs. P. Sar.		Dollrs. P. Par.		Dollrs. P. Par.	
Total average value of 1 year	28,918 5 00		7,224 5 7		40,831 3 26		19,370 0 0		1,991 5 16		+ 559 0 6	

Observations.

Grain.—1. Wheat 1-10ths, Barley 9-10ths.
2. The Bacile weighs 60 lbs.; produces 50 of flour, 75 of bread.
3. The prices are calculated on an average as follows:
1815. Grain, 12 00 1816. Wheat, 13 20
Barley, 7 10 Barley, 9 00
Indian, 7 20 Indian, 9 20
These last two years have been very scanty.
4. Return of wheat from 6 to 7; Ditto of barley from 8 to 9 of the seed.
Currants.—1. Exported 6-7ths; Consumed 1-7th.
2. This calculation allowing for each house 15 *per annum*.
* Including wet and dry, 2-3ds wet and 1-3d dry be price o the wet 33, that of the dry 42.
Wine.—1. Exported ¼; Consumed ¾.
2. This calculation allows ½ cartmao for each soul or 7087 persons.
3 * These last two years have been so bad, no average can be taken from them, nor of the price
4. 24 cartmao make one secchio.
Oil.—1. Exported ½; Consumed ½.
2. This calculation allows 60 lb. for each house.
3. The barrel is calculated allowing 9 Bacile of olives for each.
4. * This sum taken at an estimate, as the tithe has not yet been collected, on the principle of one year, being the half of the other.
5. Each barrel weighs 130 lbs.
Flax.—1. All consumed in the country, and 2-3ds imported more.
Flax-Seed.—1. * In this sum is only calculated 2-3ds of the produce, because, retaining ⅓ for seed, all is exported.
2. + These sums are calculated from the flax, every 40 lbs. of flax producing a Bacile of seed.

N. B.—*All the calculations are made telling the dollar at 220 Para.*

General Statement of One Year.

Description.	Active.			Passive.			Total.		
	Dollars.	Pr.	Par.	Dollars.	Pr.	Par.	Dollars.	Pr.	Par.
Grain,	. .	.	.	28.918	5	00	28,918	5	0
Currants,	6,192	4	18	1,032	0	29	7,224	5	7
Wine, .	10,207	5	01	30,623	4	05	40,831	3	26
Oil, .	9,685	0	00	9,685	0	00	19,370	0	0
Flax, .	. .	.	.	1,991	5	15	1,991	5	15
Flax-Seed,	559	0	06	. .	.	.	559	0	6
Grand Total, .	26,644	4	05	72,251	4	09	98,896	2	34

From which it appears,

1*st*, That, deducting from the population 1000 only as absent, making thereby an allowance for those who come and go, there remains to be provided for in grain 7087, which, calculating at six bacile each person *per annum*, require 42,522 bacile, or daily 136; consequently, the island produces about 117 days' or 4 months' consumption, and there remains to be paid for 26,292 bacile, which, at 9 pi. 32 pa. each bacile, equals 46,847 doll. 124 paras: to this must be added about 2000 bacile for seed, thereby making the total expence 50,411 doll. 44 para, which nearly doubles in value the whole active produce; therefore the difference, and purchase of butchers' meat, fish, and every kind of wearing apparel and manufacture, except stockings, cotton, linen, and coarse woollen cloths, (the latter worn only by the shepherds,) all groceries, household furniture, and materials for building, saving stones, lime, and tiles, must be supplied by gain from shipping and money spent by the soldiery, or remain a balance against the island.

The animals are about five months' consumption, and 50 bullocks and 1000 head of sheep and goats more, are necessary for the supply of the whole year, which, reckoning the former at 22 dollars each, and the latter at 4 dollars, may, at a fair average, be valued at 5100 dollars. The mean weight of the bullocks is 200 lbs., that of sheep and goats 40 lbs.

From 10,000 to 12,000 lbs. of cheese are exported, which, with the small quantity of almonds and locusts, may equal the extra import of flax.

2*d*. That, by the below written abstract, calculated on the average produce, and on the receipt of the customs on imports of last year, the farm at 7058 dollars, 1 pias, 5 para, *per annum*, is fairly let, since the omissions of entries in the books of the customs, and some advantage on the other items, might give 1000 dollars, or 100 dollars each for ten persons for the collection.

Abstract of the Tithes and Customs.

TITHES.

Description.	Rate.	Amount. Dol.	Pr.	Pa.
Grain, .	to	2891	4	36
Wine, .	1 dol. every 120 secchj, do.	583	1	37
Oil, .	1 do. 30 bacl. or $3\frac{1}{3}$;	447	0	00
Flax, .	to	199	0	43
* Pastures,	3 gez. *per annum* on each head of cattle,	125	0	00
† Heath money,	15 gez. *per ann. per* house,	87	2	30
‡ Oil presses,	10 lbs. of oil each, 75 para each,	27	0	00
		4360	5	06

CUSTOMS.

Description.	Rate.	Amount. Dol.	Pr.	Pa.
Currants, .	6 *per cent.* of the value,	371	3	04
Wine, .	20 para each barrel,	265	0	20
Oil, .	1 doll. and $\frac{1}{8}$ do. do.	838	0	27
Flax-seed,	6 *per cent.*	33	2	38
Other imports,	$4\frac{1}{2}$ *per cent.* on imports,			
Animals, .	Bullocks $\frac{5}{8}$ dollars each, sheep 10 pr. pigs 25 para,	*1300	0	00
		2808	1	29

		Doll.	P.	Pa.	Doll.	P.	Pa.
Total,	Tithes,	4360	5	06	7169	1	15
	Customs,	2808	1	29			

Observations.

* 1*st*, About 10,000 head of cattle pay this tithe, - - - } 240 gaz. make a dollar.
Do. 1400 houses, - -

2*d*, The customs on the exportation of the flaxseed is not counted, because it is spent to reduce the flax from the herb fit for use.

† 3*d*, There are about 20 oil-presses in the island, and 20 mills.

‡ 4*th*, Allowing 100 dollars profit for the subtenant of Calamus, and the rent 110 dollars.

5*th*, That, as proved by the comparative table of loss and gain, there is a deficit of 4985 doll. 0 p. 38 pa. which must be obtained by a loss of capital, and is the reason of the little landholders setting their small loss of ground, since those who have money by that means put it in circulation for the common wants, nevertheless so much is diminished of the real capital annually.

Table of Loss and Gain.

LOSS.	Amount.		
	Doll.	Pr.	Pa.
By purchase of grain, . . .	50,411	1	04
By do. of other articles calculated on the customs, deducting 76 doll. 2 p. 35 pa. for butchers' meat, . . .	27,176	1	9
By purchase of butchers' meat, . .	5,100	0	0
	82,687	2	13

GAIN.	Amount.		
	Doll.	Pr.	Pa.
By sale of produce, ...	26,644	4	05
By shipping, as in Art. 4, ...	48,257	2	30
By rations of soldiers, estimating total value 7000 doll. at 20 *per cent.* .	1400	0	0
By do. on pay of soldiers, calculating 1 m. 2 s. 1 l. 1 p. 5 d. 85 p. at 7000 dollars, at 20 *per cent.*	1400	0	0
Balance of loss,	4985	0	38
	82,687	2	13

ART. III.—*Revenue and Expenditure*

REVENUE.						
Period.	Certain.		Uncertain.		Total.	
	Doll.	Pa.	Doll.	Pa.	Doll.	Pa.
1816.						
From 1st June to 30th Nov.	3808	157	343	219	4152	156
From 1st Dec. to 31st May, 1817.	4025	46	1670	100	5695	146
Grand total,	7833	203	2014	99	9848	82

Observations.

The increase in the ensuing six months arises from the increased rent of the tithes and customs, and the tax on exportation of the currants.

EXPENDITURE.						
Period.	Ordinary.		Extraordiny.		Total.	
	Doll.	Pa.	Doll.	Pa.	Doll.	Pa.
1816.						
From 1st June to 30th Nov.	2989	108	865	100	3854	208
From 1st Dec. to 31st May. 1817.	2994	91	250	000	3244	91
Grand total,	5983	199	1115	100	7099	79

Observations.

The decrease in the extraordinary arises from a hope that the expences, with regard to the plague, will be much diminished, which was the chief head of expenditure.

	Doll.	Pa.		Doll.	Pa.
In the chest 31st May 1816,	2691	163	at present in the chest,	2989	111
Balance in favour from 1st June to 30th Nov. 1816.	297	168			
Balance by estimation from 1st Dec. 1816, to 31st May 1817,				2451	55

From which it appears,

1*st*, That the receipt exceeds the expenditure by 4902 doll. 111 paras annually, which balance may be expected to continue, since the tithes and customs are only let for one year, which undoubtedly lowers the price, as not affording the means of supplying any loss of one season by gain on a subsequent plentiful harvest, as is evident in Art. 2.

2*d*, That the revenue is about one-ninth of the produce, independent of animals, cheese, and other minor articles.

ART. IV.—*Shipping.*

Description.	Number.	Tonnage.	Licensed.	Where employed.	Capital at 20 dollars *per* Ton.	Gain annually.	*Per cent.* of Capital.	Number of Men.	Gain annually. Rate of each.	Gain annually. Amount.	Total Gain.
					Dollars						
Vessels,	17	1480½	Gen. Gov.	Foreign commerce,	29,610	7402½	25	134	50	6,700	14,102½
Ditto,	15	1890	Russian,	Ditto,	37,800	9450	25	141	50	7,050	16,500
Craft,	32	227½	Local Gov.	In the waters of the Ionian States,	4,550	455	10	112	10	1,120	1,575
Boats,	31		Numbered,	Ditto,	2,400	480	20	62	50	3,100	3,560
	62		Ditto,	Round the island,				124			
Sailors,				In foreign ships,				250	50	12,500	12,500
		3598			74,360	17,787½		823		30,470	48,257½

From which it appears,

1*st*, That more than one-third of the efficient male population is engaged in the merchant service; that is, of those between 16 and 60.

2*d*, That the gain by shipping is nearly one-half of that by agriculture.

3*d*, That nearly one-half of the vessels are employed in the trade of the Black Sea, covering themselves with the Russian flag, to facilitate their commerce.

ART. V.—*Administration of the Government by Officers, with Salaries or Fees.*

Names.	Office.	Monthly Salary.	Fees.	Character and Observations.
		Doll. Prs.		
Gerasimo Drachuli,	Counsellor,	10		At full in political state.
Giovanni Ilassopula,	Ditto,	10		
Spiro Pillico,	Ditto,	10		
Emmanuel Flambarian,	Secretary,	26		Prolix, but honest, and of some ability.
Salamon de Salamon,	Assistant ditto,	10		Ignorant, yet willing to learn, and becoming useful.
Georgio Vretto,	Ditto ditto,	10		Stupid, and cannot write.
Giovanni Drachuli,	Under Treasurer,	22		In every way calculated for his situation.
Gasparo Lavotte,	Gov. Adjutants,	13		Superannuated.
Leonidas Drachuli,	Chancellor of the Health Office,		Fees	In every way calculated for his situation.
Caralambo Zavo,	Assistant ditto,		Do.	Of no use.
Giorgio Salamon Ivc,	Court of the 1st Inst.	10		Superannuated.
Demetrio Migliaressi,	Ditto,	10		Honest and upright.
Giovanni Caravia,	Ditto,	10		Ditto ditto, but in very bad health.
		141		

Names.	Office.	Monthly Salary.	Fees.	Character and Observations.
		Doll. Prs. 141		
Giovanni Vretto,	Supernumerary member of the same,	6		
Giovanni Mecaglotte,	Ditto, ditto,	6		
Giovanni Drachuli,	Minister of the Civil and Criminal Court,		Fees	Useful.
Micheli Roditi,	Do. do. of Commerce, Keeper of the Records,		Do.	Superannuated.
			Do.	
Giovanni Penala,	Gov. Attorney,	8		Calculated for his situation, but rather tedious.
Panagin Drachuli,	Justice of the Peace,	12		Honest and upright.
Zorsi Hassopulo,	Register of ditto,		Fees	Superannuated.
Dementrio Drachuli,	Justice of the Peace at Calaneol,	18		Active.
Georgio Zavo,	Register of ditto,	7		
Dionisio Caravia,	Greek Master,	20		Respectable man.
Vicenzo Nanuszi,	Italian ditto,	20		The boys improve.
Basilio Zavo,	Public Physician,	7		At full in political state.
Marin Salamon,	Overseer on the Excise on Wine,	10		
Andrea Drachuli,	Post-Master,	5		The pay more than the profit.
Eustachio Petela,	Captain of the Port,	20		Ditto ditto.
Spiro Lavo,	Assistant ditto,	10		A useless office.
Vangelin Vretto,	Captain of Militia,	20		Active and useful.
Anastasio Caravia,	Capo Cinguantina,	6 $4\frac{1}{2}$		
	Total monthly,	316 $4\frac{1}{2}$		

Independent of the Capo di Governo, who has one dollar and half *per diem*.

ART. VI.—*Militia.*

Corps.	Captain.	Subalterns.	Serjeants.	Rank and File.
Police, - - -		1		5
Ceollede, - - -	1	8	40	366
Total, -	1	9	40	371

Observations.

Rank and File on permanent pay, and employed as Orderlies and Messengers.

2 Serjeants and 8 rank and file unfit for service.

60 ditto employed constantly in the trade with the adjacent continent.

1 Ditto 76 ditto have left the island for some time, and are not likely to return.

From which it appears,

That by reference to the column of males to 60, in Art. I., one in every five and a half is enrolled in the militia.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

Printed by George Ramsay & Co.
Edinburgh, 1818.

WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & CO.

EDINBURGH.

A JOURNEY in CARNIOLA and ITALY, in the Years 1817-1818. By W. A. CADELL, Esq. F. R. S. L. & E. 2 Vols. 8vo. *With Engravings.*

TRAVELS in the NORTH of GERMANY, describing the Present State of the Social and Political Institutions, the Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce, Education, Arts and Manners of that Country, particularly in the Kingdom of Hannover. By THOMAS HODGSKIN, Esq. 2 Vols. 8vo.

A DESCRIPTION of the WESTERN ISLANDS of SCOTLAND, including the Isle of Man; comprising an Account of their Geological Structure; with Remarks on their Agriculture, Economy, Scenery, and Antiquities. By J. MACCULLOCH, M. D. F. L. S. 2 Vols. 8vo. With a Volume of *Illustrative Engravings, with Letter-Press descriptions,* in quarto. L. 3, 3s. *boards.*

An ACCOUNT of the ARCTIC REGIONS, including the Natural History of Spitzbergen and the adjacent Islands; the Polar Ice, and the Greenland Seas; with a History and Description of the Northern Whale Fishery. Chiefly derived from Researches made during Seventeen Voyages to the Polar Seas. By WILLIAM SCORESBY, Jun. F. R. S. E. 2 Vols. 8vo. *With numerous Engravings.*

The HISTORY of the INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO. By JOHN CRAWFURD, Esq. F. R. S. late British Resident at the Court of the Sultan of Java. 3 Vols. 8vo. *With Illustrative Maps and Engravings.*

ACCOUNT of the KINGDOM of NEPAL, and of the Territories annexed to this Dominion by the HOUSE OF GORKHA. By FRANCIS HAMILTON, (formerly BUCHANAN,) M. D. F. R. S. L. E. and Fellow of the Societies of Antiquaries, and of the Linnæan and Asiatic Societies. 1 Volume 4to. *With Engravings.* L. 2, 2s. *boards.*

TRAVELS in the ISLAND of ICELAND, during the Summer of the year 1810. By Sir GEORGE STEUART MACKENZIE, Bart. F. R. S. Ed. &c. &c. &c. In 1 Volume 4to. With Maps, and upwards of 30 Engravings, many of which are coloured in the best manner. *Second Edition.* Price L. 3, 3s. *boards.*

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT of DISCOVERIES and TRAVELS in AFRICA, from the earliest Ages to the present Time; including the Substance of the late Dr LEYDEN's Work on that Subject. By HUGH MURRAY, F. R. S. Second Edition, Corrected and enlarged. 2 Vols. 8vo. With Maps. Price L. 1, 7s. *boards.*

Works Published by A. Constable & Co.

TRAVELS from VIENNA through LOWER HUNGARY, with some Account of Vienna during the Congress. By RICHARD BRIGHT, M. D. *With numerous Engravings.* One Volume 4to. Price L. 4, 4s. *boards.*

TRAVELS through some Parts of GERMANY, POLAND, MOLDAVIA, and TURKEY. By ADAM NEALE, M. D. late Physician to the British Embassy at Constantinople, Physician to the Forces, and Member of the Royal College of Physicians of London. Embellished with fifteen elegant Engravings, and coloured. Price L. 2, 2s. *in boards.*

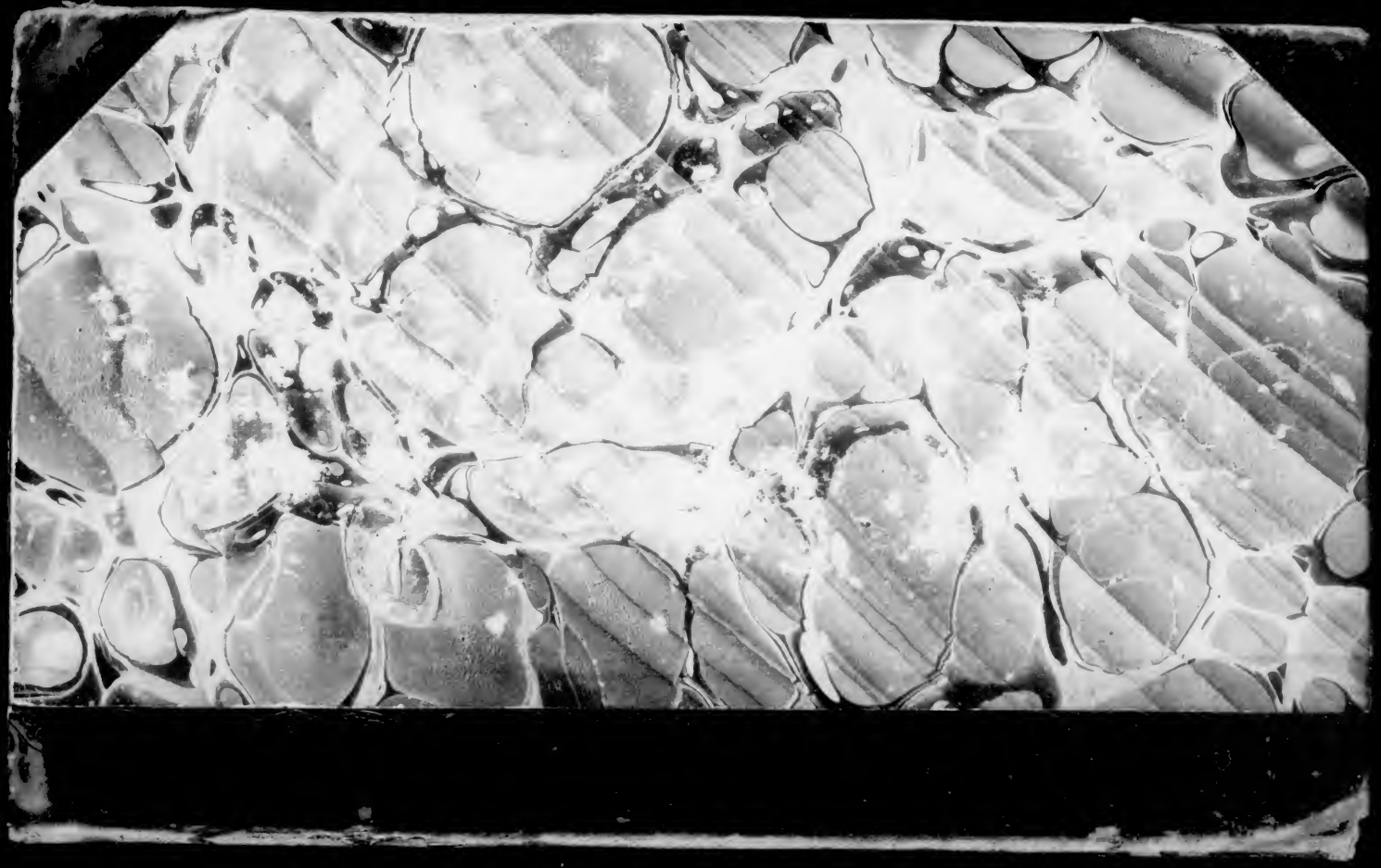
JOURNAL of a TOUR and RESIDENCE in GREAT BRITAIN, during the years 1810 and 1811. By LOUIS SIMOND. *Second Edition.* Corrected and Enlarged; to which is added, an Appendix on France, written in December 1815, and October 1816. In 2 Vols. 8vo. L. 1, 11s. 6d. *boards.*

JOURNAL of a RESIDENCE in INDIA. By MARIA GRAHAM. 4to. Illustrated by Engravings. *Second Edition.* L. 1, 11s. 6d. *boards.*

LETTERS on INDIA. By MARIA GRAHAM, Author of "Journal of a Residence in India." With Etchings, and a Map. 8vo. Price 14s. *boards.*

SHIPWRECKS and DISASTERS at SEA, or Historical Narratives of the most noted Calamities, and Providential Deliverances which have resulted from Maritime Enterprise; with a Sketch of Various Expedients for preserving the Lives of Mariners. In 3 Vols. 8vo. L. 1, 16s. *boards.*

A STATISTICAL, POLITICAL, and HISTORICAL ACCOUNT of the UNITED STATES of AMERICA, from the period of their First Colonization to the present day. By D. B. WARDEN, late Consul for the United States at Paris. 3 Vols. 8vo. *With a New Map of the United States and a Plan of Washington.* L. 2, 2s. *boards.*

A GEOGRAPHICAL and STATISTICAL DESCRIPTION of SCOTLAND. By JAMES PLAYFAIR, D. D. F. R. S. and F. A. S. E. Principal of the United College of St Andrews, and Historiographer to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent. 2 Vols. 8vo. *With an elegant and accurate Sheet Map of Scotland.* L. 1, 4s. *boards.*

TRAVELS to discover the SOURCE of the NILE, in the Years 1768, 1769, 1770, 1771, 1772, and 1773. By JAMES BRUCE of Kinnaird, Esq. F. R. S. The Third Edition, corrected and enlarged. To which is prefixed, a Life of the Author. By ALEXANDER MURRAY, D. D. Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Edinburgh. Handsomely printed in 7 Vols. 8vo; with a Volume of Copperplates in 4to. Price L. 6, 6s. *boards.*